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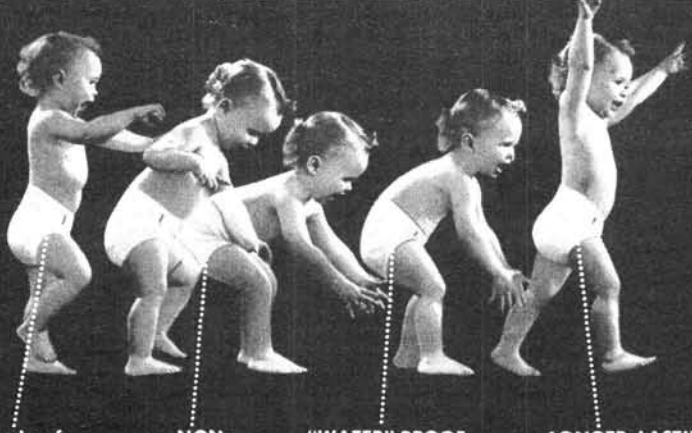

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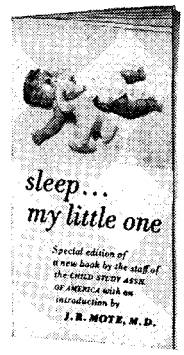

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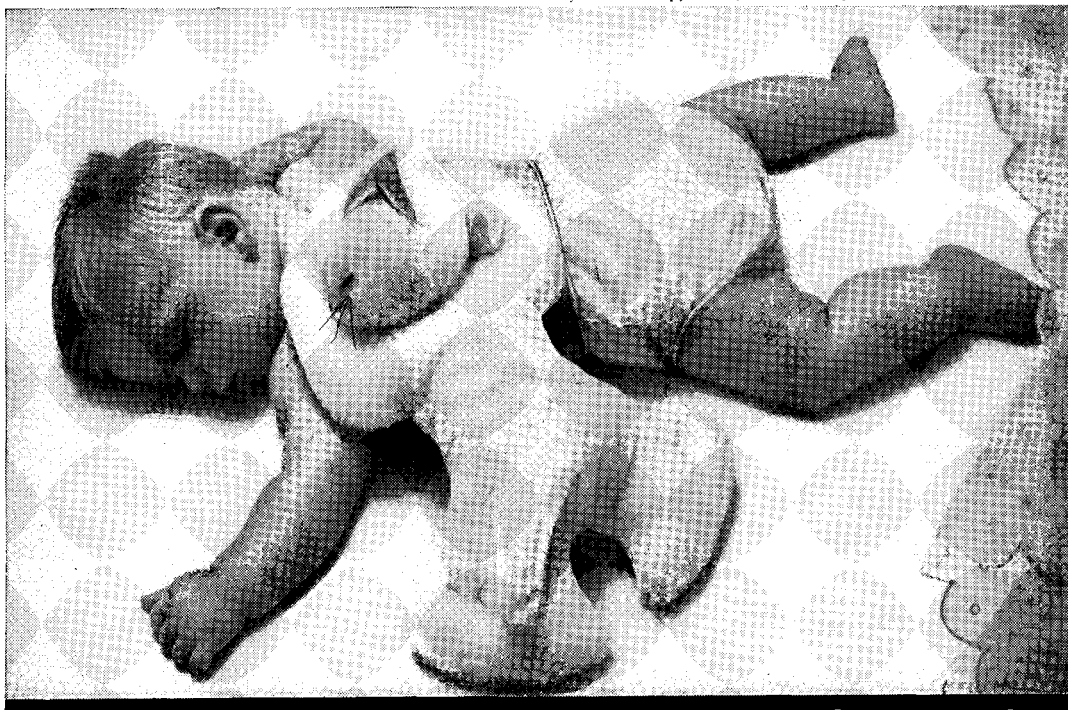

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COMMENTARY

JUNE 1955 VOLUME 19, NUMBER 6

How New Is the "New" Germany?	*Terence Prittie*	513
Major Raphael J. Moses of Georgia *An Autobiography*		522
The Attack on Our Libraries	*James Rorty*	541
Isaac Babel: "Torn Between Violence and Peace"	*Lionel Trilling*	550
Portrait of a Jew *A Poem*	*Constantine Cavafy*	561
Balance Sheet on Bandung	*G. F. Hudson*	562
A Journey to Masada	*Mark Sufrin and Jane Powell*	568
From the American Scene Schaine of the Mountains	*Jack Luria*	572
Cedars of Lebanon Jewish Tangier and Avignon: 19th Century	*Jozef Israels*	580
On the Horizon Bloom and Levine: The Hazards of Modern Painting	*Hilton Kramer*	583
The Study of Man What Western "Colonialism" Gave to Asia	*Herbert Luethy*	588
A Poem	*Derek Miller*	594
Letters from Readers		595
Books in Review		
Reflections on the Failure of Socialism, by Max Eastman	*Paul Kecskemeti*	598
Seizure of Power, by Czeslaw Milosz	*Leslie A. Fiedler*	600
The Great Fair: Scenes from My Childhood, by Sholom Aleichem	*Pearl Kazin*	603
The History of the Jewish Khazars, by D. M. Dunlop	*Milton Himmelfarb*	606
MacArthur: 1941-1951, by Charles A. Willoughby and John Chamberlain	*Trumbull Higgins*	608
Social History of the Jews in England, 1850-1950, by V. D. Lipman	*Jacob Neusner*	610

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

COMMENTARY

Walter Lippmann's "Republic" *Oscar Handlin*

The criticism leveled at democracy by an eminent political commentator in his most recent book has puzzled most reviewers. Professor Handlin subjects Lippmann's views to close scrutiny in a full-length article that is also a piece of intellectual biography.

More Light from the Judean Caves *H. L. Ginsberg*

What light do the scrolls found in the Dead Sea caves throw on the Masoretic text, which is the basis of the Hebrew Bible, and what were the state and uses of the Bible in Greco-Roman times? By a noted Bible scholar.

Toynbee's Culture Cycles *Franz Borkenau*

The European historian completes his examination of the ideas underlying Toynbee's magnum opus. This is a sequel to the essay on Toynbee's attitude to the Jews which appeared in our previous issue.

The Sage of Settignano *Alfred Werner*

Dr. Werner's essay marks the first time perhaps that Bernard Berenson, the celebrated art critic, connoisseur, and expert, is dealt with primarily as a Jewish figure. Much new information about his background is contained in this article, which is destined to become a source document.

Israeli Traffic Boom *Sarah C. Schack*

Vehicles of every sort, from trucks to bicycles, clog the streets of Israel's cities. The new national idol is called "Kaizher-Fraizher." Sarah C. Schack sketches a portrait of Israel on wheels.

New York's 92nd Street Y *Jacob Korg*

The largest and most famous Jewish community center in the U. S., the 92nd Street Y in New York, offers a bewilderingly diverse program of cultural and recreational activities, which Jacob Korg describes, showing how they reflect the changing needs of the younger Jewish generation of the great metropolis.

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COMMENTARY

HOW NEW IS THE "NEW" GERMANY?

Now That It Is a Partner of the West

TERENCE PRITTIE

WEST GERMANY, with its fifty million people, is entering upon a new phase in its history, now that it has sovereignty and, with the implementation of the Paris Agreements, the right to arms. Although the Western world does not necessarily accept power as the sole yardstick of influence, these arms will undoubtedly give the West Germans considerable influence in Europe. How they exert this influence, and how they cooperate with the Western powers, will do much to enlighten the world on the "newness" of the new Germany.

It was, perhaps, too easily assumed during the war that "the" Germans as such were treacherous people. It is now, perhaps, too easily assumed that Allied "re-education" and occupation have transformed them into trustworthy friends—into, in fact, a quite different kind of people. But if the Germans had been wholly bad up to 1945, they cannot have become wholly good since then. Actually, they were not wholly bad then, and they are not wholly good now. What is certain is that they still remain a somewhat unknown factor.

WEST GERMANY has since 1945 rebuilt her industry and increased her productivity to the point where it is now 185 per cent of that of 1936. She has trebled her exports since 1949, accumulated a two and a half billion dollar reserve in both gold and dollars, and begun paying off her foreign debts. At the same time she has absorbed ten million refugees from East Germany and the territories annexed by Poland and Russia. She has adopted a democratic constitution, elected two middle-of-the-road parliaments, consolidated democratic procedures, and observed her treaty obligations.

These are the things that the ordinary man inside Germany knows about, and that the ordinary man outside Germany reads about. But one thing should be kept in mind by both: this was all done under Allied occupation. Economically, the Western powers—or

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As TERENCE PRITTIE points out here, the "new Germany" that has arisen since the war, with its center in Bonn, is very much the work of the Allied occupation. But now West Germany has passed out of its period of tutelage and is a sovereign nation. Will it use its freedom to deepen and strengthen the foundations of German democracy and the Bonn Republic's alliance with the West, or will it, at the first sign of difficulties, revert to the simple and savage stupidities of nationalism? Mr. Prittie offers some first-hand observations on the German temper of mind today and the prospects for the future. A Londoner and veteran journalist, Mr. Prittie is the Manchester *Guardian's* German correspondent and a commentator on the BBC's Third Program.

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rather, the United States—gave the Federal Republic copious blood transfusions in the form of Marshall Plan aid. Politically, they applied a poultice which was intended to draw out the poison from the German body politic. The Germans have already made the best possible use of their dollar aid, but they have done no more than *indicate* that they would like to make equivalent use of Allied political guidance.

The Germans have rejected Nazism, and the neo-Nazi parties that mushroomed during the last few years have remained insignificant. But the attitude of Germans to militant nationalism as such is still not definite. Nationalism—and what it means in the way of collective egotism, dreams of collective might of domination over other peoples, and xenophobia, as distinct even from its monstrous perversion in Nazism—has been a waxing and waning influence throughout the last hundred years of German history.

Violent nationalists are securely entrenched in three of the parties that form Adenauer's government coalition—the Free Democrats, the BHE refugee party, and the German party. The Free Democrats have welcomed back those of its members who were involved in the "Naumann circle," the leaders of which were arrested two years ago for conspiring against the Federal Republic. The BHE party chief, Theodor Oberlaender, made the remarkable statement that Germany owed nothing more to the victims of Nazism, since Germans themselves had suffered so much since the war. The German party chairman, Hans Seebohm, presided at a meeting during the Berlin election campaign of last December at which black-breeched strong-arm men beat up people who refused to join in the singing of the first verse of the old German national anthem, and threw them out, crying "That'll teach you, you Jewish swine!" and "It's time for you to go back to concentration camp!" Seebohm, himself a Federal cabinet minister, has not moved to inquire officially into these events or offer an explanation for them.

Nationalists are also entrenched in the press. The new editor-in-chief of the important daily *Die Welt* in Hamburg, Hans Zehrer, was a leading member of the so-called *Tat* circle that paved the way for Hitler with their theory of Germanic "dynamism." Writing for him are two of his old associates in the *Tat,* Klaus Mehnert and Giselher Wirsing, and recently articles by Ernst von Salomon, author of the disingenuously and viciously anti-American book, *Fragebogen,* have appeared in *Die Welt.* The gospel of the *Tat* circle, with their windy and amoral essays, is summed up in this sentence of Zehrer's: "All that matters is what you are, what you want, and how much power you possess. What you were in the past is of no account."

Nationalism is rampant in the veterans' organizations, with the honorable exception of that of the Afrika Korps, and is strong in the *Landsmannschaften,* the organizations of the refugees from the Eastern provinces and from the Balkans—although the refugees' official spokesmen constantly voice their opposition to any thought of regaining the lost territories by force.

MOREOVER, there is still an unhappy tendency in Germany to forget the lessons of the past. "Let's agree that we've all made our mistakes," one journalist said to me, "and then we can start all over again from scratch." This is about as far as most Germans go in taking blame for the past. War guilt is never admitted, and the commonest question one is asked about the pre-war period is why the West "failed to stop Hitler." The absurd myth that the Wehrmacht's generals were ready to depose him before the war is generally accepted as fact, and the Allies are blamed because they yielded to Hitler at Munich just when the generals were about to act. Men like Schacht, von Papen, and Goebbels' propaganda deputy, Hans Fritsche, have all written self-exculpatory memoirs, which are far too often taken at face value.

It is perhaps to be expected that Germans should avoid war crimes as a topic of conversation. What is surprising, however, is that ex-General "Panzer" Meyer should have been given a civic reception when he was re-

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leased from prison a few months ago—ostensibly as an act of clemency but actually for reasons of political expediency. Or that a thousand citizens of the town of Eschwege should turn out to welcome home Georg Huebenthal, a shoemaker convicted of shooting a French civilian during the war. Or that journals like the *Heimkehrer,* representing former prisoners of war, and the *Deutsche Zukunft,* representing the Free Democratic party, should refer to Germans convicted of war crimes as "our comrades." Roughly, only 5 per cent of those still held in Allied-administered prisons in Germany ever served with the Wehrmacht proper; the rest are cutthroats of the SS and kindred Nazi organizations.

A symptom of this refusal to learn from the past is the assertion in one German newspaper of the "fact" that the American army installed the first gas chamber in the Dachau concentration camp in order to frame "us Germans." Village louts have desecrated Jewish cemeteries out of a feeling of inverted guilt. Presumably sensible, decent Germans can say astoundingly witless things. One kindly old lady told me that she had never known what was the matter with Pierre Mendès-France until she saw a photograph of him. Then "I suddenly realized he was a Jew, and of course I'm not anti-Jewish in any way, but once a Jew. . . ." A German farmer told me that the bitterness of the Russians towards Germany amazed him, because the Russian prisoners of war in Germany had "had such a good time." The late Kurt Schumacher, leader of the Social Democratic party, had declared that Germany "must be defended on the line of the Vistula" (which runs through the middle of Poland). The late Hermann Ehlers, speaker of the Lower House of the Federal parliament, told an audience in Münster that Germany would not be reunited until the Western powers made "suitable" concessions—as they should —to the Reds in the Far East, "for instance, in China."

No wiser, saner man lives in Germany today than Federal President Theodor Heuss, but even he is not proof against the German weakness for colossally stupid utterances. He sent a congratulatory message to Hitler's old diplomatic representative, Baron von Neurath, convicted as a major war criminal at Nuremberg, on the occasion of his release from Spandau jail. It was a private message, and Heuss, wrought up with sympathy for his fellow Wuertemberger, and believing him to have been guiltless of bad intentions, used the unfortunate word "martyrdom" to describe Neurath's fate as an Allied prisoner. The message was subsequently handed to the German press by von Neurath's daughter. In the years before 1914 the Kaiser did this sort of thing every week.

MISUNDERSTANDING of the past, not forgetfulness of it, has given many Germans the astounding notion that it is they who know just how "to deal with the Russians." This delusion could become very dangerous if Adenauer acts seriously on his declaration that normal diplomatic relations between West Germany and the Soviet Union will have to be established as soon as the Paris Agreements are ratified. "You must realize," one German friend told me, "that we Germans belong to Central Europe, not the West, and that we think partly as Easterners. That is why we are the people to build a bridge between East and West." German officers helped train the young Red Army of the 1920's. German economists and technicians produced most that was positive in the first Soviet economic plans. German diplomats arranged the Rapallo Treaty of 1922 with Russia, which put both countries back on the diplomatic stage, and German experts worked out the details of the Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939 tnat made the Second World War inevitable. It is on these delusory memories that the German demand for independent diplomatic relations with the Soviet world is based—as if what they did in Russia between 1941 and 1944 had never been.

GERMAN nationalism is a potential danger, above all, because of the spiritual vacuum left behind by Nazi race hysteria. Nothing

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equally dynamic has taken its place. So far the struggle for material betterment has filled the lives of the people. Six million homes had to be rebuilt or replaced. Two million war cripples had to be looked after. Savings had to be accumulated to replace bank balances that were suddenly reduced to one-twelfth of their face value by the currency reform of 1948. The struggle for material recovery has been won, but in the ten years since the war less than half a dozen reasonably good books, plays, or films have been produced in West Germany, and no new painter, composer, or philosopher of any distinction seems to have emerged in this time. Such a cultural dearth signifies little as long as people have no time for anything but work, but now that the West Germans are beginning to enjoy a measure of leisure the question of what they are going to do with it becomes important.

Extreme nationalism as a recurring force in German history is due to a compound of material progress and spiritual want, or sense of spiritual want. This is one reason why chauvinist nationalism, and its racist perversion, are always just around the corner in Germany. What is there in the Bonn Republic that can keep them at bay? I asked a German professor that, and he answered: "The ideal of European unity." I asked an ex-major who had served three years in Russia, and he answered: "Religion." I asked the editor of a Rhineland newspaper, and he answered: "Nothing. We should learn to become a fused society as well as a people. We should learn a little common sense, for which we have no word in our vocabulary. A real community that knows what it is about won't run into trouble."

AMONG the troubles which can be said to persist for the Germans is the "Jewish problem," which is, of course, much more a German than a Jewish one. When the native Jews remaining in Germany began in 1947 to oppose the postwar plan for the emigration of all Jews still living there, they were motivated less by the desire to save something from the wreck of their lives and fortunes than by a principle. They believed that the disappearance of Jews from Germany would certainly not end German anti-Semitism. It would, on the contrary, complete that elimination of German Jewry that Hitler and Himmler had set themselves as a goal. If the lunacies of Teutonic racialism were to be done away with, these German Jews argued, then Germans and Jews would have to learn to live together better in the future. The German people—or that part of them who had believed the gibberish written about the alleged Protocols of the Elders of Zion—needed decontamination more than isolation.

"Official" Jewish policy was set into reverse in 1949, but the intention of the surviving Jews in Germany to stay where they were and try to rebuild and reorganize a Jewish life there was only approved by Jewish world organizations in 1953. Intermediate events suggest that the new policy was justified. In 1949 Adenauer admitted the moral right of the Jewish people to compensation for all that they had suffered. Adenauer and President Theodor Heuss were largely responsible for pushing through the reparations agreement with Israel. They were responsible for the admission in principle that individual Jews had to be compensated for loss of wealth, jobs, and, to some degree, for their sufferings. Under the stimulus of the new policy of consolidation, the Jewish population in Germany rose from 18,000 to 25,000. Of another 10,000 Jews temporarily there at present, many may settle permanently. Jewish children are once again being born in Germany. In 1951 there were only three in the Düsseldorf community: now there are fifty-eight. In 1950 the average age of the Jews in Germany was sixty: now it is forty-six. A community of 5,000 Jews has been built up in Berlin, and one of 3,000 in Munich. A Jewish Women's Group has been reconstituted and today has a membership of over 3,000. The *Juedische Allgemeine,* with a circulation of 70,000, is one of the most widely read Jewish newspapers in the world and, significantly, 60 per cent of its readers are not Jews.

Material progress was accompanied by

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signs that the leaders of Germany were keenly aware of their responsibilities to the Jews. President Heuss sent a message to the German people urging them never to forget the sense of "collective shame" they should feel for the deeds committed in their name by the Nazis. He urged "moral as well as material restitution," and his words were echoed by Adenauer in parliament.

Several months ago, Adenauer chose the occasion of the second anniversary of the signing of the debts agreement with Israel to give an interview on the "Jewish question" to the newspaper *Die Welt*. He said that his government would wipe out memories of Nazi hate, that it was the duty of the German people to learn to live side by side with Jews, and that the essence of German democracy must be that people are equal before the law. He maintained that the payment of reparations to Israel was only intended to help the settlement there of 500,000 refugees from Europe who had become Israeli citizens, and did *not* absolve the German government or German people from making individual restitution wherever due.

HERE Adenauer touched on a problem that is most disturbing to German-Jewish relations at present. The question of restitution remained for four years in a state of indescribable muddle in which the West German *Laender* were left to carry out restitutions as best they could on a purely local basis. No *Land* government considered itself rich, or saw any political gain to be derived from giving priority to the needs of a victimized minority. *Land* legislation on this subject has taken all sorts of forms. Wuerttemberg-Baden has gone ahead with the practical implementation of its enactments; on the other hand, a *Land* as rich and influential as North-Rhine-Westphalia is waiting for Federal legislation before it does more than set down its policy on paper. *Laender* with Social Democratic administrations, like Lower Saxony and Hesse, have been among the worst offenders in the task of getting things done—although they are theoretically the ones most favorably disposed towards victims of Nazism.

Some of the absurdities of restitution procedure were outlined in a broadcast over the Bavarian radio after it had become clear that the single Federal compensation law passed in September 1953 had so exhausted the energies and imagination of the Lower House of parliament that nothing more was done for one year afterwards. This law had been designed to plug the gaps left by the *Laender* and give thousands of victims of Nazism the certainty of redress. Impressively, it was announced that the law would result in payments totaling over four billion marks, and that this would be part of a "final" payment of ten billion marks by all German authorities of all kinds to Jewish and other victims of Nazism. But until a few months ago the law remained a dead letter.

The initial mistake in the whole concept of this law was that it was left to the Federal German treasury to deal with its implementation. A treasury is inevitably a money-saving concern, and the German one is no exception. It saw no reason to busy itself with the mass of supplementary legislation needed to make the law effective. A separate law had to be framed, for instance, for the damage done to the health of the Nazis' victims; another for interference with their training and professional careers. This was not done.

The law was incomplete in any case. It excluded Jews who had come from East Germany. It set down maximum sums in compensation which represented about a year's earnings for a man with drive. It allowed taxes to be levied on these inadequate sums at a rate of 2,000 marks on a maximum of 25,000. The commentators on the Bavarian radio, Hammerschmidt and Mansfeld, made some relevant comparisons between the treatment meted out to the Jews and to former Nazi officials whose claims for "compensation" had been dealt with under Federal law Number 131 in May 1951.

This Federal law has been accompanied by ten implementary laws and 120 sets of administrative instructions, and is fully effective. The law for the compensation of victims of Nazism was first passed two years later and has, so far, been accompanied by

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two implementary enactments and one set of administrative instructions. It is still ineffective.

Ex-Nazi officials qualify for full pensions and assistance. Ex-Marshals Kesselring and Manstein draw theirs, even though they were imprisoned as war criminals. So far, victims of Nazism receive assistance only if they are at least 50 per cent incapable of earning a living. Ex-Nazi officials are refused assistance if they were leading functionaries in the Nazi party, or were in the employment of the Gestapo at the end of the war. Victims of Nazism are disqualified if they ever committed any "crime against peace," any war crime, or any civil crime of importance. Rather ironically, they are disqualified if they ever belonged to the Nazi party or an affiliated organization. The widows of ex-Nazis are paid the pensions they would have received if their husbands had died at the retirement age of sixty-five. Widows of victims of Nazism may claim pensions that are fixed, quite arbitrarily, according to the pension rates for German government officials. So the widow of a Jewish businessman will find her husband ranked as a minor official and herself entitled to claim the pension to which he was qualified at *thirty-five*—the age at which he was gassed in Auschwitz—not sixty-five.

THE story of restitution is possibly the sorriest in present-day Germany. Its worst aspect is not the actual, pitiful amount of compensation paid out so far. It is the failure of government bureaucracies to realize that they are dealing with an emergency, that over 40 per cent of the Jews in Germany are on state relief of some kind, and that many of the Jews who fled to the United States have died before their claims could be presented. It is the additional failure of the German public to interest itself in the subject at all, in that comfortable frame of mind —common, it must be said—which supposes that something not talked about ceases to exist.

Some Jews whom I have met have confessed to me that they are less concerned about the German failure to make material restitution than about the Germans' failure to readjust themselves psychologically to the triple task of realizing the wrongs that have been done, making up their minds to set them right, and learning to live in comradeship with those who have been wronged. There have been some very sorry instances in the recent past of German inability to make these essential but, it must be admitted, considerable readjustments.

The *Juedische Allgemeine* weekly published an open letter recently to the German government asking for a guarantee that such scenes as took place at the above-mentioned German party rally in West Berlin at which Hans Seebohm presided would be discouraged in future; and also asking for an explanation of Seebohm's presence at it. In reply it received a governmental guarantee in Adenauer's name, but no explanation from Dr. Seebohm, even though he was, and still is, a cabinet minister under the Chancellor's authority. At a recent *Land* election meeting Herr Oberlaender, Federal Minister for Refugees, made the astonishing statement that the sufferings of the Germans who were ejected from the Eastern provinces and the Sudetenland had been so hideous that they canceled out what had been done to the Jews and other Nazi victims. Actually, if they "canceled" out anything, it was such things as Lidice, the Warsaw rising in 1944, and the horrors perpetrated by Hitler's armies in Russia. All these had nothing to do with the appalling effort to annihilate European Jewry.

The performances of Dr. Seebohm and Herr Oberlaender are echoed, if in a minor key, by members of the German Foreign Office, by the veterans' organizations, and by the *Landmannschaften*. The spokesman of one of these groups had the audacity, in a New Year's message, to use the word *Wiedergutmachung,* or "restitution," in speaking of German misfortunes at the hands of the Russians. This word is inalienably associated with the wrongs done by the Nazis to their victims, and will remain so until such wrongs have been morally and

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materially righted by Germans themselves.

Jews in Germany today are worried by the stealthy infiltration of political parties to the right of Dr. Adenauer's CDU by former Nazis who are "unrepentant." They are worried by the strong reactionary tendencies of the older schoolmasters who still—like that specimen in Remarque's *All Quiet On the Western Front*—sit at their desks dreaming of national glory. They are worried by the senseless desecration of Jewish cemeteries and by the failure of the authorities to punish the offenders. Finally, they are worried by the curious but understandable complex of the German people with regard to Jews: a mixture of a desire to be forgiven and an uneasiness and unwillingness to talk about the past at all.

And yet, such worries may be laid at rest in the years ahead. For many Germans, and German youth in particular, do seem to be ready to take a more generous and at the same time more sensible attitude towards the "Jewish problem" as time goes on. One must continue to hope, and not throw up one's hands.

PRESIDENT HEUSS's message to the German people has undoubtedly borne some fruit. The *Juedische Allgemeine* has received letters from three hundred young Germans who want to go to Israel just to learn about the country. In the last two years around one thousand young Germans have volunteered to work for two or three years in Israel without pay. Others have written to say that they will serve as volunteers in the Israeli army if Israel is wantonly attacked by an Arab state. Such an offer may be colored with an element of the old *condottieri* spirit which once made the Hessians the best mercenaries in Europe, but there is a good slice of idealism involved too.

The Minister of the Interior of *Land* North-Rhine-Westphalia had a schoolmaster debarred from teaching when it was discovered recently that he was circulating anti-Semitic literature of a peculiarly violent nature. The same Minister—and he was once a member of the Nazi party—banned one history book, the *Sieben Ehren*, from all schools because it treated the Jewish question in an irresponsible way. Another history book of a similar kind is in process of being banned. The Federal government dismissed, without further ado, Heinz Distelmann, a member of the Federal Press Office, because he made anti-Semitic statements which were later published. Finally, the Hammerschmidt-Mansfeld broadcast on restitutions produced a spate of letters, 80 per cent of them favorable. And many of these came from former Nazis.

The Society for Christian-Jewish Coordination has expressed concern lest anti-Semitism in Germany be on the rise once more. But, though racist pamphlets sometimes still find their way into the press; though the members of SS units immediately involved in the killing of Jews are—shockingly enough—forming their own organizations; and though stories of Nazi persecution are often distorted, slurred over, or forgotten —nonetheless it can be said that the German people are beginning to look into their conscience. A woman of my acquaintance made a pilgrimage to France to ask forgiveness of those who had suffered most from the Nazis. The press officer of the Hamburg Senate, Erik Lueth, made a pilgrimage to Israel, incognito, to learn what had to be done to redeem a shameful and horrible story. While such things happen, no one need despair of the future. If the Germans have taken ten years to begin thinking things out, there is a chance that they will think clearly now.

IN THE over-all view, German society is not hopeless, or at least the individuals in it are not. Germans have learned a lot of lessons, even if they are still unable to evaluate them. Thy have had their fill of war, for one thing. "We don't want to be cannon fodder!" around fifteen hundred young Germans shouted at officials of Bonn's skeleton defense ministry at a meeting outside the Cologne railroad station. "It was Prussian military renown," wrote one reader to the daily *Westdeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, "that encouraged our fool of a

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Fuehrer to start a war." Students at Münster University assured me that they did not go in for sports because they were the "beginning of mass organization, and that leads to uniforms and the battlefield." When the movie *0815*, a biting commentary on the prewar German army, was shown up and down the country recently, spectators hissed the brutal old-style noncommissioned officer and cheered those putative rebels against authority who, in Germany, practically never existed.

Germans no longer believe in the slogans that inspired their fathers to commit organized suicide on unnecessary battlefields. "The word Fatherland," one German schoolboy recently told an examiner, "means nothing at all to me except cripples limping home from war." Once upon a time the "oath to the flag" was the most sacred concept of a German male. The "flag" was dirtied by Hitler, and with it the idea of soldierly honor—he even replaced the military salute with the Nazi greeting. It will not be possible in the immediate future to get Germans to march blindly into battle without any idea of what they are fighting for. It will be hard enough, as the German government is finding out, to get young men to join an army at all.

Germans have learned to distrust too much power in the hands of a single man. In the Federal elections of September 1953, Adenauer's CDU party got an absolute majority of the seats in parliament. Several Germans told me of their own accord that they had voted for him out of a genuine preference for his party and his ideas, but that they would not have done so had they known that he would be able to rule, if he wished, by the votes of his own party alone. This reaction to the Federal election results became apparent within a few weeks. In November 1953, the Hamburg city elections showed a swing of 12 per cent away from the ruling party in Bonn. This was the reaction, not of people who distrusted Adenauer, but of Germans who had suffered a bitter lesson from a dictator whom they had accepted without foreboding or reservation.

A great many Germans have awakened, moreover, to the fact that the old German army, or Wehrmacht, acted as a "state within the state" and as a pressure group controlled by political morons. "Let's not talk nonsense about soldierly virtues," wrote the Liberal Students' monthly. "Just as well talk about milkmen's virtues. Courage, honor, and loyalty are not qualities that have to be learned in uniform." One of the officials of the skeleton defense ministry assured me there would be no more of the old punishment drill, overdone ritual, or brutalizing of subordinates common in the old German army. The soldier would remain a citizen, with a citizen's privileges and responsibilities. "We shall not scrap our traditions," I was told. "We can look for inspiration to the great generals and great tacticians of the past. We will not forget what the German soldier achieved in two world wars. But we will not forget that Hitler infiltrated the German army with SS men, gave it the Nazi salute, made political tools of generals, and left our soldiers to bleed for his ashes." Nor is any German government going to permit a revived General Staff or a new military caste with a soul and system of its own.

Most Germans have learned that their country can never again be a world power or dominate Europe. They have learned that they must be "good neighbors" if they are ever again to make their way in civilized society—nothing could have indicated this more clearly than German tact and refusal to comment during France's heart-searching debates on the admission of West Germany to the NATO. Germans have learned, to some extent, to see through the propaganda of radical political parties proclaiming the outworn ideas of the day before yesterday. They have, above all, learned to value in a matter-of-fact way the purely material benefits that hard work has brought them, and to prefer an inch of solid worth to grandiose visions of national glory.

NONETHELESS, Germany's future is still something no political prophet would like to commit himself on. In theory, Euro-

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pean integration—with its components of the EDC and a European Political Community—was the most recognizable ideal for Germans. But it is very doubtful whether it would have worked, and more and more Germans are beginning to realize this. Franco-German understanding cannot be built on the expertly worded paragraphs of an abstract and possibly abstruse document. France and Germany need time to heal their differences and hates.

The failure of EDC was certainly a shock and a disappointment, above all to German youth. Young Germans had been the first to demonstrate on the French-German border against custom controls, passports, and barriers between nations. They had been the first to go off, usually penniless, to visit the countries Hitler had invaded, in order to learn about them and their thoughts. They wanted very much to believe in Europe but, as the editor of the Duesseldorf *Mittag* said to me, "Every egg has to be hatched. Our European idealists wanted to do things in too much of a hurry. Our first job is to make national states work together, and from there we can move steadily towards international integration. The mistake was to start doing this backwards."

For the Germans there is no alternative to a Europeanism that would have been grand had it been workable. The absence of an alternative is what makes the future of Germany especially obscure. At present there is a growing impatience with the status quo, and there is a growing feeling that the West must risk something for Germany's sake, so that she can be reunited in peace and freedom. "Don't talk about co-existence," wrote *Die Welt*. "It may be all right for the great powers but, as things are, we Germans can only co-explode."

Nationalism can become a more menacing force in Germany if no effort is made to achieve things that all West Germans regard as no more than their due in return for their support of the Western cause. These things are—in order of their importance—reunification with East Germany, return of at least part of the lost territories to the east of the Oder-Neisse line, and the development of trade between a united Germany and the countries of the Soviet bloc. Failure by the Western powers to help Federal Germany secure these objectives will swell the demand for a "German policy for Germany's sake" already being raised by the Free Democratic party's press and the *Landsmannschaften*.

There is the ever present danger that Germans, who never forget the fairy tales heard in their cradles, will become embittered if left divided between two armed camps by an artificial frontier. Embitterment may mean a reversion to the worst sort of nationalism with the old compound of xenophobia, arrogance, and self-pity—that endemic malady across the Rhine.

All nations suffer from these afflictions, but the Germans more than most. That is why treatment of Germany in the new phase of history opening for the Bonn Republic calls for tact, understanding, and patience. And of these three, the most important surely is patience.

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MAJOR RAPHAEL J. MOSES OF GEORGIA

Autobiography of an Unreconstructed Southerner

. . . I THINK I have always had one element of wisdom which is said to be uncommon; I have always *known myself*. My conception was quick, my language good, my business education a great advantage in my profession as a lawyer, and because I understood bookkeeping and business methods, and could always understand a merchant's case, and because I evinced a familiarity with their business pursuits, I soon earned the reputation of being a first-class "commercial lawyer," irrespective of how much or little I might know of the commercial law contained in the books. While I had (not altogether undeserved) considerable reputation as an orator, there was one thing that I could never do: make something out of nothing, and that is what I am required to do now. My temperament was sympathetic, and I had language and manner enough to make others feel what I felt, but unless I feel the subject myself, I could never have made others feel. So that, boiled down, my legal reputation could be

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"RAPHAEL J. MOSES of Columbus, Georgia," writes the historian Jacob R. Marcus, "was still living when Isaac Markens, in his book *The Hebrews in America* (1888), wrote of him: 'The esteem in which he is held by the great men of Georgia attests his right to the place he occupies as the foremost Hebrew at the bar and in the politics of the Southern States.'

"This Georgia orator, politician, and lawyer, born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1812, and a descendant of the Machados of New York and the Nunezes of Georgia, was a fifth-generation American. . . .

"During the Reconstruction period, Moses sat in the state legislature and became the recognized leader of the House. In his attempt to secure a nomination for Congress, however, he was unsuccessful. His own colleagues failed to back him; they feared that he could not be controlled: Moses was too independent.

"Anti-Semitic prejudice also held Moses back. He was a loyal Jew, devoted to his 'race,' and was eager to go to Congress to fight prejudice against his group; 'race feeling,' he called it. One of the most interesting letters in American Jewish literature, written with dignity and pride, was sent by Moses to W. O. Tuggle of La Grange, Georgia, a politician who had taunted the Columbus attorney with being a Jew. 'I wanted to go to Congress as a Jew, and because I was a Jew, and believed that I might elevate our people by my public course,' Moses wrote.

"After his retirement from the practice of law, Moses lived on his plantation in somewhat reduced circumstances. At the request of his youngest child, Marie (Mrs. James Whyte, of New York), he wrote his memoirs in the form of letters to her. Begun in 1890, when he was seventy-eight, they were finished in 1893, several months before his death in Brussels, Belgium. A number of versions of these autobiographies are extant. The following excerpts are taken from a copy in the American Jewish Archives.

"Raphael Moses was a cultured Southern gentleman: romantic, sentimental, and a local patriot. In 1832 or 1833, during the controversy over the Nullification of the Tariff Acts of 1828 and 1832, he enlisted in the militia to fight for his native state of South Carolina. In 1850, when most Southern leaders still opposed secession, he was an ardent fire-eater. The South may have been reconstructed after the War; Moses never was. When he visited his daughter in Europe in 1893, his calling card still read: 'Major Raphael J. Moses, C.S.A.'"

These selections from Raphael Moses's autobiography are taken from the *Memoirs of American Jews,* gathered and edited by Dr. Marcus, who is the Adolph S. Ochs Professor of American History at Hebrew Union College. The first two volumes of this magnificent three-volume collection are soon to be published by the Jewish Publication Society, with whose permission these selections are printed here.—ED.

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largely attributed to my business education and my oratorical standing [which] spring[s] chiefly from my strong, sympathetic nature. My knowledge was more the result of observation than reading; my taste for books was limited, my memory was never good, and getting ideas from books was with me like pouring water through a sieve; the fluid passed quickly away but the sediment remained. And so with my reading: the language passed away, but some of the ideas remained, and, particularly in law, the principles remained, but the book, page, case, etc., soon passed out of my mind. . . .

WELL, then, to begin, I was born on the night of January 20th, 1812, in Beaufain St., Charleston, South Carolina. Like most babies, I suppose I entered upon life with a cry. I was born an ugly baby, remained an ugly boy, and lived an ugly man. My mother had two other children, both handsome, but they died in infancy. Death loves a shining mark; they shone, I didn't, and so I was left to become the pet of my mother and the pest of everybody else, "a spoiled child," and I went through an extraordinary share of spoiling, and nothing saved me from utter ruin except good luck or some undeveloped, innate virtue.

At two years old, I have heard, I knew my letters, and my dear mother thought she saw the germs of a concealed genius which has remained invisible ever since. She kept a school, and I was one of her scholars, cutting a figure in her classes when I should have been cutting my teeth! . . .

The first school that I have any recollection of after leaving my mother's school was kept by a Mr. Southworth. He was an excellent teacher and a severe disciplinarian. I improved very much under him, but one day one of the boys who shall be nameless, but who belonged to the South Carolina aristocracy and was the bully of the school, undertook to whip a little boy, and I interfered. And though I have never been much of a fighter, being neither active or particularly strong, I found my adversary, like many other bullies, not much of a hero when put to the test; and it was my good fortune to come off victor in the fight. But alas! as we fought in the schoolyard, which was against the rules, Mr. Southworth was even more victorious than I was, for he whipped us both. I, of course, complained to father, and he went with me to the teacher, justified my course, denounced his inflexible rules, and withdrew me from school. I was then between ten and eleven.

From there I went to Bishop England, a celebrated Catholic divine! He had a very large school. All the teachers were priests; the bishop did not teach, but visited the school about once a week. There was no discipline at all; the boys "ruled the roost" and ruled it with a high hand. . . . I remained at the bishop's school about a year, and not being entirely without conscience, nor unlike [Cowper's] *John Gilpin,* who although on pleasure bent yet had a frugal mind, I actually acknowledged to my parents that I was not learning anything but mischief at the bishop's, in which, by the way, you will see I was pretty well graduated, and requested them to send me to another school! Alas, for the change!

They sent me to Isaac Harby [the founder of the Reformed Society of Israelites], father of Octavia Moses, a splendid teacher who believed as "the twig is bent the tree's inclined" and "spare the rod and spoil the child." He bent the twig but never spared the rod. I remember a mulberry tree that grew in the yard. I remember it denuded of many limbs. I remember further the uses they were put to, and the further fact that the boys, with whose backs they were to be made familiar, were, with a quizzical look (I think I can see it now), ordered to go and cut a bunch and be sure to get good ones, too. . . .

I continued with Mr. Harby untill I was twelve and a half years of age. I was studying Latin and just about to commence Greek when it suddenly occurred to me that I had absorbed through the skin as much knowledge as I cared to acquire in that way, and I proposed to my overindulgent parents to consider my education finished, and they so considered it. I then left school and entered on the business of life. . . .

I WENT to Philadelphia with my parents and stayed with my aunt, Mrs. [Michael] Esther Hart, the grandmother of Louisa Lyons, née Hart, who is the mother of Rachel Huestes. They left me in Philadelphia.

I nominally stayed in Bacon & [Cousin]

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Hart's music store [on South Fourth Street] in the daytime and attended law lectures at night, given by Judge [Joseph] Hopkins[on], and I was very much interested in them. They were altogether on commercial law, but my mind was too much on pleasure bent. I was not much more than thirteen. My companions were generally several years older than myself. I had the very free use of money and used it. I always thought my father was wealthy. He was then in the auction business, kept horses, and lived up to his means, if not beyond them, as I discovered in later years, and being an only child whose wishes were law, I was not very particular about what might or might not be his bank balances so that my purse was not empty.

It would fill a volume to detail all my indiscretions, they were [to quote Milton] thick as leaves of Valambrosia [Vallombrosa], but I had no vices and no fixed habits, good or bad, but my pursuit of fun was so indefatigable that I enjoyed it, careless of what older heads thought about it. My impulses governed me, and fortunately they were not bad but only mischievous. . . .

I soon quit attending law lectures at night, much preferring the theater, for which I had a passion. The next year, when father went North, as he did every summer, I returned with him [to Charleston] and went to stay with Abraham Tobias, an auctioneer and particular friend of D. C. Levy's [the merchant and banker]. I received small compensation, but after being with him a few months, he raised my salary and paid me at the increased rate from the beginning.

I think I stayed with him about a year, and then another auctioneer, Calvin Baker, offered me better pay, and I left Tobias and went to Baker. He was a very clever man, but he had a son, Calvin Baker, who was as tyrannical and overbearing as he could be. There was another boy stayed there with me. I forget his name, but we got into a way of not being able to repress our immoderate laughter on very trifling occasions, and one day a man came in and asked if we had any "boiled cider." Neither of us had ever heard of boiled cider, and the idea excited our risibility. We tried not to laugh, and the more we tried not to laugh, like two fools as we were, the louder we laughed. The customer looked on in amazement. About this time Calvin Baker, Jr., came in, and I went behind the desk. He got into a passion and abused us for everything he could lay his tongue to, for we *couldn't* stop laughing, until he became so abusive that the pendulum swung to the other extreme, and I whirled first a ruler and then an inkstand at him and broke for the door to return no more. . . .

Again I went to Philadelphia with father; I suppose I was about fifteen. We dined with Mr. [Abraham Cohen?] Peixotto, a West Indian. He had been quite wealthy, but was less so because of the emancipation of his slaves, but he was still well off. [Actually, the Jamaica slaves were not emancipated for several years, in 1833.] [He] had no children, but had adopted two nephews and two nieces and a very sweet girl, Betsy Shaw. The latter was a Christian, and although he was a very Orthodox Jew, he was scrupulously exact in her attendance of church. He was a very arbitrary man. His wife, who we all called "Gam," an abbreviation for grandma, was as kind as she could be. . . .

My trips to and from the North were so frequent that I am a little confused in dates. . . . [Uncle] Abraham Cohen lived [in Richmond]. He was quite a talented man and was rabbi (then called hazan) for a number of years. His father [Jacob Raphael Cohen], my grandfather, for whom I was named, was minister for about thirty years in Philadelphia [1784-1811], and my mother inherited all of their Orthodox ideas, so that all the influence of birth and education were with me on the religious side, but I never became indoctrinated with their views. . . .

WHEN I reached home, I went to my father's auction store. I think Mr. Isaiah Moses had some interest in the business. At all events, L. I. [J.?] Moses, the father of Moses Bros., of Montgomery, was bookkeeper, and in imitating his signature I obtained my present sign man[ua]l [signature]. In order to equip me better for business (I suppose), my father purchased for me a horse and gig, a two-wheeled concern; four-wheeled buggies were then unknown. My mother gave me a library. I did not use the library *much*, but I never failed to use the horse if the weather was fine. An afternoon drive to Tivoli Garden or the Four-Mile-House, where young men congregated

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to roll tenpins, play billiards, and drink brandy smashes, mint juleps, and other inspiring drinks, was my regular routine. In the mornings I staid in the store, in the evenings I drove out, *and at night I helped to regulate the town*. . . .

Such companionship, while it gratified my appetite for fun, did not materially improve my business habits. I always had a night key, came home late or early (generally late), as best suited my pleasure, and was never catechised as to how or where I spent my time. While I staid with father, I made my first money (outside of my allowance) for services by buying sample cotton, and realized a profit of $30, which $30 I invested in a lottery ticket and had visions of untold wealth. But, unfortunately, my tickets drew blanks and my $30 and fortune vanished into thin air.

I ran this schedule about nine months when, one day, father sent me to the post office and I, for some reason, demurred about going. He was very quick-tempered, and I was not very amiable, and we had some altercation about my going to the post office, when he took up a twenty-five-pound weight and threw it at me, I suppose with no idea of hitting me, but rather to frighten me into obedience, but it did not frighten me worth a cent. I went to the office, but as I was going, I called back to him that I wouldn't stay with him any longer, that I would go back to the North. I remember his reply: "You may go to hell if you want to after you go to the post office."

I went to the office and then home, and told mother I couldn't stay with father, and that I would sell my horse and gig, and that I was going to New York and from there out West, and that I would not come back until I made a fortune. She tried to persuade me not to go, but finally contributed to my going by buying my library. This, with the sale of my horse and gig, gave me between $200 and $300, and I started for the Far West via New York.

I MUST then have been about nineteen, and still believed my father to be rich when, in fact, he was comparatively poor, but he always lived easily and looked rich. He was of a very bright, cheerful temperament, never fretted about anything, was remarkably handsome, weighed then about 300 lbs. (and before he died weighed 387 lbs.), was fond of jewelry and fine clothes, always kept horses, and was typical of what a youth would suppose a rich man would look like, when, in fact, a lean and hungry Cassius would better represent the unrest, care, and anxiety with which avarice paints a genuine "Gold Bug." . . .

We . . . arrived safely in New York. I went to a hotel somewhere near Wall Street on Broadway (I forget the name of it), but in a day or two several of my friends found me out and we had a royal time. I was about as far west as I ever got. New York was good enough for me. I paid about $75 for a circular, cloth cloak lined with velvet facings. They were called Spanish cloaks. One end was drawn over the chest and thrown over the left shoulder, hidalgo fashion. I gave a champagne supper and broke a looking glass. This absorbed about $60 more. After a few days, with $120 left, I went to Philadelphia and boarded at a tailor boardinghouse (not being on terms with my aunt's family) at $2 a week, swapped my Spanish cloak off in cold December for a season ticket to the theater, and soon got to where I could count my dollars on the fingers of either hand. Then I again got a place with Simeon Dreyfous, the watch importer. I stayed with him until about the year 1832, when South Carolina proposed to nullify the tariff law.

I then returned to Charleston, joined the heavy artillery, of which John Lyde Wilson (the famous duelist and author of the *Code [of Honor]*) was captain and my father was lieutenant. At one of the meetings I made some statement about tactics, which I had read, and Wilson said, as I thought, that what I said was not true. I gave him the lie and he challenged me. E. W. Moise [later attorney general of Louisiana] acted as my second. I accepted the challenge, but much to my satisfaction the matter was referred to a board of honor. When it turned out that Wilson had said what I *read* was not true, and as that impugned the veracity of the author of the tactics and left mine untouched, of course I retracted, and the matter was peaceably settled to the honor of all parties, no one being more gratified than the writer of this. Wilson's moderation, I afterwards understood, was in deference to my father's conduct, who allowed things to take their course without any interference. . . .

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As soon as I realized that my father was poor and that I had been a drain upon him, I determined to go to work in earnest. With no capital, but about $600 indebtedness, principally for tailors' bills in Philadelphia . . . I stepped down from my platform of fun and fashion to the earnest work of life by opening a very small "Cheap Cash Store," retail, of course. Father helped me some, and M. C. Mordecai [a wealthy merchant and civic figure] helped me some, but it was not much help I required. The auction stores seldom credit, making weekly collections on account, and I sold only for cash, and soon began to drive a right smart trade. I quit folly and went into calico, and as I knew most of the auctioneers from having been employed on what was then called vendue range [auctioneers' row], I soon found myself on my feet and my visions expanded until it embraced purchases in New York. But how to make them was the question. I resolved to try.

I went to New York without money and without letters of credit. I walked through Pearl Street and Maiden Lane and William Street. These were then the principle jobbing streets. Wherever I could see boxes marked for any of the Charleston retail merchants, I would stop in and price the goods, and when I was ready to buy, I would tell a plain story, that I had no capital, and no expenses, except business expenses, that I lived with my parents, had done a small cash business and succeeded very well, that I did not expect to buy much or keep a large stock, and I do not remember ever to have been refused a moderate credit. The jobbers would, of course, inquire of the retailers with whom they dealt, and they would confirm my statements, for I told only the truth.

I had, too, become well-acquainted with several of the principal retail men, and had occasionally bought small bills from them, and being a genial and pleasant companion, I soon became popular with those with whom I was in contact. But to cut the story short, I did not want to buy much, and I found no difficulty in buying what I wanted to buy, and having made a beginning and met my payments, it was not long before I had to be circumspect in my purchases least I should overload myself. At that time, it was the practice to go North in the spring and fall to purchase, when the principal stock had to be laid in and the credits were four and six months. The present facilities for replenishing did not exist then. . . .

My business increased, and my credit with it. I soon did a leading business in retail dry goods. About this time, the Bank of Charleston was established, and there was a severe contest for the presidency and consequent buying up of the shares by the candidates and their friends. My mother sent me downtown to collect $500 for a Negro girl she had sold. At that time $10 per share was paid in on the stock, and it commenced rising. I invested, without consulting her, the $500. The stock kept going up, and I kept buying, using my original purchase as a margin. I operated for about two days, and then, having a profit of about $2,000 in the stock, and hearing that one of the candidates had secured a majority, I directed my broker to close me out that evening at whatever the market might be, and he did so. The next morning the demand flagged and the stock declined, but I had made for mother about $2,000 on $500, and she had no complaints to make. . . .

About this time another piece of good luck befell me, perhaps the best luck that had ever befallen me in all my life before, or in all my life since. I met your mother, not having seen her before since we were about thirteen years old, she being one of the girls that attended my Bermitzma [Bar Mitzvah] party. She was very ill with country fever when I returned to Charleston, and the probabilities of her death were a constant subject of discussion among our friends when I returned from the North. My sympathies became enlisted for this Miss Eliza Moses, whose life was hanging on a thread, and when I first met her, a fresh, blooming, pretty, modest girl, my heart went out to her and I am happy to say the feeling was reciprocated.

We were soon engaged, with the understanding that I was not to marry for two years. I tried courting for six months and found it very pleasant, but began to think marriage would be more to my mind and so proposed to her father [Isaac Clifton Moses, a former justice of the peace] to have the marriage consummated. To this he was opposed, and I well remember his coming to the house to convince father of the propriety of waiting two years, and I equally remem-

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ber my father's reply. It was this: "I don't know whether it would be prudent for Raphael to marry or not just now, but if you knew my son as well as I know him, you would know that he never stuck to anything two years in his life, and if you expect him to marry Eliza, you had better let him marry her now. That is all I have to say about it."

The argument, I suppose, was unanswerable, for on the twenty-second day of January thereafter [1834], about six months from the time of our engagement, we were married, and although we have lived together fifty-six years, we have never had occasion to regret our early wedding. . . .

MY BUSINESS grew with my happiness. I carried a large stock and did a large business, and it occurred to me one day (very fortunately), that if there was ever a large fire on King's Street, the chances were that the Charleston [insurance] offices would fail and be unable to pay their policies, and even if this did not happen, it was safer to insure in foreign offices. And carrying out those views, I placed most of my insurance in Augusta [Georgia] offices and kept them there.

In a year or two the most disastrous fire that had ever been known in Charleston broke out on King's Street, and the losses were so heavy that every insurance office in Charleston had to compound [make a settlement] with the assured. My policies being principally in Augusta, my policies were good. I bought a pair of horses and a dray the night of the fire and saved about $1,500 or $2,000 of my stock after moving it two or three times.

I made an assignment to M. C. Mordecai and had no trouble in getting a discharge. I had a customer, a Dutchman, to whom I was in the habit of jobbing goods, which he sold in Tallahassee and other points in Florida, and he persuaded me to buy the remnant of goods saved at the assignee sale and take them to Tallahassee. I arranged with Mr. Mordecai to do so, and my recollection is that I had to ship the goods by wagon from Augusta to Tallahassee. When I got them there, a Mr. Maynu was selling out a retail stock of goods, and I volunteered to help him sell out (without salary), so that I could learn the prices and know what to ask for my goods. In this way I familiarized myself with Florida values and got rid of my goods at fair prices and paid for them after I sold them in Florida.

While at Tallahassee, the new town of St. Joseph [Florida] had been started and lots had sold for immense prices. It was started in opposition to Apalachicola, which was owned by the Apalachicola Land Co., which held the lots in Apalachicola at exorbitant prices. St. Joseph had a fine climate and a bay said to be as beautiful as the Bay of Naples. Its approach was easy, while Apalachicola had a very expensive lighterage [place of loading], and was not regarded as healthy. A syndicate from Columbus [Georgia] bought up the land on St. Joseph's Bay and connected it with the [Apalachicola] River by railroad.

I went over to St. Joseph with a party of gentlemen, having no idea of locating there, but when I got there the town was "on a boom." Lots 80 x 100 were worth $5,000. It was but a few months old and shipped 30,000 bales of cotton. Butran, the secretary of the railroad, died while I was on a visit there; and strange as it may sound, I got the situation of secretary to the Lake Winneo & St. Joseph Railroad at a salary of $2,000 a year. So much for being a pleasant fellow and knowing how to tell a good story and telling them on all occasions, and, with all, being a good bookkeeper, the very thing the railroad company wanted. I think that was along in 1838. . . . I soon got to know everybody in St. Joseph, and everybody knew me. I made friends that lasted all my life. . . .

I spent about five as happy years in St. Joseph as I ever spent anywhere. It was a delightful climate, a lovely situation, and has as generous and whole-souled a population as is to be found anywhere. But about the year 1843 the yellow fever broke out in St. Joseph and was very fatal. I myself had a very narrow escape from death; so did my wife. . . .

During my residence at St. Joseph, my father and mother followed their wayward son, built a house next to mine. My mother died there [1848], and my father died about six months after in Apalachicola [1849]. He never recovered from the blow caused by my mother's death, had her body buried in the yard near the house, and used to pray at her grave daily, though he was never before religiously inclined.

My mother was a very religious woman, a

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strict conformist to all Jewish customs, and the day before, though in apparent health, she seemed to have a premonition of her death. I tried to rouse her and made her go to walk with me. On the way we met an old Irishwoman on whom she had been accustomed to bestow charity. She took her aside and talked with her, and the Irishwoman told me that she gave her $1 and told her to take that and remember her. The next day was [my daughter] Nina's birthday and she promised me, if she was well, she would throw off her depression and give her a party. But she felt that a calamity was impending over us. We parted that night, and she told Eliza to be sure to take care of father. This I did not then know.

The next morning I went over as usual to see her, but she had not been out of her room, and father said he supposed she was washing. I knocked at the door and, receiving no answer, made our boy [Negro servant], Joe, go in at the window, and alas, mother was on the bed—dead. Her shrouds were on the bureau, and on a slip of paper was written, "Where the tree falls, let it lay," intimating, I suppose, that she did not wish her remains to be carried to Charleston to be laid in the Jewish cemetary.

She had her best linen sheets on the bed and every indication that she expected her room to be visited by strangers. Knowing how scrupulous she was about Jewish rights [rites], Eliza, with her usual self-sacrifice, performed all the duties of preparing her for burial, and thus, at seventy-two, passed from earth as pure a spirit as ever dwelt in human form. God bless her memory. I know that she has gone to her reward, and feel that she still lives and loves us.

I MUST now go back a little to my own life. The town went down, the R. R. Co. failed, and I bought for $37.50 the house and lot that I had a few years before offered $600 a year rental for.

With the failure of the R. R. and the town, I was in a bad way. No money and no business. The only thing that I could do which required no other capital than self-reliance, of which I had a goodly share, was law. I decided to study law. I studied six weeks and knew just as much law as I did when I started. Examinations were private then, and I managed to get my friend Hawkens and others appointed on the committee. They reported me qualified, and I appeared thereafter not a briefless lawyer, for I had already won my spurs by what was considered a very shrewd trick in humbugging a court of three magistrates, of which trick I was as innocent as the babe unborn, but I had sense enough to keep the world in ignorance of my simplicity. . . .

It happened thus: a young man from St. Andrew's Bay, about thirty miles from St. Joseph's, came in with about ten head of cattle for sale. They were purchased by a butcher, name Scuyler. The cattle, no doubt, had been stolen from a farm on St. Andrew's Bay and belonged to a very respectable citizen, name Blackwell. He demanded the cattle; the young man and the butcher refused to give them up. Blackwell, by the advice of his son-in-law, Chandler Younge, a lawyer of some eminence, sued out a warrant against the young man and had him arrested for larceny. Some of the neighboring circuit courts were about being held, and Younge and all the attorneys were obliged to be absent on the day set for the trial, but Younge very properly told Blackwell all he had to do was to prove the cattle his property by the marks and brands, and then it would devolve on the accused to show how he came honestly in possession, and failing to do this, he would be bound over to the Supreme Court for larceny.

All the lawyers being absent, Scuyler gave me a conditional fee of $20 to defend the young man. He said the cattle were his father's, and I really believed him—really believed him. The court met; three justices, one, I well remember, presided in his shirt sleeves.

Blackwell took the stand, was sworn, and would have proved property in the cattle, but I objected on the ground of his interest and made a conscientious argument on this line, that the young man was a stranger in this community, and if Blackwell was allowed to testify, the result of his evidence would be to transfer this man's property to himself, and, what was vastly more important, its effects would be to brand as a thief a poor youth, whose good character was his only capital. I pressed this as a man would press it who believed it true. The accused mouth was closed, he was away from home, and without witnesses, and I appealed very feel-

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ingly to the court not to be instrumental in the commission of such an act of injustice. Consequence: Blackwell had to come down and remain as dumb as an oyster; my client was discharged, and I received my first fee of $20.

When the lawyers returned, they twitted me with having humbugged the court, and my character for shrewdness was established. They little knew that I was for the first time learning that I had humbugged the court, when I really thought that I had made a fair law argument, but I made no sign, and it was a long time before I let the "cat out of the bag." . . .

I THEN commenced practicing in Apalachicola, twenty-four miles from St. Joseph. I used to get up early enough to ride twenty-four miles before breakfast. My family remained in St. Joseph. I came home every Friday and returned to Apalachicola on Monday.

I remember the first case I tried in Apalachicola was before Judge Carmack on a question of where administration attached on a particular statute. I took a great deal of pains with my brief. Brockenborough, a very talented lawyer, was on the other side. When I commenced my argument, he was reading a newspaper; he continued reading it all through my argument. When I concluded he merely read a few lines from the code. The judge sustained him in his objection to the state's having any jurisdiction over the administration, and when I was nonsuited, my client said if he hadn't had a jacklegged lawyer for his case, he would have won it. I was terribly crestfallen and mortified at the idea that, when I supposed I had an impregnable brief, it was not even considered worth an argument in reply. I went to my office and took up the code, read the statute that Brockenborough had read, wept over my obtuseness, pitched my book away, and resolved to quit a profession that I was evidently unfit for.

That night I dropped in at Brockenborough's office. I was intimate with him and told him that I was going to quit law. He asked me why. I told him very frankly that I had studied the question very closely, made my argument, that he read the newspaper all the time, and that my argument did not even elicit a reply. He laughed and said: "Moses, the only reason that I didn't reply to your argument was because it was unanswerable. Unless the statute controlled the question, there was no getting over your argument," and he advised me to stick to law.

This made me feel much better, and I thought that I would go and see Judge Carmack. Maybe he might say something about the brief. I hadn't been in the room long before he said: "Moses, I have been thinking about my decision today, and I believe I was wrong. If you will move to reinstate the case, I will make an order reinstating it." I told him what Ned Wood, my client, had said about a jacklegged lawyer, and that I would have nothing more to do with the case, and that I had pretty nearly made up my mind to quit practicing. Judge Carmack said: "Quit practicing! Why, it won't be long before the best man at this bar won't be more than your equal." When I left Carmack's room I was on stilts, but I never moved in that case again, and I told Wood why I didn't move. . . .

I distinctly recollect that my office was in the third story of a brick building, the lower story of which was a ship chandle[r]y, and the second was a carpenter shop, and many a time, when I thought I heard the step of a client on the stairs, it would stop at the carpenter shop—either one of these mechanics or someone having more use for a carpenter than for a tyro at the bar. And I further remember that I slept on a cot without a mattress, made my own coffee, and lived on crackers and cheese and cold ham. . . .

I got on rapidly in Apalachicola and was soon employed in all the principal cases; I made a very large fee—I think it was $2,500—foreclosing a mortgage on the St. Joseph R. R., a mortgage made by the new company in favor of John D. & William Gray. They bought the road at the sale, took up the iron, carried it to Georgia to complete a contract they had for building the Monroe R. R. . . .

My business prospered so much that I was, after a while, able to refuse a fee of $1,000 from one A. I. Bennett, who was robbing, with a high hand, Farish Carter of Georgia. He [Carter] held mortgages on Negroes that were being run off, and followed them to Apalachicola. Bennett bought them with knowledge of the facts and attempted to defy Carter, his attorney, and the sheriff with shot-

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guns and a lot of toughs. It was therefore that I refused to be employed, but I lost nothing by it, for when Brockenborough (Carter's lawyer) died about a year after, Carter employed me. . . .

About the year 1844, my wife and children went to Charleston, where my son Albert was born. That summer we went North, Eliza; Isabell, her sister; Isaac, Hannah, Major [Israel], Albert, and a white nurse. I had about $2,500. The money went so fast in New York that I could hardly realize it, and we all started for Stamford, Connecticut (where my wife's father, soon after our marriage, was killed by being thrown from a buggy, and his wife was so much injured that she died about six months after, in Charleston).

We went to visit the grave of her father, Mr. Isaac C. Moses, and staid with the Beach family, at whose house he died. It was on this trip that I insisted I was made cross-eyed by watching the children and the baggage in different directions at the same time.

I had some business in Portland, Maine, and left the family at Beach's about ten days or two weeks. They were a plain Connecticut family, lived very comfortably, had an apple orchard (the delight of the children), and it was on this farm that I caught Isaac turning the handle and Major literally with his nose to a grindstone, where it has been metaphorically ever since. He was then proposing to have his nose rounded off so as to be as nearly like mine as possible. Eliza made a nice lot of preserves, with the assistance of Mrs. Beach and her granddaughter. They kept no servants, and the children milked the cows and cleaned the shoes, and everything was neat and clean.

When I asked for my bill, Mrs. Beach hesitatingly inquired if I thought $10 would be too much. I emphasized my opinion by handing her $20 and considered that I got off cheap. They lived on a farm about a mile from Stamford, which was a village of half a dozen houses. Now it is quite a city, penetrated by railroads and fine hotels from $2.50 to $3.00 per day. Everything is so changed that in 1887 or 1888, when we were in New York, my wife wished to visit her father's grave, but the oldest inhabitant remembered nothing of the incident, and the sextons of the graveyard, none of them had any record of his burial, so that in less than a half of a century from the time his body was turned to dust from whence it sprung, all trace of him was lost, except to our immediate families. Such is the fate of man. And even in our families, after two or three generations our descendants have a very confused idea of who their ancestors might have been. . . .

I remained in Apalachicola until 1849. During my stay there its business had dwindled from 130,000 bales to about half that amount. The railroads were carrying cotton direct from Columbus [Georgia] and other points to New York. I saw the end was coming and determined to seek a new location. I went to Texas at the suggestion of Judge Duval, stayed in Galveston about a week, found a strong bar there, and, further, that there was more land than cash in fees. I finally determined to settle at Columbus, where I had a good business acquaintance, as many of my clients that I had in Apalachicola were residents of Columbus.

When I went from Apalachicola, the citizens gave me a very handsome farewell banquet, and I left there with many friends and not an enemy that I knew of—Bennett and Caro had moved to New Orleans.

I have already stated who Bennett was and will now develop Caro. He was a Spaniard who kept a store in Apalachicola, and I had some suits against him. He had prepared for his failures, and I had nothing I could levy my judgments on, but on looking into his affairs I found that a steamboat stood in his name which really belonged to his brother-in-law, who was then running her as captain on the Apalachicola River. His brother-in-law became embarrassed a year or two before, and Caro then being good credit, the steamer was then registered in Caro's name, and I suppose they forgot to change the register when Caro failed. I levied my judgment on the steamboat. This made Caro furious.

The morning after the levy, as I was going to my office with my mail in my hand, he overtook me in the side street and commenced to have an altercation with me. He finally called me a liar, and I drew back to strike him, and Spaniard like he had a knife concealed up his sleeve and in an instant I was cut across the throat. Being unarmed, I stopped to pick up a brick, but he ran off, and it was all that I could do, from loss of

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blood, to get back to Bay Street and sit down until Dr. Gorrie could be sent for. All that saved my life was my whiskers, which I wore very heavy on my throat; he cut me right over the carotid artery. Dr. Gorrie sewed it up, and I went home with my head in bandages. Your mother had a fright, of course; the knife was so sharp and the cut so smooth, that it healed by the first intention, as the Drs say, and I suffered very little pain. I was confined to the house for some time, and never saw Caro any more. He considered New Orleans a safer place than Apalachicola and went there. This was the only serious trouble that I had while I was there.

I lived in Apalachicola five or six years; it was then a gay place; it had a fine set of merchants and its principal business was cotton, and as the cotton buyers either made a great deal or the reclamations for losses are so large that they can't begin to pay them, economy in their expenditures had no place in their programme; water was scarcer than champagne and jolly good fellows were as plentiful as blackberries.

Apalachicola, like St. Joseph, went down, down, down, until it ceased to ship a single bail of cotton. Of late years it has done considerable trade in lumber, sponges, and oysters, but before I was forty, two flourishing cities were in ruins. . . .

I find that I have made no mention of the fact of a painful chapter in my life's history. I had to perform the burial service for my mother, father, and uncle. They died in Florida, where we were about the only Jews, and again I performed the burial services over Percy Levy, brother of my son-in-law, to whom I became much attached. This was done at his request.

I also omitted to mention that I was, in 1847, a delegate from Florida in the [Democratic] presidential nominating convention at Baltimore, when [Lewis] Cass was nominated. It was a very stormy convention. The slavery issue was even then the bone of contention. [The secessionist, William L.] Yanc[e]y, of Alabama, and myself tried by correspondence to commit Cass to the right of Southerners to carry slaves into the Northwest Territory. Failing to commit him, we endeavored to incorporate in the Democratic platform a recognition of that right and, failing there, Wm. L. Yanc[e]y for Alabama and I for Florida addressed the convention, protested against the platform, refused to endorse the nomination, and with our delegations withdrew from the convention. . . .

In 1849, I came to Columbus to meet the strongest bar in Georgia, but I had, among my Florida clientage living in Columbus, Daniel McDougald, the brainiest merchant I have ever been intimate with; John G. Winter, then president of St. Mary's Bank and an acknowledged power in Columbus; Hamp Smith, a kind of cotton king. I knew all the Howards from having been associated with Thacker B. Howard as president of the St. Joseph R. R. Co., I being the secretary. I knew Seaborn Jones intimately, he having been interested in St. Joseph, where he made frequent visits; it was the same [with] Benj. Fontaine, another leading merchant.

So, I did not come to Columbus a stranger, and the fact of my having done business satisfactorily with all these men while practicing law in Florida was the main reason why I selected it as my future home. Still, the bar was formidable, and it took a man with large development of hope to confront it and hope to meet with success. . . .

I had about $4,000 when I came to Columbus. I bought a house for $1,000 and spent about $500 improving it. I bought a carriage or landau and a fine pair of horses, believing that the best way to procure business was to seem independent of it. I determined to place myself in a position that when a client came to me . . . he came because it was his interest to come . . . he did not come to help me or to get cheap work because of my necessities.

I had been in Columbus a very short time when John G. Winter, for whom I had done business in Florida, employed me as counsel for the St. Mary's Bank, of which he was president. He gave me an office in the bank building and $200 for a year. The salary was small, but Winter had the leading business in Columbus and, of course, threw into my hands all the business that he controlled, and as, at that time, collections were an important branch of the business, this situation paid me incidentally more than my salary and, besides, it was a good send-off for a man who was new in a place. . . .

My practice grew steadily until finally I had the most lucrative practice of any member of the bar. . . .

My family consisted of Isaac, Israel [called

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Major], Nina, Albert, Lea (Raphael: last three letters spelled backward!), and Hannah. The latter was quite delicate and could not stand the summers in Columbus. On account of her health, I had to go to Warm and Chalybeate Springs in summer. My son Isaac was also very delicate, and I sent him with a friend to the Hot Springs in Arkansas. When he reached there the physician said he had rheumatism of the heart, and it should be fatal to him to use the waters and that I must meet him in New Orleans at his Aunt Septimer's [Septima's], Mrs. Solomon Levy. I went there for him and was shocked to find him terribly swollen with dropsy.

I brought him home; he lingered a few months and died. This was the second death among my children. The first was my daughter Sarah, whose apron was drawn into a grate when she was standing near it and burned her, chiefly around the neck, down to the carotid artery. The *burning* was a sad misfortunate to us; she was our first child. But I never wished for her recovery after I learned from the doctor that, if she recovered, her neck would always be drawn down to one side from the contraction of the muscles, and it would have been pure selfishness to wish a girl to live, deformed, and a constant source of mortification to herself.

Life *may* be worth living to a boy despite of deformity, but I doubt it, for my opinion is that life is only worth living under the very best conditions. Isabel was born a few months before Isaac died.

In the fall of 1850, on account of Hannah's health and my love of suburban life, I purchased from John G. Winter my present home, then called by Winter "Bunker Hill," but when I purchased it my friend John Forsyth [the famous Democratic editor], then editing the Columbus *Times,* compared me (jocularly) to Macenas, who delighted in his leisure in horticulture on the Esquiline (one of the seven hills of Rome), hence the name by which it has ever since been known, one that I much prefer to any New England production.

AFTER moving to Columbus I took an active part in politics and was decidedly in favor of seceding when [in 1850] the admission of California destroyed the balance of power as provided in the Constitution. It was the entering wedge of sectionalism.

I soon made a reputation as a political speaker and could have gone to the legislature long before necessity carried me there, but I had no desire for public position. The issues in 1850 were very exciting. In fact, they were the same that culminated in the war of 1861! But individuals changed their positions: [Robert A.] Toombs, who was at the head of the revolution in 1861, was a prominent Unionist in 1850. [Alexander] Stephens and [Howell] Cobb were also for the Union; [Charles J.] McDonald, Colquit [Walter T. Colquitt], and others were for secession.

McDonald and Cobb opposed each other for governor [of Georgia in 1851] on these issues. Excitement ran very high. It was in one of Toombs's Union speeches at Columbus that he said he "had carried the first white shirt in the Democratic party that ever entered it, and now these fellows, with [John Caldwell] Calhoun at their head, talk about overturning the government. Why," said he, "they have not strength enough to overthrow a smokehouse, eight by ten!" He was very abusive of Calhoun and South Carolina. There we made our acquaintance. I pressed my way up to the front of the stage and, pointing my finger at him . . . hissed him and announced that I would reply to him at the same place that night, which I did. I invited Toombs to be present, but he didn't come.

The meeting was the stormiest political meeting that I ever spoke to. I don't remember exactly when Toombs and I met again, but I think it was long after in a consultation on the bank cases, when all the counsels for the various defendants (of whom Toombs was one and I another) met for conference. After a time we became excellent friends, and when the issue was made in 1861, we were both on the same side and became very close friends.

Shortly after we moved to the Esquiline, Hannah married Mr. Isaac I. Moses. We had a very large wedding, I think 300 or 400 guests, and about thirty slept here that night. Hannah had two children, a boy, Isaiah, who died in infancy and is buried in our cemetery, and a daughter, Rebecca Hannah. Her mother was attending to a Miss Jonas [later Mrs. Abraham I. Moses] in Montgomery, warming some water for her, when her clothes accidentally caught fire and burnt

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her dreadfully. She suffered terribly, lingered some months and died [1860]. Just across the river, she is buried in our cemetery. Her daughter Hannah survived her, married Jacob I. Moses, has two children (boys) and lives in New York. This was our second child burned to death. . . .

I don't think of any other incident that happened worth recording before the war unless it may be that the Esquiline had a fine orchard and that I shipped, as an experiment, the first peaches, etc. sent from the South. This was in 1851 before there was any through connection by R. R. The two champagne baskets, one of peaches and one of plums, went by stage to Macon, then by R. R. to Savannah, and then by steamer to New York.

I received $30 per basket. . . .

THE war broke out in April, 1861. That put an end to northern shipments, and so I went to Virginia and had my fruit shipped there, and I was generally known as the peach man. I sold several thousand dollars' worth of fruit. The currency was good then, and I invested the net proceeds in Negroes, whose value turned out to be four years' service during the war, involving an annual loss.

I was over-age but, while in Virginia, I sought a place on Toombs's staff (he was a general of a brigade). He offered me the position of commissary, which I refused. I did not want the place of a noncombatant, but Howell Cobb persuaded me to accept it as a matter of public duty. He said it was a place hard to fill with a competent man, and he was sure I could do more good in that position than any other. I accepted and went into service without returning home, thinking that I could get a furlough (after entering the army) without any trouble, but in this I was mistaken. Furloughs were not laying about loose, and it was very hard to obtain one. My son Albert went off with the City Light Guards, and Major remained at home for a time to attend to farm matters.

In about eighteen months or two years I got a furlough and came home. Major went into the army. I was promoted from commissary of Toombs's to commissary of D. R. Jones's division, of which Toombs's brigade formed a part. I was again promoted to chief commissary of [General James] Longstreet's corps. I kept the army supplied in Tennessee six weeks after Longstreet thought he would be obliged to retreat for want of supplies.

I did it by ascertaining that the wheat was threshed on toll [on a percentage basis] by machines, and I got the books of the wheat threshers and so knew exactly who had wheat and how much. When they hid the bacon so effectually that it could not be found for seizure, I went after the sheep that wandered upon a thousand hills. Now at that time in the fall, mutton was not fit to eat, but they wanted wool (the Tennesseeans) for winter clothing.

I seized the sheep in flocks and gave receipts for them as commissary. Then I offered two pounds of sheep for one pound of bacon, and this unlocked the secret places where the bacon was hid, and the sheep proving a good currency, I got nearly all the bacon necessary for rationing the corps. Now and then I would have to give the brigade "sheep meat," which was, in its thin condition, very distasteful to the soldiers and, as a mark of their displeasure, a soldier in [Henry L.] Benning's brigade one night cleaned his poor sheep, took the entrails out, then took a cross stick to hold his legs apart, set a candle where the bowels were wont to be and went about the camp, Diogenes-like, seeking to find "an honest commissary."

I remained in this position, chief commissary of Longstreet's corps, until just before the Battle of the Wilderness [May 5-6, 1864], when the difficulty of supplying the army became almost insurmountable.

Georgia was the chief source of supply, and the speculations of the men who were buying food for the army in Georgia became so intolerable that the farmers refused to sell. It occurred to me that if I could go to Georgia and speak to the people who had sons, brothers, relatives, and friends who were suffering for supplies, I could get supplies; that one coming from the army, and having no motive to deceive them, would enlist their sympathy, and command their attention, and unlock their granaries and pigstys.

I suggested to General Longstreet to give me a furlough for this purpose. He consented at once, but it required the approval of Gen. [Robert E.] Lee. I carried my furlough, signed by General Longstreet, to General

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Lee's headquarters which were nearby. There was never any difficulty about approaching General Lee; he had very little red-tape routine. He was writing in his tent when I entered. He looked up with a friendly smile and said: "Major, what will you have?" I handed him my furlough; he read it and said: "Major, I would approve of it, but I really can't spare you." I then explained to him my plans. He hesitated a minute or two and then said: "Well, Major, if you think you can do anything for my poor boys, go, and may God crown your efforts with success." He approved my furlough and I started for Georgia.

The first meeting I called was at Columbus, in Temperance Hall. There were about thirty persons present. I thanked them for their presence and stated when I last spoke in this hall it was to urge the people to send their sons and brothers to confront the hazards of war and to redress their country's wrongs, the house was full from pit to gallery with patriotic citizens ready for the sacrifices asked. Now I come from those near and dear to the people here, to appeal to them for bread for the starving army, and I am confronted with empty benches. I must try more fruitful fields; an appeal to the few who are here could promise no good results. I thanked those present for the attendance and closed the meeting.

I went from there to s.[outh] w.[est] Georgia and was met with a very different spirit and had a very successful trip. While on this trip, Major Locke, the Confederate commissary for the state of Georgia, died, and without any soliciting from me or any such expectation on my part, the commissary General, Col. Northrope [L. B. Northrup], telegraphed me from Richmond [Virginia], assigning me to duty as Confederate commissary of the state of Georgia, in which position I remained until the War closed. . . .

Previously [September, 1862] . . . I went on a foraging excursion through the Valley of Virginia with a train of wagons, buying bacon and flour, and seizing cattle. While riding along, I spied some cattle in a pasture and sent a detail down to drive them along with our herd, and they were accordingly brought. When we had proceeded a half mile or so, an old woman came up to me in great distress and said: "That is my 'pet heifer' you have driven away, and would you kill it?" She seemed almost heartbroken at the loss and probable fate of her heart's darling, and my sympathies got the better of me when I said: "Certainly not. Take her back."

I shall never forget the joy that illumined the old woman's face, and when she went back with her pet heifer it occurred to me that if she had a prodigal son who had strayed away, that if on his return she killed for him a fatted calf, it would surely not be her "pet heifer." This is a small matter to note down, but it impressed itself very much on me at the time, and it is one of my good deeds that comes back to memory and cheers my waning years.

My trip was a very fatiguing one. It lasted about two weeks, but as I returned to camp with a train well loaded with stores, for which the troops were in great need, I felt fully compensated for my labor and fatigue. I arrived in camp on the morning preceding the Battle of Sharpsburg [Antietam, September 17, 1862], and that night we had to hurriedly retreat and leave the stores and supplies.

I let the soldiers take what they could on their bayonets and in their knapsacks, the adornment of a flitch of bacon being in no case objected to, and except what was thus saved and the cattle that we could drive, my two weeks' labor were lost. So much for the uncertainties of a boardinghouse-keeper in the midst of war, and as I had, including teamsters and noncombatants, a family of nearly 54,000 to provide for, this depletion of the larder was very serious. . . .

On another occasion, in East Tennessee, we stopped at Greenville, and I had my headquarters in the law library of Andrew Johnson, afterwards President of the United States, within sight of his office, which, by the way, was in one of the side rooms of the tavern. We were in sight of the little shop, still standing, where Andy, as the Tennesseeans called him, had his tailor shop.

After leaving Greenville, we went to Morristown, about fifteen miles, and while there I happened to mention a heavy box in Johnson's library which was nailed up. [Colonel] Fairfax immediately "snuffed not tyranny, but whiskey in the tainted air" and exclaimed: "By George, Moses, why didn't you tell me before we left? Old Andy was very fond of his nibs, and I will bet that box was

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full of good old rye whiskey and I mean to have it." He immediately got a detail of soldiers and a wagon and had the box brought to camp. When it arrived Fairfax's eyes glistened with anxious expectation, soon followed by despondency, as on opening the box, it contained, instead of old liquor, nothing but Andy Johnson's letters and private papers.

The question was, "What shall we do with it?" It was too heavy and cumbersome to carry on the campaign with our limited transportation. Fairfax and the rest of the staff said: "Burn the cussed thing." I said: "Oh no, not until I look over the contents."

We staid several days at Morristown, and I amused myself looking over the papers, selected what I wanted, and destroyed the rest. Among the papers I selected were several giving details of a patent for cutting out clothes. [Johnson was a tailor once.] Some were for laboring men, as illiterate as Johnson then was (it is said that he learned to read and write after his maturity).

Some of these letters, written without lines, would commence at the top left hand corner of the sheet and cross at almost right angles, terminating near the middle. On the back of one of them was written by Johnson thus: "The time will come, the time will come, the time will come, the time will come," only, of course, not as well as the above. He was evidently practicing to write and anticipating the time when he would be more important than he was then.

I took some letters written to a Mr. Wm. Lowry, who I knew in Tennessee, and who after the war became a banker in Atlanta. Some [had been] written, as he advanced in life, to James K. Polk of Tennessee, afterwards President of the United States, and some to his wife from the Congress of the United States, about the year 1860, when the crisis was about to mature which resulted in the revolution [Civil War]. By the way, it was said in Tennessee that Mrs. Lincoln was afflicted with kleptomania, and when she would appropriate goods clandestinely, commonly called stealing, Abe Lincoln requested the storekeeper to send the bills to him, which he always paid without a murmur and thus earned the soubriquet of "Honest Abe." This has no connection with Andy [Johnson], but I got the two mixed up in my mind as they both began at the bottom of the ladder and ended as President of the United States. . . .

In my army intercourse I saw General Lee almost daily while in Virginia, for his headquarters were very near General Longstreet's always. I think he relied very much on General Longstreet, who was a great soldier and a very determined and fearless fighter. . . .

I remember on the Peninsula at Virginia, at the battle of Dam No. 1 [April 16, 1862], I was riding home with Charles Cleghorn (I had just bought a fish, which hung on my saddle), having no idea of a battle. On our way the shells began to sing, and Cleghorn proposed that we should ride up to the line and see the fight. I consented, and we went up. It was getting pretty hot; when we got there, the line opened for Toombs to go nearer to the front.

He was a very poor horseman. A shell whistled near him and Alice Gray, his mare, pranced about a good deal more than Toombs bargained for, but after a little she went on and our men made a most successful fight; it was afterwards favorably commented on. A Texas commissary got his head shot off, and the army said it served him right; what the devil right had he, the commissary, to be in the battle? He should have been with the wagons, looking after his stores. On this hint I didn't speak, but I thought: "If this is the way they talk about commissaries with their heads shot off, I'll so conduct myself hereafter as to avoid similar comments." . . .

I remember one night Longstreet came to headquarters at about 11 o'clock P.M. He had been riding all day through Paris Gap and reconnoitering other passes of the Blue Ridge. I remarked that he must be very tired. He replied: "No, I have never felt fatigue in my life." He was afterwards wounded at the Battle of the Wilderness. I received a letter from him a few days ago. In it he says: "My arm is paralyzed, my voice that could once be heard all along the lines is gone, and I can scarcely speak above a whisper, my hearing is very much impaired and I sometimes feel as if I wish the end would come, but I have some misrepresentations of my battles that I wish to correct so as to have my record correct before I die." What a change! I suppose Longstreet is sixty-nine or seventy and I am nearly seventy-nine.

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In comparison, how much I have to be grateful for, and I certainly am filled with gratitude.

My position at headquarters threw me in contact with all the principal officers of the army: Hood, [Cadmus M.] Wilcox, Pickett, Stewart [Stuart], Walker, etc. I never saw much of [Pierre G. T. de] Beauregard. He was always hedged in by guards, red tape, etc. I remember one time he sent an order to General [W. H. T.] Walker at Fairfax Courthouse to reconnoiter the enemy and make "an ostentatious display." Walker, who was very profane, after a volley of oaths, said: "Ostentatious display! I suppose he wants me to wear a red felt, stand on my head in the saddle and open my legs like an inverted compress. Wouldn't that be an ostentatious display?" Walker was a Georgian, killed near Atlanta, and proverbial for his reckless bravery.

[General George E.] Pickett was a very dashing officer and led the celebrated and fatal charge at Gettysburg; he was very foppish in his dress and wore his hair in long ringlets. He was what may be called a dapper little fellow, but brave as they ever make men.

[General John B.] Hood, as brigadier of the Texas brigade, won a great deal of distinction. He was one of the best brigadiers and poorest commanders in the army.

Jeb Stewart [General James E. B. Stuart] was a splendid cavalry officer, but O! how frivolous! He carried a banjo player with him wherever he went, and his favorite pasttime, when not dancing with the girls, was to have his banjo player thrum and sing, "Come jine the cavalry." He entered Winchester once with his staff and the band playing, "See the Conquering Hero Comes." He was as vain and frivolous as he was brave and dashing, a splendid horseman and a jolly good fellow.

How different he was to General Lee! The latter was [a] plain, splendid-looking, courteous gentleman, with such wonderful self-control that no one ever knew when he was overwhelmed with anxiety; in victory and defeat the same, unruffled exterior, kind to his men, and kind to animals. I remember once at Cromptons Gap in Virginia, a young cavalryman came dashing up to where General Lee was sitting surrounded by several officers. When he reached the spot, he saluted the general, jerked his horse back on his haunches and delivered what he considered an important piece of news, and it was rather important, but this young cavalryman was out of his line of duty, or would never have known it.

After he had delivered himself and expected to be overwhelmed with thanks, General Lee said very quietly: "Young man, don't champ that bit so; you are worrying your horse. What command do you belong to?" The young man answered. General Lee said: "You had better join your command." After the young man retired, General Lee acted on his information, but the young man was improperly away from his command, and Lee's judgment was not to encourage him to be off the line of duty.

Near Richmond, when I was commissary for Toombs's brigade, McClellan made a demonstration against Richmond. Toombs was at the front. I had charge of the headquarters—you may say that I kept house in Toombs's absence. The situation of our headquarters was deemed by General Lee the best location for him during the sudden changes that he had to make in the quick movements of the entire army. He sent his cot down by a wagon, and some other things, and soon after followed them with his staff.

When he arrived he had on a brown, linen summer suit (sack coat), brown thread gloves; his appearance was one of perfect repose. Soon after he arrived, couriers came dashing in; generals and other officers were riding up, ever and anon, for more minute instructions. It was an important time. We were on the eve of a great battle. Corps, brigades, and divisions had to change positions, and be placed so as to meet the contemplated attack. If Toombs had been in Lee's position, the vocabulary of oaths would have been exhausted. No one about the headquarters would have known whether he was on his head or his heels, or how long it might be before the heels would have to be put in requisition to save his head.

But how different it was wtih General Lee! He was as calm as a summer cloud, gave his orders with precision and courtesy, and anyone seeing him surrounded by a bevy of officers, and not knowing the cause of their concentration, might just as well have supposed that they were specially in-

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vited to partake of hospitality, of which he was the splendid and courteous host, as to believe that they were suddenly called to meet some important change in the grim visage of war.

This lasted the best part of two or three days, I don't remember which. But I do remember that one day, when we were seated at dinner, I at one end of the table and General Lee at the other, with members of his staff on either side, an officer came to the door, saluted the general and said: "I am ordered by General Longstreet to inform you that General McClellan has retired." General Lee bowed to the officer and then said: "Well, Major, you see what trouble that young man [McClellan] has given me!" Only this and nothing more. We finished dinner, and after dinner General Lee ordered his traps packed up and returned to his own headquarters. I think it was soon after this that he made his great move in the Valley of Virginia, and fought the second Battle of Manassas [August, 1862], etc.

When we entered Chambersburg, Pa., [June, 1863] we had two spies: Harrison and Schrieber. They used to travel as regularly between Washington and our headquarters as a mail. They were so successful and regular in their trips that General Lee began to apprehend that they were in the pay of the Union Army and, unfortunately, he lost confidence in them. General Stewart [Stuart], who was scouting around the Union lines, had not been heard from in about two weeks. One of these spies brought in an account of the exact position of the Union Army, and if General Lee had trusted implicitly in the report, we could have been between Gettysburg and Baltimore, our objective point, before the Union Army reached Gettysburg, but he doubted their fidelity and we moved from Chambersburg to a place near Cashtown.

I think this was on Monday, at or near Cashtown, which was about nine miles from Chambersburg and about eight miles from Gettysburg. We encamped our army and remained there the rest of the day, and until the next [Tuesday], until about three o'clock, waiting for [General Richard S.] Ewell's wagon train which, with his command, was at York [Pennsylvania]. Lee sent for them. Tuesday afternoon we started for Gettysburg, and on the way a courier came up with the information that [General Ambrose] Hill's corps had engaged the enemy. We marched on and reached the neighborhood of Gettysburg that night.

These delays I have never heard alluded to. The report of the information of the spies was current at headquarters. The truth of this I did not know of my own personal knowledge, but I do know that we could have marched easily from Chambersburg to Gettysburg in the day and been there before the Union troops, but for the delay caused by encamping near Cashtown to await the arrival of Ewell's trains. Col. Freemantle, an Englishman, in the Cold Stream Guards, was with us; he shared my tent. I remember him well because, when he arrived at our headquarters, his boots were so wet that he couldn't get them off, and afterwards was afraid that if he got them off, he could never get them on again, and for two weeks that he shared my tent but not my bed (I am happy to say), he remained booted, though not spurred, the entire time.

General Longstreet did not wish to fight the Battle of Gettysburg [July 1-4, 1863]. He wanted to go around the hill, but General Lee objected on account of our long wagon trains and artillery.

I remember in a conversation between Longstreet and Fre[e]mantle, the former said, after expatiating at some length on the advantages of position that the Confederates had at Fredericksburg [Virginia] over the Union forces which were very great, he remarked that the Union Army would have greater advantages at Gettysburg, but he was not hopeless of our success. . . .

At the Battle of Gettysburg I saw Freemantle up a tree watching the fight, and I was not far from General Lee. I had a splendid view of the grand and disastrous battle. The thunder of the artillery was terrifically grand. The charge of Pickett's [division] driven right up a long hill in the face of the Federal cannon was not exceeded in valor by the charge of the Six Hundred [in Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade*]. But we lost the battle, and then came the retreat. The rain poured down in floods that night! I laid down in a fence corner, and nearby on the bare earth, in an India rubber, lay General Lee, biding the pelting storm. The Shenendoah, I think that was the name

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of the river, was very much swollen the next day, but the army crossed safely into Virginia with little loss of cannon or baggage. . . .

That my son, Lea [Raphael], was a prisoner I knew, but I could not remember how he became a prisoner and how he got back into the ranks as a private soldier, and as he was expected here on a visit, I left this space blank until I could see him, which I have done. And now learn from him that when in the navy he was stationed on the James River, and went with a squad to the other side to get some green corn out of a field. And after loading and dispatching the boat, he waited its return, not seeing a number of the enemy in a ravine between him and our lines; but they were there, and surrounded him and made him a prisoner. He was sent to the old Capitol Prison at Washington and Fort Delaware, and exchanged about the March before the surrender. He entered as a private soldier, surrendered with Lee at Appomatox [April 9, 1865], and after the surrender was paroled with the army and walked home.

Albert [another son] had an old friend in the North Carolina troops who had gone to college with him at Chapel Hill, named Nat Gregory. At his instance he [Albert] accepted a lieutenancy in a North Carolina company and was killed at the Battle of Seven Pines near Richmond in 1862. I was near the battlefield, and after the battle tried to learn his fate. I saw several members of his company. They all knew him, of course, and the best information that I could get was that he was slightly wounded in the leg. This information I followed up and visited the different hospitals to find out where he was, without success. As I passed the treasury office in Richmond, Col. Clayton called out to me that a young man by my name had been carried by in an ambulance, and that he was shot in the head. I never for a moment thought of its being Albert, as his [adopted] name was Luria, and as my wife's brother, Perry Moses, had a son in the same battle, I naturally supposed that it was his son, and I thought that I knew that Albert's wound was a slight one in the leg. But as I was interested in the fate of my nephew, I went to the hospital where Col. Clayton informed me the ambulance had carried young Moses, and inquired for the ward in which the wounded had been carried that day. The ward was pointed out to me and I passed among the wounded. I saw some ladies standing by a cot and heard one of them say: "What a handsome young man!" I crossed over to the cot, and my shock was beyond my power of expression when I saw my son Albert lying unconscious with a wound in his head. I removed him in an ambulance to Perry's house, where he remained unconscious, never recognizing me. He died that night from loss of blood when the surgeon tried to relieve the pressure of the brain, and it was in this manner passed away a bright, promising youth of nineteen.

I think I have said enough about the war to satisfy my children and will return to my services as commissary of the Confederate States, in charge of Georgia. But before I do so, I will explain why I have not referred to General Jackson. I never knew him personally. I have seen him at a distance and only knew of him what history records. He was an untiring and successful general, and a religious fanatic. I doubt whether he ever went into battle without a prayer to God "that we might kill more of them than they did of us." He was beloved by his men and recognized by his generals as a genius, if not the genius, of the war. . . .

Shortly after [Confederate General Joseph E.] Johnston's surrender [April 26, 1865], I was ordered to Washington, Wilkes County [Georgia], soon after [Confederate President Jefferson] Davis and his cabinet arrived there. Mrs. Davis met her husband in Washington. A train containing gold and silver bullion accompanied his cabinet; it was brought from the Richmond banks. I was staying with General Toombs. [J. H.] Reagan [the acting Confederate Secretary of the Treasury] (now of Texas) also stopped with Toombs! We slept together during his short stay in Washington. Breckenbridge [John C. Breckinridge], his Secretary of War, was with Davis. An order was passed paying a cavalry company, with its soldiers and officers, $20 each in specie. I remember General [Braxton] Bragg waiting under a tree to get his $20.

I received an order from General J. E. Johnston to provide 250,000 rations at Augusta for the returning soldiers. I had, a few days previous to Johnston's surrender, about

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one million rations between Augusta and various points along the Georgia Railroad, but as soon as the news of the surrender of Johnston was received, the warehouses were depleted by the citizens in wagons and every means of conveyance that could be improvised. I sent a copy of the order to the Secretary of War, asking for gold with which to buy rations, based upon an order I had previously drawn and had signed by [General I. M.] St. John (I think that was his name), who succeeded Northrop as commissary general, and who was also staying with Toombs, directing me to draw the gold, carry it to Augusta, and there arrange as best I could with General Mollyneux [E. L. Molineux], who then occupied Augusta with Federal troops, to protect me in furnishing the troops as they passed through Augusta, and to provide for the sick and wounded in the hospital there.

I COULD not get the gold [from the Secretary of War], and I told General Toombs that unless I got it, I would publish Johnston's order and state that I had made an unsuccessful effort to get an order from the Secretary of War on the Secretary of the Treasury (Reagan, I think) for the means to supply the returning soldiers, and in that way relieve myself from responsibility. He interceded with the Secretary of War, and I received the last order of the Confederacy for $40,000 [$10,000?] in gold. . . .

Ten thousand dollars was paid under the order to R. R. Wood, major and Q. M. [Quartermaster] for General A. R. Lawton, Q. M. General. I got this [the balance, $30,000] at night on the road out of Washington in front of where General [Lafayette] McLaws' family were then staying. It was all bullion in boxes. I returned with it to Washington that night, and then the question was: "What shall I do with it?" The town was full of stragglers, cavalrymen who had just been paid $20 each. They had arms but no consciences, and the little taste they had of specie provoked their appetites and, like Oliver Twist, they wanted more. . . .

I remained up and about all night, and the next morning had the boxes put on a freight car bound for Barnett [Georgia], a station twenty miles off, where this Washington City Railroad connected with the Georgia Railroad running from Atlanta to Augusta. The train was made up of a number of open cars filled with about two hundred returning soldiers, and about twenty-nine cavalry soldiers, who said they were going to Barnett to get salt. Of course, I realized the danger. My specie, guard, and myself occupied a boxcar with the door shut.

When we got within a mile or two of Barnett, the conductor, a nice, old fellow, came to our door and said: "Major, from the talk, I reckon the boys are going to 'charge' your car when we get to Barnett." "Charge" meant to attack it and divide out the specie among themselves. I asked him if he could not switch us off on some sidetrack and run by Barnett. He said no, that might cause a collision on the Georgia R. R.

When we got near Barnett, there was an enbankment for the R. R., about five feet high, and I thought it would be better for our car to stop there than to go up to the platform, which was on a level with the car and could, therefore, be more easily forced, and I held a counsel of war with my guard. I told them if they would stand by me, keep cool, fire and reload through an opening we would make in the doors, I thought we could successfully defend the car, but if they were not ready to do this, we would be overcome! They consulted together, and I was afraid they would conclude to "jine the cavalry," but they finally said: "We'll stand by you as long as there is a chance to save the specie."

I then got out of the car through as small an opening as I could squeeze through, went among the men, who were as thick as blackbirds, talked quietly to them, read my orders, told them I had no interest in the world in protecting the bullion except to fulfill my orders, that every dollar of it would be devoted to feeding their fellow-soldiers and caring for the wounded in the hospital at Augusta, that I should do my best to carry out these orders, that they might kill me and my guard, but they would be killing men in discharge of a duty in behalf of their comrades! That if they killed us it would be murder, while if we killed any of them in defending the bullion, which we certainly should do, we should be justified, because the killing would be in self-defense and in the discharge of a sacred duty.

Then Shephard, a brother of E. T. Shephard of Columbus (I think his name was Andrew) spoke out and said: "Men, I have

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got to go as far as any of you, my home is in Texas. I know Major Moses, and I am sure he would not touch a dollar of the money, except to carry out his orders."

Then Col. Sanford of Montgomery spoke up on pretty much the same line . . . and the crowd began to disperse, and those that were appeased by the appeals of Shephard and Sanford moved up toward the platform, but a number remained around the car.

I went back into the car and said to the conductor: "You had better take us up to the platform. All who are satisfied are there, and here I am in the midst of unfriendly organizers." We moved up to the platform, and if we could have gone immediately on to Augusta, we would have had no further trouble. But, unfortunately, we had to wait as the Atlanta train was an hour late, and we had to wait at Barnett more than an hour, and as the billows of one sea rise and fall when disturbed by the winds, this restless crowd at the depot would surge and press up against the doors of my box [car], trying to get in, and I would have to threaten and appeal. At last the storm seemed to be subsiding, when a commissary who I knew in Bristol, Tennessee, said to me: "Major, you think the trouble is over, but it ain't by a d——d sight. They have just had a talk about charging the car, and some officers are in it. You see that young man walking up and down the platform, him with the court plaster on his cheek? Well, he is leading the men on." He was a Tennessean.

I thought a minute and then concluded that my only chance of safety was to take the bull by the horns. I walked up to the young man and said: "You appear to be a gentleman and bear an honorable wound." I then read my orders to him, explained my position and how trying it was to be forced to take life and lose my own in the performance of a duty that I could not voluntarily avoid. I told him that I had a guard and some friends in the crowd, but we would be outnumbered unless I could enlist a man like himself in my behalf. He seemed embarrassed, but said: "I don't think you will have any further trouble," and I did not. We went to Augusta; the most of the soldiers went the other way, but the young Tennessean went to Augusta.

When we reached Augusta, the banks were afraid to take charge of the bullion. I applied unsuccessfully at Metcalf's bank. I then went to General Mollyneux [Molineux], explained to him my position, got a guard from him, and had the bullion carried to the commissaries' office in Augusta.

The next day I met the Tennessean and told him I was glad he was in Augusta as it would enable me to show him that I had no interest in the specie except for the benefit of the soldiers as required in my order. He went with me to Gov. Cummings (formerly gov. of Utah). We met General Mollyneux at his office. He agreed to receive the silver and gold, ration the troops as they passed through; appropriate $2,000 to the hospitals, and at his request I wrote the correspondence on both sides. He signed one in duplicate, and I the other, and he faithfully fulfilled his contract. I never knew whether the U. S. government got the bullion or not. I delivered it to a Mass. provost marshall by Mollyneux['s] order. I tried afterwards to trace it into the Treasury and left all the papers with Jerry Black of Penn.[sylvania]. He was, I think, Johnson's [Buchanan's] attorney general. [Black was also one of Johnson's lawyers at the impeachment trial.] James Waddel [the Confederate naval officer] was with me when I delivered the papers, but I have never heard anything more about the bullion. . . .

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THE ATTACK ON OUR LIBRARIES

Defending "Freedom to Read" at the Grass-Roots

JAMES RORTY

TRADITIONALLY, American libraries have been quiet little sanctuaries, untroubled islands of repose far removed from the swirling tides of political strife. Their custodians have tended to be gentle and scholarly non-combatants, vowed to poverty by the meager rewards of their profession, and to impartiality as the stewards of the cultural heritage.

All this was changed by the cold war, the Congressional investigations of Communist subversion, and the resulting concern of citizens—often exaggerated and fanned by local demagogues and publicity seekers—lest libraries be used as channels for the distribution of Communist propaganda, especially to school children. Fear collided with fear: the public's fear of underhand, Communist-inspired books, and the librarians' fear of hysterical, intolerant "book-burners."

In scores of American communities these fears made headlines in the local newspapers and heated the atmosphere of packed town meetings. In the nation, apprehensions began to be voiced that a wholesale attack on the libraries was being mounted which might result in a purge of all controversial books from their shelves and go far toward destroying America's "freedom to read." The case histories that follow span the period 1950-54; they show the essential pattern of these controversies, which, in 1953, were heightened and multiplied by the McCarthy hearings on the United States International Information Administration, with its televised parade of Communist authors whose books had been found in the State Department's overseas libraries. It was at this point that national solicitude found its strongest expression in President Eisenhower's declaration at Dartmouth College on June 14, 1953: "Don't join the book-burners," he warned. "Don't think you're going to conceal faults by concealing evidence that they ever existed. Don't be afraid to go to your library and read every book, as long as any document does not offend your own ideas of decency. That should be your only censorship."

A MONTH after the Communists invaded South Korea, Ruth Brown lost her job as librarian of the Bartlesville, Oklahoma, public library. The two events were not wholly unconnected. With American young men fighting in Korea, American mothers and fathers all across the nation had become increasingly concerned about Communist subversion on the home front.

Miss Brown was never a Communist, nor was she ever charged with being one. The complaint, voiced by a citizens' committee, and investigated by the City Commission, was that she had given library shelf space to the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, and *Soviet Russia Today*. It was also alleged that she had participated in group discussions of race relations—always a highly charged subject in a border state. Later, when the City Com-

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IT IS not so many months since Mr. Eisenhower felt compelled to advise Americans, "Don't join the book-burners!" In many communities libraries and librarians were under attack by pressure groups for alleged subversion, and the President's warning reflected the wide concern that America's cherished "freedom to read" was being threatened by a spreading vigilantism. JAMES RORTY here sketches the ordeal of the libraries: the nature and direction of the attacks, and the way that many communities—though, alas, far from all—were able to fight off the incursions. Mr. Rorty has contributed many articles to COMMENTARY; the most recent was "The Dossier of Wolf Ladejinsky" in our April issue. At present he is working on a book on censorship in the United States.

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mission recommended Miss Brown's discharge by the Library Board, it added *Consumer's Research** and the *Negro Digest* to the list of publications it considered objectionable.

Miss Brown fought back. A city ordinance provided that the librarian could be dismissed only for misconduct or neglect of duty, neither of which was charged. Moreover, Miss Brown had the confidence of the Bartlesville Library Board, which ruled that, while *Soviet Russia Today* might well be discontinued as unnecessary, the *New Republic* and *Nation* might be retained.

Her victory was short-lived. Although the Library Board was an autonomous body, appointed by the City Commission under state statute, there existed a home rule charter under whose authority the City Commission repealed the ordinance which had seemingly made Miss Brown's job secure. The Commission then passed a new ordinance, gave itself control of the library, dismissed Miss Brown, and appointed a new librarian.

With the support of a member of the old Library Board, Miss Brown appealed her case to the Oklahoma Supreme Court, contending that the action of the Commission was contrary to state statutes, to "state interest in library matters," and to the "general welfare." Two years later the court ruled against Miss Brown, holding that "the operation and administration of a city library is a matter of strictly municipal concern."

THE Boston Public Library is the oldest tax-supported library in America and one of the finest. Its Research Division is the ally and educational collaborator of Harvard, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and a dozen other colleges and universities in and around the hub of New England culture. Professional librarians have the highest respect for the competence of its staff. Yet during the summer and fall of 1952, the year before it celebrated its hundredth anniversary, the library had to fight, as never before in its history, for its integrity and freedom.

For that ordeal, the library is indebted, if indirectly, to Senator Joseph McCarthy, whose book *McCarthyism and the Fight for America* was not available on its shelves when, on September 22, the Boston *Post* started serializing it. In its September 25 issue the *Post* deplored this fact, but also noted that the book had been ordered and would be made available for circulation.

In subsequent issues of the newspaper the library was charged, not with having pro-Soviet material on its open shelves, but merely with having available, on request, files of the *New World Review, Pravda,* and *Izvestia;* also with having included, in a lobby display arranged by the Great Books Foundation, a copy of Karl Marx's *Communist Manifesto;* and with having in its reference collection Vishinsky's *Law of the Soviet State* and "thousands of other Communist publications."

All counts in the indictment were true and admitted. As the director of the library, Milton E. Lord, pointed out, "It is essential that information on all aspects of political, international, and other questions be available for information purposes in order that citizens of Boston may be informed about the friends and enemies of their country."

This did not satisfy the Boston *Post,* which declaimed: "WE BELIEVE that pro-Soviet literature should be suppressed in our public libraries. . . . WE BELIEVE that to permit pro-Communists to circulate their poison among our people is sheer stupidity." The *Post* was answered editorially by its conservative Republican contemporary, the Boston *Herald:* "The basic question is whether we still have confidence in the average American's ability to separate bad ideas from good by his own unaided effort. When we lose that confidence, we shall have lost our faith in democracy itself."

Among those who rallied to the library's support was Herbert Philbrick, former undercover agent for the FBI and author of *I Lived Three Lives.* He disconcerted the local Mc-

*Directed by the consistently anti-Communist F. J. Schlink. A rival consumer service organization, Consumer's Union, was for a time on the House Committee on Un-American Activities' list of subversive organizations, but was cleared.

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Carthyites by telegraphing: "Shocked to hear that the Boston Public Library has under consideration the suppression of vital information concerning the methods, nature, and extent of the Soviet conspiracy against the United States. Such suppression would be directly in line with the current policy of the Communist party in the United States to conceal the true aims of the party from all except its trusted members. The Boston Public Library should have more, and not less information available to the American people to aid them in their fight against Communism."

Communist literature that the library didn't have, but should have had, in Mr. Philbrick's opinion, included the *Daily Worker,* the Cominform bulletin *For a Lasting Peace, for a People's Democracy,* and J. Peters' *Manual on Party Organization,* which the party has tried to suppress.

The library's Board of Trustees split three to two on the issue. Frank W. Buxton, a retired newspaper editor, Lee M. Friedman, a lawyer and noted book collector, and the Rt. Reverend Robert H. Lord, a Catholic priest and former Harvard professor, supported the director. Frank J. Donahue, a judge of the Superior Court, and Patrick F. MacDonald, a steel merchant, said that the library should not purchase or make available Communist materials. Two local American Legion commanders, the president of the City Council, and one councilman joined the attack on the library, while the *Herald,* the *Christian Science Monitor,* and the *Pilot,* a Catholic diocesan paper, continued to defend it. Two-thirds of the library's staff signed a petition asking the trustees to defend the principle of free inquiry.

At an open meeting of the library trustees with four councilmen, Trustee MacDonald contended that Communist literature should not be bought by the library, but the next day the trustees, by a three to two vote, passed a resolution declaring that material presenting all points of view concerning the problems and issues of our times, international, national, and local, should be made available to the public; that the library authorities had no right to prescribe what the public was and was not to read; but that the library "should not be misused for wrongful propaganda purposes to the injury of our country."

It was a narrow victory, probably helped by the fact that, years before, Library Director Milton Lord had helped in the cataloguing of the Vatican Library in Rome. At a subsequent election, the Catholic archbishop of the diocese became a member of the five-man library board; since then opposition to the library's continued provision of Communist materials has subsided.

After a brief, uncomfortable appearance in newspapers all over the country, Galion, Ohio, has probably had its fill of book censorship. The town is an overgrown crossroads village, now industrialized and spread across the tracks of the New York Central fifty miles north of Columbus. A century and a half ago the region was settled by German immigrants whose descendants still dominate the business and social life of the town. Seventy-five years ago a Negro, later proved innocent of the charge of rape, was dragged through the main street of Galion and lynched; since then no Negro has lived in Galion.

The town's principal industry is the United States Steel Grave Vault Company, whose secretary-treasurer is Mr. Charles Cunningham, son of the founder of the company and one of the town's leading citizens. It was Mr. Cunningham's election to the School Board, along with a conservative and economy-minded majority, that precipitated the library censorship fight. In the background was a long-standing conflict over school bond issues; also an ancient feud between Mr. Cunningham and the liberal school superintendent, who cherished modern ideas like the employment of remedial teachers and a school psychologist. Mr. Cunningham's original program on taking office had included a review by the School Board of the qualifications of the teaching staff, and a requirement that all teachers sign a loyalty oath.

In February 1954, the Board heard the

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complaint of a Galion father whose daughter had obtained from the school library copies of Richard Wright's *Native Son* and two books by Hervey Allen: *Anthony Adverse* and *Toward Morning*. A month later the Board voted three to two to remove the school library's meager collection of about 2,000 volumes and turn them over to a committee of the ministerial association for "screening" during the summer vacation; previously, Miss Elizabeth Allwardt, librarian of the Galion public library, had declined the request of the School Board that she censor the school library.

Immediately after the March meeting, reporters poured into Galion from Columbus and Toledo. *Life* magazine sent its usual formidable task force. Galion winced under the glare of the national spotlight, and Mr. Cunningham secluded himself from *Life's* photographers. This undoubtedly helped the minority on the board, led by Robert Ricksecker, a local attorney, to stage a successful counter-offensive. Two weeks after the first Board meeting, Mr. Ricksecker published a paid advertisement in the Galion *Inquirer* setting forth his position. Subsequently the *Inquirer* editorialized against book censorship and published the text of Ricksecker's opposition statement before the Board, arguing that the net result of the censorship resolution would be to remove all books except the Pollyanna series; also, that what the library needed was more, not fewer books, and a professional librarian to select them.

Within a week of the March meeting a grass-fire of public protest was racing through the community; Mr. Cunningham's telephone lines were choked with calls and his supporting majority began to beat a retreat. The idea of a loyalty oath was abandoned. The Board met again and voted unanimously to restore the books to the library, with the exception of the three that had occasioned the original complaint.

The struggle was not without its casualties, however. Deprived of his badly needed remedial teachers and otherwise frustrated by the economy-minded School Board, Galion's liberal and popular school superintendent resigned to take a quieter teaching job in another Ohio city.

MT. LEBANON, Pennsylvania, is one of the smartest suburbs in the Pittsburgh area. In the 1952 Republican primary it voted 90 per cent for Taft. The town was somewhat disconcerted, therefore, when in September of 1953 Mrs. Katharine Mitchell, a local resident—and the possessor of a Ph.D. degree—wrote the board of directors of the Mt. Lebanon Public Library that she had found it contained many books by allegedly pro-Communist or fellow-traveling writers, but none by John Flynn or Joseph McCarthy. Moreover, Mrs. Mitchell said, when she attempted to right the balance by presenting the library with seven books by reputable anti-Communist authors (one of them being McCarthy), her gift was declined by the librarian on the ground that only the official Library Board was competent and authorized to accept it.

After a tumultuous public meeting, which got full-page reporting in the Pittsburgh *Press*, the Board appointed a committee of prominent citizens to investigate Mrs. Mitchell's charges. Chairman of the committee was John D. Paulus, public relations director of the Jones and McLaughlin Steel Company, and formerly book editor of the Pittsburgh *Press*. Three months later the committee reported that they had found no planned effort to foist Communist or Socialist propaganda on the citizens of Mt. Lebanon. It did, however, criticize certain of the librarian's selections, including *Two Years with the Chinese Communists*, by William and Clara Bard, noting that, unlike most of the earlier selections about which Mrs. Mitchell had complained, this book had been purchased within the current year. The committee remarked, further, that "there is a very serious doubt as to how far a public library of our size should go in presenting controversial books which attack our form of government and mode of life."

The report took exception to the passage in the "Freedom to Read" statement adopted in May 1953 by the Westchester Conference

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of the American Library Association and the American Book Publishers Council, which says: "It is the responsibility of publishers and librarians, as guardians of the people's freedom to read, to contest the encroachments upon that freedom by individuals and groups wishing to impose their own standards upon the community at large."

In conclusion, the report observed that if the controversy led to the creation of an adequate and well-housed library, the whole episode would have been worthwhile—the sort of observation which in a number of similar cases has signified the relief of the embattled librarian by the mobilized common sense of the community.

THUS far no American city has actually burned any books. But San Antonio, Texas, came rather close. A month before the President's "book-burning" speech in 1953, the heat engendered by critics of the San Antonio library system reached the scorching point. The controversy exploded in the press when Mrs. Mildred G. Hance, organizer of the San Antonio Minute Women, presented to the City Council a list of six hundred books, allegedly by Communist sympathizers, with the recommendation that these books "be stamped on the inside cover with a red stamp, large enough to be seen immediately, showing that the author has Communist front affiliations, and the number of the citations."

Included on Mrs. Hance's list were Einstein's *Theory of Relativity*, Thomas Mann's *Joseph in Egypt* and *The Magic Mountain*, Dorothy Canfield Fisher's *Fables for Parents*, and Norbert Wiener's *Cybernetics*; also various anthologies of poetry and folk songs, also books on sculpture, the mentally ill alcoholics, child care, architecture, and mystery novels. Adoption of Mrs. Hance's proposal was urged by Mayor Jack White, whose wife was a Minute Woman. Wylie Johnson, San Antonio's acting City Manager, went Mrs. Hance one better and declared that the books on her list should be burned, rather than labeled.

San Antonio's chief librarian, Julia Grothaus, has held her post for over twenty years. Calmly, she acknowledged that the library did indeed have books on Communism, as well as books by alleged or known Communists. "These books," said Miss Grothaus, "are carefully chosen so that the reader may learn all that should be known about Communism. . . . After all, you cannot remain ignorant about a thing and fight it."

Promptly, San Antonio's liberals rallied to the support of their library system. M. H. Harris, veteran San Antonio editor and for over thirty years chairman of the Library Board declared: "I do not propose to preside over the degradation of San Antonio's library system." Under the leadership of former Congressman Maury Maverick and Mrs. Marie Sien Halpenny, a local writer, various civic groups organized the American Activities Committee, pledged to the defense of "Freedom of religion, thought, press and publication, assembly, individual liberty, dissemination of information, and the promotion of American holidays and the traditional American sense of humor."

Unamused, the Minute Women and their allies pressed on. The city administration replaced the liberal Library Board with a new board more to its liking and slashed the library budget. Six months after the publication of Mrs. Hance's list the San Antonio *News* reported that the library was far behind in its purchase of books. In January, 1954, the *News* declared editorially that "the pro-administration majority faction of the San Antonio Library Board of Trustees appears determined to surrender the system to city hall political domination in clear violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the council-managed charter." The liberals refused to admit defeat, however. A month later the Board adopted, although by a bare majority, the American Library Association's "Bill of Rights" as its official policy of book selection; subsequently, under pressure from Mr. Harris, every member of the Board went on record against either book-burning or book-branding.

Meanwhile, however, adaptations of Mrs.

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Hance's little list were being used by Minute Women and other volunteer censors to harass school and library authorities in many communities, including San Francisco. There Mrs. Anne Smart, leader of the local crusade, declared that she favored "voluntary book-burning—the only kind we will ever have in the United States."

THE peak of the library controversy was reached and passed with President Eisenhower's "book-burning" speech in 1953.* That year the ALA's Intellectual Freedom Committee reported over a hundred library controversies of greater or less intensity.

The President, of course, was speaking metaphorically, using the most extreme symbol of the thing he objected to. But his provocation was extreme: when he spoke, no books had been burned in America since Colonial times, but for weeks on end Senator McCarthy had been bludgeoning the heads of the United States International Information Administration and its foreign libraries, and in the resulting panic one librarian actually burned eleven books.

Of course, these libraries have always been recognized as "special purpose" institutions whose collections, since they serve the American information and propaganda effort abroad, answer to different requirements and must be appraised by criteria quite different from those applicable to public libraries and school libraries in this country. The question of "freedom to read" was therefore not so directly involved here; but the spirit with which Senator McCarthy "investigated" the overseas libraries was clearly inquisitorial and repressive. And there was legitimate fear that this extremist approach would help spur vigilantism against libraries at home.

From the beginning it was apparent that the State Department was anxious to placate its Congressional critics and settle the controversy, if possible, off the television screen —if only because Senator McCarthy's inquiry, which was widely publicized abroad, was providing welcome grist for the Communist propaganda mill. The USIIA's information centers were popular and effective precisely because they provided a genuine sample of the freedom to write, to publish, and to read that prevails in the United States, and an agreeable contrast to the dull and censored reading matter available in the sparsely visited Soviet propaganda centers.

The immediate result of the McCarthy inquiry, and even more, of the State Department's frantic efforts to appease its Senatorial inquisitor, was that the overseas libraries lost face and favor with their patrons and American prestige abroad suffered a setback.†

The directive under which the libraries had been operating was based on the recommendations of an advisory committee of distinguished editors and publishers. It provided that "in the selection of materials it would be possible as a general rule to draw upon the great body of resources available, produced by persons whose ideological position is unquestioned." The directive added,

*Subsequently Mr. Eisenhower amplified his views concerning book censorship in a letter, read at the Los Angeles convention of the American Library Association, which stated in part: "Our librarians serve the precious liberties of our nation; freedom of inquiry, freedom of the spoken and the written word, freedom of exchange of ideas. . . . In order to fight totalitarians who exploit the ways of freedom to serve their own ends, there are some zealots who with more wrath than wisdom would adopt a strangely unintelligent course. They would try to defend freedom by denying freedom's friends the opportunity of studying Communism in its entirety—its plausibilities, its falsities, its weaknesses. . . . As it is an ancient truth that freedom cannot be legislated into existence, so it is no less obvious that freedom cannot be censored into existence."

†The Japanese reaction to the McCarthy investigation was typical. It is described in the October 1954 issue of the ALA *Bulletin* by an American librarian resident in that country. "Some of the more thoughtful university students," he writes, "have gained the impression that the sources of free information in America and in its outposts abroad are becoming increasingly restricted. Unanswered misconceptions like this can do greater damage to our reputation abroad than the noisy and violent anti-American demonstrations that some of their more excitable fellow students participate in." In Europe, the satirists of the Communist and neutralist press had a field day during the whirlwind tour of inspection of overseas libraries by Senator McCarthy's aides, Messrs. Cohn and Schine.

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however, that in exceptional cases books by ideologically questionable persons might be used if their content served the objectives of the information administration.

WHEN these mild and patently reasonable provisions were challenged by Senator McCarthy and other members of his committee, Bradley Connors, then Assistant General Administrator for Policy and Plans of the IIA, announced that the directive had been withdrawn and replaced by a memorandum ordering that "no material by any controversial persons, Communists, fellow-travelers," etc. will be used under any circumstances in any IIA media. (It was during the confusion that followed the issuance of this fantastic order that America's unique contribution to the modern history of book-burning occurred.) The order was almost immediately superseded by a succession of ten somewhat less inept directives or supplementary instructions on the subject of books in the overseas libraries.

Meanwhile Senator McCarthy continued to exhibit to his television audience a parade of well-known Communist authors, a few of whose books had been found in a few overseas libraries. Most of these books had been inherited from army overstock, purchased during the honeymoon of the wartime Grand Alliance. Their number was insignificant. On July 15, 1953, on the eve of his resignation as administrator of the IIA, Dr. Robert L. Johnson reported that the books objected to by Senator McCarthy constituted a minute fraction of one per cent of the 3,000 in the overseas libraries; that since 1948 the State Department had purchased over 16,000 copies of anti-Communist books for use in these libraries; and that apart from library use more than 6,000,000 copies of 44 anti-Communist titles were distributed through commercial channels in addition to some 84,000 copies of government documents on Communism.

In his swan song, Dr. Johnson issued a final directive for the libraries which is still in effect at this writing. With minor modifications, it restores the policy which had been in effect before the McCarthy inquiry.*

Thus the effects of Senator McCarthy's investigation of the overseas libraries were chiefly negative. Abroad, the investigation resulted in a lowering of American prestige and a setback of the American propaganda effort. In this country it undoubtedly had the effect of reviving the apprehensions of the patriotic organizations, with the result that in 1953 the pressure for censorship of American public libraries, and especially school libraries, rose to an all-time high, noted above, of over a hundred reported cases, with as many more, in all probability, that were never brought to the attention of the Intellectual Freedom Committee.

IN ALL these library battles the alignment of forces is usually the same. On one side we see the librarian, whose professional rights, interests, and obligations are represented and defended by the American Library Association, its official journal, and its Intellectual Freedom Committee. On the other, we have the librarian's lay critics, represented usually by the patriotic organizations, especially local posts of the American Legion, which in turn are stimulated, armed, guided, and to some extent restrained by the Legion's National Americanism Commission and its bulletin *The Firing Line*.

In between is the Library Board, which is the community's instrument for implementing, extending, and safeguarding the freedom to read. Usually the Board is an appointive body; its members are chosen by the mayor or the City Council and serve

*Key passages of this directive read as follows: "We must begin with the content of a book. We must examine its special usefulness in terms of our overseas needs. An appraisal of this usefulness cannot disregard the reputation or standing of the author. It is conceivable that the special purpose character of our libraries may require, in special cases, the inclusion of books by Communists or Communist sympathizers if such authors may have written something which affirmatively serves the ends of democracy. . . . 'Controversial' books are of course acceptable and indeed essential, if by 'controversy' we mean honest differences of opinion, honestly expressed. It goes without saying that we must not confuse honest controversy with conspiracy. . . ."

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without salary. The Board determines the library's budget and raises its funds, in which public support is usually supplemented by private donations; it directs the library's expenditures, appoints the librarian, and delegates to him the responsibility for selecting the library's book collections, either wholly or subject to the supervision of a reading committee. When the librarian is attacked the Board provides, in its public meetings, the arena in which he confronts his critics.

But the Board is seldom neutral in these contests; usually the majority of its members is against censorship. In the Fund for the Republic's recent survey of current American opinion, the chairman of the local Library Board was one of the fourteen community leaders who were interviewed.* On all issues, but especially on issues involving freedom to read, the Library Board chairmen proved to be considerably more tolerant than the average of all the leaders sampled, and far more tolerant than the national cross-section of opinion.

When asked whether they favored removing from the library a book by a socialist advocating government ownership, 86 per cent of the library chairmen were against it, as compared with 79 per cent of all the community leaders and 52 per cent of the national cross-section.

On the question: "Would you favor removing from the library a book by a man who wrote against religion and the churches?" 74 per cent of the Library Board chairmen answered no, as compared with 64 per cent of all leaders and 35 per cent of the sample of the national cross-section.

Eighty-nine per cent of the Library Board chairmen were against removing from the library a book by a person whose loyalty had been questioned before a Congressional committee, but who had sworn he was not a Communist, as compared with 88 per cent of all leaders and 71 per cent of the national cross-section.

Even in the case of a book by an admitted Communist, 67 per cent of the Library Board chairmen were against removing it from the library, whereas at this point the tolerance of the community dropped precipitately to 42 per cent for all community leaders and 27 per cent for the national cross-section.

Of the fourteen community leaders selected for sampling (a total of 1,500 interviews were reported) the Library Board chairmen ranked highest in tolerance, with the possible exception of the local newspaper publishers—who in many communities are likely to be found serving on the Library Board as member or chairman.

It is important to note that the Gallup and Roper interviewers who conducted this survey were asking *hypothetical* questions, seldom currently posed by the local situation. When the chips are down in a library fight, the level of tolerance, interestingly, tends to rise rather than drop, both inside the Library Board and in the community as a whole. Hence when a librarian chooses to resist censorship pressure and make a public fight of it, he usually wins, as we have seen.

On the other hand, his victory is seldom an unqualified one. Book selection, in the view of the typical American community, is not solely or exclusively the librarian's business, nor does the freedom to read imply any professional right, enjoyed by the librarian, to maintain shelves overbalanced with disguised party-line books. The citizens of Mt. Lebanon, Pennsylvania, acquitted their librarian of any such malfeasance, but they also criticized certain book selections, and ended by asking, with a certain acerbity: "Who made the publishers and librarians the

*_Communism, Conformity and Civil Liberties: A Cross-section of America Speaks Its Mind_, by Samuel A. Stouffer (Doubleday). The other community leaders who were sampled were: the mayor, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, the chairman of the Community Chest, the president of one large labor union local in the city, the chairmen of the Republican and Democratic county committees, the commander of the largest American Legion Post in the city, the regent of the DAR, the president of the local women's club, the chairman of the School Board, the president of the local council of the Parent-Teacher's Association, the president of the Bar Association, and the publisher of the locally owned newspaper of largest circulation.

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guardians of the people's freedom to read?"

By implication, Mt. Lebanon's answer, like that of most American communities, is that the power to determine what a community may or may not read in its library is not an absolute professional right enjoyed by the librarian, but a responsibility delegated by the community, which must remain the final judge of how well that responsibility is exercised.

The verdict is not always a liberal one, in which case the librarian may appeal beyond the community—successfully, or vainly as in the case of Ruth Brown of Bartlesville, Oklahoma—to the law and the higher courts. But in the overwhelming majority of these library fights the librarian's appeal to the community has been successful; fears have been dissipated, and the conflicts out of which they arose have been clarified, if not wholly resolved.

On the one hand, the librarians have been obliged, both as individuals and as an organized profession, to reexamine their legal and moral obligations to their patrons; to review their policies of book selection and classification; to redefine and defend both their professional rights and their delegated responsibilities. That librarians were usually able to command the support of their boards and the press, and most frequently emerged with the confidence of their communities unimpaired, is largely due to the integrity and conscientiousness they showed in this double task of reexamination and defense.

On the other hand, the librarians' critics have been obliged to reread the Bill of Rights; to examine more closely the books of the authors whom they would proscribe, and thereby to sharpen and sophisticate their categories of what is and is not disguised Communist propaganda. As they acquainted themselves with the librarian and his problems, they discovered that he was not, as they had frequently supposed, a Communist or fellow-traveler; and that while vigorously resisting censorship of his selections or the removal of books from his shelves, he was prepared to buy as many good anti-Communist books as his meager funds permitted. Sometimes a violent controversy has blown over when it came to be realized that the librarian was scarcely to be blamed because his more or less unbalanced collection reflected the ignorance and illusions of writers, publishers, critics, and also librarians—indeed, of much of the country—during an earlier era, or because, now that the political climate had changed, his inadequate budget made it difficult to restore the balance.

In a subsequent article I shall report on how the librarians, responding to the criticisms of the patriotic organizations, have attempted to deal with the problems of unbalanced collections and the identification of books of Communist propaganda, while maintaining the traditions of tolerance essential to their profession.

More than a hundred years ago Tocqueville pointed out the strong pressures at work in America attempting to force an intolerant conformity on the nation. Professor Stouffer's book is one more piece of evidence for this. But it also shows that almost invariably the American system entrusts decisions to leaders far more tolerant than the general populace; it is as if the people, distrusting themselves, make sure to select leaders who will oppose their own worst tendencies.

The ordeal of the library gives grounds for believing that the procedures of American democracy can work on the library front of freedom; not perfectly, but better than any other way we are presently prepared to consider. But the fight to safeguard freedom to read from vigilante censorship is by no means over.

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ISAAC BABEL: "TORN BETWEEN VIOLENCE AND PEACE"

The Intellectual and the Revolution

LIONEL TRILLING

A GOOD many years ago, in 1929, I chanced to read a book which disturbed me in a way I can still remember. The book was called *Red Cavalry;* it was a collection of stories about the Soviet regiments of horse operating in Poland. I had never heard of the author, Isaac Babel—or I. Babel as he signed himself—and nobody had anything to tell me about him, and part of my disturbance was the natural shock we feel when, suddenly and without warning, we confront a new talent of great energy and boldness. But the book was disturbing for other reasons as well.

In those days one still spoke of the "Russian experiment" and one might still believe that the light of dawn glowed on the test tubes and crucibles of human destiny. And it was still possible to have very strange expectations of the new culture that would arise from the Revolution. I do not remember what my own particular expectations were, except that they involved a desire for an art that would have as little ambiguity as a proposition in logic. Why I wanted this I don't wholly understand. It was as if I had hoped that the literature of the Revolution would realize some simple, inadequate notion of the "classical" which I had picked up at college; and perhaps I was drawn to this notion of the classical because I was afraid of the literature of modern Europe, because I was scared of its terrible intensities, ironies, and ambiguities. If this is what I really felt, I can't say that I am now wholly ashamed of my cowardice. If we stop to think of the museum knowingness about art which we are likely to acquire with maturity, of our consumer's pride in buying only the very best spiritual commodities, the ones which are sure to give satisfaction, there may possibly be a grace in those moments when we lack the courage to confront, or the strength to endure, some particular work of art or kind of art. At any rate, here was Babel's book and I found it disturbing. It was obviously the most remarkable work of fiction that had yet come out of revolutionary Russia, the only work, indeed, that I knew of as having upon it the mark of exceptional talent, even of genius. Yet for me it was all too heavily charged with the intensity, irony, and ambiguousness from which I wished to escape.

There was anomaly at the very heart of the book, for the red cavalry of the title were Cossack regiments, and why were Cossacks fighting for the Revolution, they who were the instrument and symbol of Czarist repression? The author, who represented himself in the stories, was a Jew; and a Jew in a Cossack regiment was more than an anomaly, it was a joke, for between Cossack and Jew there existed not merely hatred but a polar opposition. Yet here was a Jew riding as a Cossack and trying to come to terms with the Cossack ethos. At that first reading it seemed to me—although it does not now—that the stories were touched with cruelty. They were about violence of the most extreme kind, yet they were composed with a striking elegance and precision of objectivity, and also with a kind of lyric *joy,*

ONE of the most original short-story writers of our time was the Odessa Jew, Isaac Babel, who began writing during the Russian Revolution and disappeared fifteen years later during Stalin's Great Purge. He died (it is said) in prison in 1939 or 1940. LIONEL TRILLING contributes this illuminating essay on his life and work and enables us to see Babel as a representative figure of that generation of Russian Jewish intellectuals who found themselves torn between the lure of violence and revolution and the deep, inexpugnable claims of peace. Mr. Trilling's essay forms the introduction to *The Collected Stories* which Criterion Books is soon to publish. Critic, novelist, and short-story writer himself, Mr. Trilling is professor of English at Columbia University. His last contribution to these pages was "Wordsworth and the Rabbis" (February 1955).

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so that one could not at once know just how the author was responding to the brutality he recorded, whether he thought it good or bad, justified or not justified. Nor was this the only thing to be in doubt about. It was not really clear how the author felt about, say, Jews; or about religion; or about the goodness of man. He had—or perhaps, for the sake of some artistic effect, he pretended to have—a secret. This alienated and disturbed me. It was impossible not to be overcome by admiration for *Red Cavalry*, but it was not at all the sort of book that I had wanted the culture of the Revolution to give me.

AND, as it soon turned out, it was not at all the sort of book that the Revolution wanted to give anyone. No event in the history of Soviet culture is more significant than the career, or rather, the end of the career, of Isaac Babel. He had been a protégé of Gorki, and he had begun his career under the aegis of Trotsky's superb contempt for the pieties of the conventional "proletarian" aesthetics. In the last years of the decade of the 20's and in the early 30's he was regarded as one of the most notable talents of Soviet literature.

This judgment was, however, by no means an official one. From the beginning of his career Babel had been under the attack of the literary bureaucracy. But in 1932 the party abolished RAPP—the Russian Association of Proletarian Writers—and it seemed that a new period of freedom had been inaugurated. In point of fact, the reactionary elements of Soviet culture were established in full ascendancy, and the purge trials of 1937 were to demonstrate how absolute their power was. But in the five intervening years the party chose to exercise its authority in a lenient manner. It was in this atmosphere of seeming liberality that the first Writers' Congress was held in 1934. Babel was one of the speakers at the Congress. He spoke with considerable jauntiness, yet he spoke as a penitent—the stories he had written since *Red Cavalry* had been published in a volume at the end of 1932, yet since that time he had written nothing, he had disappointed expectation.

His speech was a strange performance. It undertook to be humorous; the published report is punctuated by the indication of laughter.* It made the avowals of loyalty that were by then routine, yet we cannot take it for granted that Babel was insincere when he spoke of his devotion to the Revolution, to the government, and to the state, or when he said that in a bourgeois country it would inevitably have been his fate to go without recognition and livelihood. He may have been sincere even when he praised Stalin's literary style, speaking of the sentences "forged" as if of steel, of the necessity of learning to work in language as Stalin did. Yet beneath the orthodoxy of this speech there lies some hidden intention. One feels this in the sad vestiges of the humanistic mode that wryly manifest themselves. It is as if the humor, which is often of a whimsical kind, as if the irony and the studied self-depreciation, were forlorn affirmations of freedom and selfhood; it is as if Babel were addressing his fellow writers in a dead language, or in some slang of their student days, which a few of them might perhaps remember.

Everything, he said at one point in his speech, is given to us by the party and the government; we are deprived of only one right, the right to write badly. "Comrades," he said, "let us not fool ourselves: this is a very important right, and to take it away from us is no small thing." And he said, "Let us give up this right, and may God help us. And if there is no God, let us help ourselves. . . ."

The right to write badly—how precious it seems when once there has been the need to conceive of it! Upon the right to write badly depends the right to write at all. There must have been many in the audience who understood how serious and how terrible Babel's joke was. And there must have been some who had felt a chill at their hearts at another joke that Babel had made earlier in his address, when he spoke of himself as practicing a new literary genre. This was the genre of silence—he was, he said, "the master of the genre of silence."

Thus he incriminated himself for his in-

*I am indebted to Professor Rufus Mathewson for the oral translation of Babel's speech which he made for me. Professor Mathewson was kindness itself in helping me to information about Babel; he is, of course, not accountable for any inaccuracy or awkwardness that may appear in my use of the facts.

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ability to work. He made reference to the doctrine that the writer must have respect for the reader, and he said that it was a correct doctrine. He himself, he said, had a very highly developed respect for the reader; so much so, indeed, that it might be said of him that he suffered from a hypertrophy of the faculty of respect—"I have so much respect for the reader that I am dumb." But now he takes a step beyond irony; he ventures to interpret, and by his interpretation to challenge, the official doctrines of "respect for the reader." The reader, he says, asks for bread, and he must indeed be given what he asks for—but not in the way he expects it; he ought to be surprised by what he gets; he ought not be given what he can easily recognize as "a certified true copy" of life—the essence of art is its unexpectedness.

THE silence for which Babel apologized was not broken. In 1937 he was arrested. He died in a concentration camp in 1939 or 1940. It is not known for certain whether he was shot or died of typhus. Both accounts of the manner of his death have been given by people who were inmates of the camp at the time. Nor is it known for what specific reason he was arrested. Raymond Rosenthal, in an admirable essay on Babel published in COMMENTARY in 1947, says, on good authority, that Babel did not undergo a purge but was arrested for having made a politically indiscreet remark. It has been said that he was arrested when Yagoda was purged, because he was having a love affair with Yagoda's sister. It has also been said that he was accused of Trotskyism, which does indeed seem possible, especially if we think of Trotsky as not only a political but a cultural figure.

But no reason for the last stage of the extinction of Isaac Babel is needed beyond that which is provided by his stories, by their method and style. If ever we want to remind ourselves of the nature and power of art, we have only to think of how accurate reactionary governments are in their awareness of that nature and that power. It is not merely the content of art that they fear, not merely explicit doctrine, but whatever of energy and autonomy is implied by the aesthetic qualities a work may have. Intensity, irony, and ambiguousness, for example, constitute a clear threat to the impassivity of the state. They constitute a *secret*.

Babel was not a political man except as every man of intelligence was political at the time of the Revolution. Except, too, as every man of talent or genius is political who makes his heart a battleground for conflicting tendencies of culture. In Babel's heart there was a kind of fighting—he was captivated by the vision of two ways of being, the way of violence and the way of peace, and he was torn between them. The conflict between the two ways of being was an essential element of his mode of thought. And when Soviet culture was brought under full discipline, the fighting in Babel's heart could not be permitted to endure. It was a subversion of discipline. It implied that there was more than one way of being. It hinted that one might live in doubt, that one might live by means of a question.

IT IS with some surprise that we become aware of the centrality of the cultural, the moral, the *personal* issue in Babel's work, for what strikes us first is the intensity of his specifically aesthetic preoccupation. In his schooldays Babel was passionate in his study of French literature; for several years he wrote his youthful stories in French, his chief masters being Flaubert and Maupassant. When, in an autobiographical sketch, he means to tell us that he began his mature work in 1923, he puts it that in that year he began to express his thoughts "clearly, and not at great length." This delight in brevity became his peculiar mark. When Eisenstein spoke of what it was that literature might teach the cinema, he said that "Isaac Babel will speak of the extreme laconicism of literature's expressive means—Babel, who, perhaps, knows in practice better than anyone else that great secret, 'that there is no iron that can enter the human heart with such stupefying effect as a period placed at just the right moment.'"* Babel's love of the laconic implies certain other elements of his aesthetic, his commitment (it is sometimes excessive) to *le mot juste*, to

*Eisenstein quotes from Babel's story "Guy de Maupassant." The reference to Babel occurs in the essay of 1932, "A Course in Treatment," in the volume *Film Form: Essays in Film Theory* (1949).

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the search for the word or phrase that will do its work with a ruthless speed, and his remarkable powers of significant distortion, the rapid foreshortening, the striking displacement of interest and shift of emphasis—in general his pulling all awry the arrangement of things as they appear in the "certified true copy."

Babel's preoccupation with form, with the aesthetic surface, is, we soon see, entirely at the service of his moral concern. James Joyce has taught us the word *epiphany*, a showing forth—Joyce had the "theory" that suddenly, almost miraculously, by a phrase or a gesture, a life would thrust itself through the veil of things and for an instant show itself forth, startling us by its existence. In itself the conception of the epiphany makes a large statement about the nature of human life; it suggests that the human fact does not dominate the scene of our existence—for something to "show forth" it must first be hidden, and the human fact is submerged in and subordinated to a world of circumstance, the world of things; it is known only in glimpses, emerging from the danger or the sordidness in which it is implicated. Those writers who by their practice subscribe to the theory of the epiphany are drawn to a particular aesthetic. In the stories of Maupassant, as in those of Stephen Crane, and Hemingway, and the Joyce of *Dubliners*, as in those of Babel himself, we perceive the writer's intention to create a form which shall in itself be shapely and autonomous and at the same time unusually responsible to the truth of *external reality*, the truth of things and events. To this end he concerns himself with the given moment, and, seeming almost hostile to the continuity of time, he presents the past only as it can be figured in the present. In his commitment to event he affects to be indifferent to "meanings" and "values"; he seems to be saying that although he can tell us with unusual accuracy what is going on, he does not presume to interpret it, scarcely to understand it, certainly not to judge it. He arranges that the story shall tell itself, as it were; or he tells it by means of a narrator who somehow makes it clear that he has no personal concern with the outcome of events—what I have called Babel's lyric joy in the midst of violence is in effect one of his devices for achieving the tone of detachment. We are not, of course, for very long deceived by the elaborate apparatus contrived to suggest the almost affectless detachment of the writer. We soon enough see what he is up to. His intense concern with the hard aesthetic surface of the story, his preoccupation with things and events, are, we begin to perceive, cognate with the universe, representative of its nature, of the unyielding circumstance in which the human fact exists; they make the condition for the epiphany, the showing forth; and the apparent denial of immediate pathos is a condition of the ultimate pathos the writer conceives.

All this, as I say, is soon enough apparent in Babel's stories. And yet, even when we have become aware of his pathos, we are, I think, surprised by the kind of moral issue that lies beneath the brilliant surface of the stories, beneath the lyric and ironic elegance—we are surprised by its elemental simplicity. We are surprised, too, by its passionate subjectivity, the intensity of the author's personal involvement, his defenseless commitment of himself to the issue.

The stories of *Red Cavalry* have as their principle of coherence what I have called the anomaly, or the joke of a Jew who is a member of a Cossack regiment—Babel was a supply officer under General Budienny in the campaign of 1920. Traditionally the Cossack was the feared and hated enemy of the Jew. But he was more than that. The principle of his existence stood in antithesis to the principle of the Jew's existence. The Jew conceived his own ideal character to consist in his being intellectual, pacific, humane. The Cossack was physical, violent, without mind or manners. When a Jew of Eastern Europe wanted to say what we mean by "a bull in a china shop," he said "a Cossack in a *succah*"—in, that is, one of the fragile decorated booths or tabernacles in which the meals of the harvest festival of Succoth are eaten: he intended an image of animal violence, of aimless destructiveness. And if the Jew was political, if he thought beyond his own ethnic and religious group, he knew that the Cossack was the enemy not only of the Jew—although that in special—but the enemy also of all men who thought of liberty; he was the natural and appropriate instrument of ruthless oppression.

There was, of course, another possible

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view of the Cossack, one that had its appeal for many Russian intellectuals, although it was not likely to win the assent of the Jew. Tolstoy had represented the Cossack as having a primitive energy, passion, and virtue. He was the man as yet untrammeled by civilization, direct, immediate, fierce. He was the man of enviable simplicity, the man of the body—and of the horse, the man who moved with speed and grace. We have devised an image of our lost freedom which we mock in the very phrase by which we name it: the noble savage. No doubt the mockery is justified, yet our fantasy of the noble savage represents a reality of our existence, it stands for our sense of something unhappily surrendered, the truth of the body, the truth of full sexuality, the truth of open aggressiveness. Something, we know, must inevitably be surrendered for the sake of civilization; but the "discontent" of civilization which Freud describes is our self-recrimination at having surrendered too much. Babel's view of the Cossack was more consonant with that of Tolstoy than with the traditional view of his own people. For him the Cossack was indeed the noble savage, all too savage, not often noble, yet having in his savagery some quality that might raise strange questions in a Jewish mind.

I have seen three pictures of Babel, and it is a puzzle to know how he was supposed to look. The most convincing of the pictures is a photograph, to which the two official portrait sketches bear but little resemblance. The sketch which serves as the frontispiece to Babel's volume of stories of 1932 makes the author look like a Chinese merchant—his face is round, impassive, and priggish; his nose is low and flat; he stares through rimless glasses with immovable gaze. The sketch in the *Literary Encyclopedia* lengthens his face and gives him horn-rimmed spectacles and an air of amused and knowing assurance: a well-educated and successful Hollywood writer who has made the intelligent decision not to apologize for his profession except by his smile. But in the photograph the face is very long and thin, charged with emotion and internality; bitter, intense, very sensitive, touched with humor, full of consciousness and contradiction. It is "typically" an intellectual's face, a scholar's face, and it has great charm. I should not want to speak of it as a Jewish face, but it is a kind of face which many Jews used to aspire to have, or hoped their sons would have. It was, surely, this face, or one much like it, that Babel took with him when he went among the Cossacks.

We can only marvel over the vagary of the military mind by which Isaac Babel came to be assigned as a supply officer to a Cossack regiment. He was a Jew of the ghetto. As a boy—so he tells us in his autobiographical stories—he had been of stunted growth, physically inept, subject to nervous disorders. He was an intellectual, a writer—a man, as he puts it in striking phrase, with spectacles on his nose and autumn in his heart. The orders that sent him to General Budienny's command were drawn either by a conscious and ironical Destiny with a literary bent—or at his own personal request. For the reasons that made it bizarre that he should have been attached to a Cossack regiment are the reasons why he was there. He was there to be submitted to a test, he was there to be initiated. He was there because of the dreams of his boyhood. Babel's talent, like that of many modern writers, is rooted in the memory of boyhood, and Babel's boyhood was more than usually dominated by the idea of the test and the initiation. We might put it that Babel rode with a Cossack regiment because, when he was nine years old, he had seen his father kneeling before a Cossack captain who wore lemon-colored chamois gloves and looked ahead with the gaze of one who rides through a mountain pass.

Isaac Babel was born in Odessa, in 1894. The years following the accession of Nicholas II were dark years indeed for the Jews of Russia. It was the time of the bitterest official anti-Semitism, of the Pale, of the Beilis trial, of the Black Hundreds and the planned pogroms. And yet in Odessa the Jewish community may be said to have flourished. Odessa was the great port of the Black Sea, an eastern Marseilles or Naples, and in such cities the transient, heterogeneous population dilutes the force of law and tradition, for good as well as for bad. The Jews of Odessa were in some degree free to take part in the general life of the city. They were, to be sure, debarred from the schools, with but few exceptions. And they were sufficiently isolated when the passions

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of a pogrom swept the city. Yet all classes of the Jewish community seem to have been marked by a singular robustness and vitality, by a sense of the world, and of themselves in the world. The upper classes lived in affluence, sometimes in luxury, and it was possible for them to make their way into a Gentile society in which prejudice had been attenuated by cosmopolitanism. The intellectual life was of a particular energy, producing writers, scholars, and journalists of very notable gifts; it is in Odessa that modern Hebrew poetry takes its rise with Bialik and Tchernikovsky. As for the lower classes, Babel himself represents them as living freely and heartily. In their ghetto, the Moldavanka, they were far more conditioned by their economic circumstances than by their religious ties; they were not at all like the poor Jews of the *shtetlach*, the little towns of Poland, whom Babel was later to see. He represents them as characters of a Breughel-like bulk and brawn; they have large, coarse, elaborate nicknames; they are draymen and dairy farmers; they are gangsters—the Jewish gangs of the Moldavanka were famous; they made upon the young Babel an ineradicable impression and to them he devoted a remarkable group of stories.

It was not Odessa, then, it was not even Odessa's ghetto, that forced upon Babel the image of the Jew as a man not in the actual world, a man of no body, a man of intellect, or wits, passive before his secular fate. Not even his image of the Jewish intellectual was substantiated by the Odessa actuality—Bialik and Tchernikovsky were anything but men with spectacles on their noses and autumn in their hearts, and no one who ever encountered in America the striking figure of Dr. Chaim Tchernowitz, the great scholar of the Talmud and formerly the Chief Rabbi of Odessa, a man of Jovian port and large, free mind, would be inclined to conclude that there was but a single season of the heart available to a Jew of Odessa.

But Babel had seen his father on his knees before a Cossack captain on a horse, who said, "At your service" and touched his fur cap with his yellow-gloved hand and politely paid no heed to the mob looting the Babel store. Such an experience, or even a far milder analogue of it, is determinative in the life of a boy. Freud speaks of the effect upon him when, at twelve, his father told of having accepted in a pacific way the insult of having his new fur cap knocked into the mud by a Gentile who shouted at him, "Jew, get off the pavement." It is clear that Babel's relation with his father defined his relation to his Jewishness. Benya Krik, the greatest of gangsters, he who was called King, was a Jew of Odessa, but he did not wear glasses and he did not have autumn in his heart—it is in writing about Benya that Babel uses the phrase that sets so far apart the intellectual and the man of action. The explanation of Benya's preeminence among gangsters does indeed take account of his personal endowment—Benya was a "lion," a "tiger," a "cat"; he "could spend the night with a Russian woman and satisfy her." But what really made his fate was his having had Mendel Krik, the drayman, for his father. "What does such a father think about? He thinks about drinking a good glass of vodka, of smashing somebody in the face, of his horses—and nothing more. You want to live and he makes you die twenty times a day. What would you have done in Benya Krik's place? You would have done nothing. But *he* did something. . . ." But Babel's father did not think about vodka, and smashing somebody in the face, and horses; he thought about large and serious things, among them respectability and fame. He was a shopkeeper, not well-to-do, a serious man, a failure. The sons of such men have much to prove, much to test themselves for, and if they are Jewish, their Jewishness is ineluctably involved in the test.

BABEL, in the brief autobiographical sketch to which I have referred, speaks with bitterness of the terrible discipline of his Jewish education. He thought of the Talmud Torah as a prison shutting him off from all desirable life, from reality itself. One of the stories he tells—conceivably the incident was invented to stand for his feelings about his Jewish schooling—is about his father's having fallen prey to the Messianic delusion which beset the Jewish families of Odessa, the belief that any one of them might produce a prodigy of the violin, a little genius who could be sent to be processed by Professor Auer in Petersburg, who would play before crowned heads in a velvet suit, and support his family in honor and comfort. Such miracles had occurred in Odessa,

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whence had come Elman, Zimbalist, Gabrilowitsch, and Heifetz. Babel's father hoped for wealth, but he would have foregone wealth if he could have been sure, at a minimum, of fame. Being small, the young Babel at fourteen might pass for eight and a prodigy. In point of fact, Babel had not even talent, and certainly no vocation. He was repelled by the idea of becoming a musical "dwarf," one of the "big-headed freckled children with necks as thin as flower-stalks and an epileptic flush on their cheeks." This was a Jewish fate and he fled from it, escaping to the port and the beaches of Odessa. Here he tried to learn to swim and could not: "the hydrophobia of my ancestors—Spanish rabbis and Frankfort moneychangers—dragged me to the bottom." But a kindly proofreader, an elderly man who loved nature and children, took pity on him. "How d'you mean, the water won't hold you? Why shouldn't it hold you?"—his specific gravity was no different from anybody else's and the good Yefim Nikitich Smolich taught him to swim. "I came to love that man," Babel says in one of the very few of his sentences over which no slightest irony plays, "with the love that only a boy suffering from hysteria and headaches can feel for a real man."

The story is called "Awakening" and it commemorates the boy's first effort of creation. It is to Nikitich that he shows the tragedy he has composed and it is the old man who observes that the boy has talent but no knowledge of nature and undertakes to teach him how to tell one tree or one plant from another. This ignorance of the natural world—Babel refers to it again in his autobiographical sketch—was a Jewish handicap to be overcome. It was not an extravagance of Jewish self-consciousness that led him to make the generalization—Maurice Samuel remarks in *The World of Sholom Aleichem* that in the Yiddish vocabulary of the Jews of Eastern Europe there are but two flower names (rose, violet) and no names for wild birds.

When it was possible to do so, Babel left his family and Odessa to live the precarious life, especially precarious for a Jew, of a Russian artist and intellectual. He went to Kiev and then, in 1915, he ventured to St. Petersburg without a residence certificate. He was twenty-one. He lived in a cellar on Pushkin Street, and wrote stories which were everywhere refused until Gorki took him up and in 1916 published in his magazine two of Babel's stories. To Gorki, Babel said, he was indebted for everything. But Gorki became of the opinion that Babel's first stories were successful only by accident; he advised the young man to abandon the career of literature and to go "among the people." Babel served in the Czar's army on the Rumanian front; after the Revolution he was for a time a member of the Cheka; he went on the grain-collecting expeditions of 1918; he fought with the northern army against Yudenitch. In 1920 he was with Budienny in Poland, twenty-six years old, having seen much, having endured much, yet demanding initiation, submitting himself to the test.

The test, it is important to note, is not that of courage. Babel's affinity with Stephen Crane and Hemingway is close in many respects, of which not the least important is his feeling for his boyhood and for the drama of the boy's initiation into manhood. But the question that Babel puts to himself is not that which means so much to the two American writers; he does not ask whether he will be able to meet danger with honor. This he seems to know he can do. Rather, the test is of his power of direct and immediate, and violent, action—not whether he can endure being killed but whether he can endure killing. In the story "After the Battle" a Cossack comrade is enraged against him not because, in the recent engagement, he had hung back, but because he had ridden with an unloaded revolver. The story ends with the narrator imploring fate to "grant me the simplest of proficiencies—the ability to kill my fellow men."

The necessity for submitting to the test is very deeply rooted in Babel's psychic life. This becomes readily apparent when we read the whole of Babel's work and perceive the manifest connection between certain of the incidents of *Red Cavalry* and those of the stories of the Odessa boyhood. In the story "My First Goose" the newcomer to the brigade is snubbed by the brilliant Cossack commander because he is a man with spectacles on his nose, an intellectual. "Not a life for the brainy sort here," says the quartermaster who carries his trunk to his billet. "But you go and mess up a lady, and a good

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lady too, and you'll have the boys patting you on the back. . . ." The five new comrades in the billet make it clear that he is an outsider and unwanted, they begin at once to bully and haze him. Yet by one action he overcomes their hostility to him and his spectacles. He asks the old landlady for food and she puts him off; whereupon he kills the woman's goose in a particularly brutal manner, and, picking it up on the point of a sword, thrusts it at the woman and orders her to cook it. Now the crisis is passed; the price of community has been paid. The group of five reforms itself to become a group of six. All is decent and composed in the conduct of the men. There is a general political discussion, then sleep. "We slept, all six of us, beneath a wooden roof that let in the stars, warming one another, our legs intermingled. I dreamed: and in my dreams I saw women. But my heart, stained with bloodshed, grated and brimmed over." We inevitably read this story in the light of Babel's two connected stories of the 1905 pogrom, "The Story of My Pigeon House" and "First Love," recalling the scene in which the crippled cigarette vendor, whom all the children loved, crushes the boy's newly bought and long-desired pigeon and flings it in his face. Later the pigeon's blood and entrails are washed from the boy's cheek by the young Russian woman who is sheltering the Babel family and whom the boy adores. It is after her caress that the boy sees his father on his knees before the Cossack captain; the story ends with his capitulation to nervous illness. And now again a bird has been brutally killed, now again the killing is linked with sexuality, but now it is not his bird but another's, now he is not passive but active.

Yet no amount of understanding of the psychological genesis of the act of killing the goose makes it easy for us to judge it as anything more than a very ugly brutality. It is not easy for us—and it is not easy for Babel. Not easy, but we must make the effort to comprehend that for Babel it is not violence in itself that is at issue in his relation to the Cossacks, but something else, some quality with which violence does indeed go along, but which is not in itself merely violent. This quality, whatever it is to be called, is of the greatest importance in Babel's conception of himself as an intellectual and an artist, in his conception of himself as a Jew.

It is, after all, not violence and brutality that make the Cossacks what they are. This is not the first violence and brutality that Babel has known—when it comes to violence and brutality a Western reader can scarcely have, unless he sets himself to acquire it, an adequate idea of their place in the life of Eastern Europe. The impulse to violence, as we have learned, seems indigenous in all mankind. Among certain groups the impulse is far more freely licensed than among others. Americans are aware and ashamed of the actuality or potentiality of violence in their own culture, but it is nothing to that of the East of Europe; the people for whom the mass impalings and the knout are part of their memory of the exercise of authority over them have their own appropriate ways of expressing their rage. As compared with what the knife, or the homemade pike, or the boot, can do, the revolver is an instrument of delicate amenity and tender mercy—this, indeed, is the point of one of Babel's stories. Godfrey Blunden's description of the method of execution used by the Ukrainian peasant bands is scarcely to be read. Nor is it only in combat that the tradition of ferocious violence appears, as is suggested by the long Russian concern with wife-beating as a national problem.

The point I would make is that the Cossacks were not exceptional for their violence. It was not their violence in itself that evoked Tolstoy's admiration. Nor is it what fascinated Babel. Rather he is drawn by what the violence goes along with, the boldness, the passionateness, the simplicity and directness—and the grace. Thus the story "My First Goose" opens with a description of the masculine charm of the brigade commander Savitsky. His male grace is celebrated in a shower of epithet—we hear of the "beauty of his giant's body," of the decorated chest "cleaving the hut as a standard cleaves the sky," of "the iron and flower of that youthfulness," of his long legs, which were "like girls sheathed to the neck in shining riding-boots." Only the openness of the admiration and envy—which constitutes, also, a qualifying irony—keeps the description from seeming sexually perverse. It is remarkably *not* perverse; it is as "healthy" as

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a boy's love of his hero of the moment. And Savitsky's grace is a real thing. Babel is not ready to destroy it by any of the means that are so ready to the hand of the intellectual confronted by this kind of power and charm; he does not diminish the glory he perceives by confronting it with the pathos of human creatures less physically glorious, having more, or a higher, moral appeal because they are weaker and because they suffer. The possibility of this grace is part of what Babel saw in the Cossacks.

It is much the same thing that D. H. Lawrence was drawn by in his imagination of archaic cultures and personalities and of the ruthlessness, even the cruelty, that attended their grace. It is what Yeats had in mind in his love of "the old disturbed exalted life, the old splendor." It is what even the gentle Forster represents in the brilliant scene in *Where Angels Fear to Tread* in which Gino, the embodiment of male grace, tortures Stephen by twisting his broken arm. This fantasy of personal, animal grace, this glory of conscienceless self-assertion, of sensual freedom, haunts our culture. It speaks to something in us that we fear, and rightly fear, yet it speaks to us.

Babel never for a moment forgets what the actualities of this savage glory are. In the story "The Brigade Commander" he speaks of the triumph of a young man in his first command. Kolesnikov in his moment of victory had the "masterful indifference of a Tartar Khan," and Babel, observing him with genuine pleasure, goes on to say that he was conscious of the training of other famous leaders of horse, and mentions "the captivating Savitsky" and "the headstrong Pavlichenko." The captivating Savitsky we have met. The headstrong Pavlichenko appears in a story of his own; this story is his own account of his peasant origin, of the insults received from his aristocratic landlord, of how when the Revolution came, he had wiped out the insult. "Then I stamped on my master Nikitinsky; trampled on him for an hour or maybe more. And in that time I got to know life through and through. With shooting . . . you only get rid of a chap. Shooting's letting him off, and too damn easy for yourself. With shooting you'll never get at the soul, to where it is in a fellow and how it shows itself. But I don't spare myself, and I've more than once trampled an enemy for over an hour. You see, I want to get to know what life really is. . . ." This is all too *raffiné*—we are inclined, I think, to forget Pavlichenko and to be a little revolted by Babel. Let us suppose, however, that he is setting down the truth as he heard it; let us suppose too that he has it in mind not to spare himself—this is part, and a terrible part, of the actuality of the Cossack directness and immediacy, this is what goes along with the grace and charm.*

In our effort to understand Babel's complex involvement with the Cossack ethos we must be aware of the powerful and obsessive significance that violence has for the intellectual. Violence is, of course, the negation of the intellectual's characteristic enterprise of rationality. Yet at the same time it is the very image of that enterprise. This may seem a strange thing to say. Since Plato we have set violence and reason over against each other as polar opposites. Yet it is Plato who can tell us why there is affinity between violence and the intellectual life. In the most famous of the Platonic myths, the men of the cave are seated facing the interior wall of the cave, and they are chained by their necks so that it is impossible for them to turn their heads. They can face in but one direction, they can see nothing but the shadows that are cast on the wall by the fire behind them. A man comes to them who has somehow freed himself and gone into the world outside the cave. He brings them news of the light of the sun; he tells them that there are things to be seen which are real, that what they see on the wall is but shadows. Plato says that the men chained in the cave will not believe this news. They will insist that it is not possible, that the shadows are the only reality. But suppose they do believe the news! Then how violent they will become against their chains as they struggle to free themselves so that they may perceive what they believe is there to be perceived. They will think of violence as part of their bitter

*The celebration of the Cossack ethos gave no satisfaction to General Budienny who, when some of Babel's *Red Cavalry* stories appeared in a magazine before their publication in a volume, attacked Babel furiously, and with a large display of literary pretentiousness, for the cultural corruption and political ignorance which, he claimed, the stories displayed. Budienny conceived the stories to constitute a slander on the Cossacks.

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effort to know what is real. To grasp, to seize —to *apprehend,* as we say—reality from out of the deep dark cave of the mind—this is indeed a very violent action.

The artist in our time is perhaps more overtly concerned with the apprehension of reality than the philosopher is, and the image of violence seems often an appropriate way of representing the nature of his creation. "The language of poetry naturally falls in with the language of power," says Hazlitt in his lecture on *Coriolanus* and goes on to speak in several brilliant passages of "the logic of the imagination and the passions" which makes them partisan with representations of proud strength. Hazlitt carries his generalization beyond the warrant of literary fact, yet all that he says is pertinent to Babel, who almost always speaks of art in the language of force. The unexpectedness which he takes to be the essence of art is that of a surprise attack. He speaks of the maneuvers of prose of "the army of words . . . the army in which all kinds of weapons may be brought into play." In one of his most remarkable stories, "DiGrasso," he describes the performance of a banal play given by an Italian troupe in Odessa; all is dreariness until in the third act the hero sees his betrothed in converse with the villainous seducer, and, leaping miraculously, with the power of levitation of a Nijinsky or a panther, he soars across the stage, falls upon the villain and tears out his enemy's throat with his teeth. This leap makes the fortune of the Italian company with the exigent Odessa audience; this leap, we are given to understand, is art. And as the story continues, Babel is explicit —if also ironic—in what he demonstrates of the moral effect that may be produced by this virtuosity and power, of what it implies of human pride and freedom.

The spectacles on his nose were for Babel of the first importance in his conception of himself. He was a man to whom the perception of the world outside the cave came late and had to be apprehended, by strength and speed, against the parental or cultural interdiction, the Jewish interdiction; it was as if every beautiful violent phrase that was to spring upon reality was a protest against his childhood. The violence of the Revolution, its sudden leap, was cognate with this feral passion for perception—to an artist the Revolution might well have seemed the rending not only of the social but of the perceptual chains, those that held men's gaze upon the shadows on the wall; it may have seemed the rush of men from the darkness of the cave into the light of reality. Something of this is suggested in a finely wrought story, "Line and Color"—like other stories of the time of Babel's sojourn in France in the early 30's, it was written in French—in which Kerensky is represented as defending his myopia, refusing to wear glasses, because, as he argues very charmingly, there is so much that myopia protects him from seeing, and imagination and benign illusion are thus given a larger license. But at a great meeting in the first days of the Revolution he cannot perceive the disposition of the crowd and the story ends with Trotsky coming to the rostrum and saying in his implacable voice, "Comrades!"

But when we have followed Babel into the depths of his experience of violence, when we have imagined something of what it meant in his psychic life and in the developing conception of his art, we must be no less aware of his experience of the principle that stands opposed to the Cossack principle.

We can scarcely fail to see that when in the stories of *Red Cavalry* Babel submits the ethos of the intellectual to the criticism of the Cossack ethos, he intends a criticism of his own ethos not merely as an intellectual but as a Jew. It is always as an intellectual, never as a Jew, that he is denounced by his Cossack comrades, but we know that he has either suppressed, for political reasons, the denunciations of him as a Jew that were actually made, or, if none were actually made, that he has in his heart supposed that they were made. These criticisms of the Jewish ethos, as he embodies it, Babel believes to have no small weight. When he implores fate to grant him the simplest of proficiencies, the ability to kill his fellow man, we are likely to take this as nothing but an irony, and as an ironic assertion of the superiority of his moral instincts. But it is only in part an irony. There comes a moment when he should kill a fellow man. In "The Death of Dolgushov," a comrade lies propped against a tree; he cannot be moved, inevitably he must die, for his entrails are hanging out; he must be left behind and he asks for a bullet in his head so that the Poles will not "play their dirty

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tricks" on him. It is the narrator whom he asks for the *coup de grâce,* but the narrator flees and sends a friend, who, when he has done what had to be done, turns on the "sensitive" man in a fury of rage and disgust: "You bastards in spectacles have about as much pity for us as a cat has for a mouse." Or again, the narrator has incurred the enmity of a comrade through no actual fault—no moral fault—of his own, merely through having been assigned a mount that the other man passionately loved, and riding it badly so that it developed saddle galls. Now the horse has been returned, but the man does not forgive him, and the narrator asks a superior officer to compound the quarrel. He is rebuffed. "You're trying to live without enemies," he is told. "That's all you think about, not having enemies." It comes at us with momentous force. This time we are not misled into supposing that Babel intends irony and a covert praise of his pacific soul; we know that in this epiphany of his refusal to accept enmity he means to speak adversely of himself in his Jewish character.

But his Jewish character is not the same as the Jewish character of the Jews of Poland. To these Jews he comes with all the presuppositions of an acculturated Jew of Russia, which were not much different from the suppositions of an acculturated Jew of Germany. He is repelled by the conditions of their life; he sees them as physically uncouth and warped; many of them seem to him to move "monkey-fashion." Sometimes he affects a wondering alienation from them, as when he speaks of "the occult crockery that the Jews use only once a year at Eastertime." His complexity and irony being what they are, the Jews of Poland are made to justify the rejection of the Jews among whom he was reared and the wealthy assimilated Jews of Petersburg. "The image of the stout and jovial Jews of the South, bubbling like cheap wine, takes shapes in my memory, in sharp contrast to the bitter scorn inherent in these long bony backs, these tragic yellow beards." Yet the Jews of Poland are more than a stick with which Babel beats his own Jewish past. They come to exist for him as a spiritual fact of consummate value.

Almost in the degree that Babel is concerned with violence in the stories of *Red Cavalry,* he is concerned with spirituality. It is not only Jewish spirituality that draws him. A considerable number of the stories have to do with churches, and although they do indeed often express the anti-clerical feeling expectable in the revolutionary circumstances, the play of Babel's irony permits him to respond in a positive way to the aura of religion. "The breath of an invisible order of things," he says in one story, "glimmers beneath the crumbling ruin of the priest's house, and its soothing seduction unmanned me." He is captivated by the ecclesiastical painter Pan Apolek, he who created ecclesiastical scandals by using the publicans and sinners of the little towns as the models for his saints and virgins. Yet it is chiefly the Jews who speak to him of the life beyond violence, and even Pan Apolek's "heretical and intoxicating brush" had achieved its masterpiece in his Jesus of the Berestechko church, "the most extraordinary image of God I had ever seen in my life," a curly-headed Jew, a bearded figure in a Polish greatcoat of orange, barefooted with torn and bleeding mouth, running from an angry mob with a hand raised to ward off a blow.

Hazlitt, in the passage to which I have referred, speaking of the "logic of the imagination and the passions," says that we are naturally drawn to the representation of what is strong and proud and feral. Actually that is not so: we are, rather, drawn to the representation of what is real. It was reality that Babel found in the Jews of the Polish provinces. "In these passionate, anguish-chiseled features there is no fat, no warm pulsing of blood. The Jews of Volhynia and Galicia move jerkily, in an uncontrolled and uncouth way; but their capacity for suffering is full of a somber greatness, and their unvoiced contempt for the Polish gentry unbounded."

HERE was the counter-image to the captivating Savitsky, the image of the denial of the pride of the glory of the flesh to which, early or late, every artist comes, to which he cannot come in full sincerity unless he can also make full affirmation of the glory. Here too is the image of art that is counter to Di Grasso's leap, to the language in arms—the image of the artist's suffering, patience, uncouthness, and scorn.

If Babel's experience with the Cossacks may be understood as having reference to the boy's relation to his father, his experience of the Jews of Poland has, we cannot but feel, a

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maternal reference. To the one Babel responds as a boy, to the other as a child. In the story "Gedali" he speaks with open sentimentality of his melancholy on the eve of Sabbaths—"On those evenings my child's heart was rocked like a little ship upon enchanted waves. O the rotted Talmuds of my childhood! O the dense melancholy of memories." And when he has found a Jew, it is one who speaks to him in this fashion: ". . . All is mortal. Only the mother is destined to immortality. And when the mother is no longer living, she leaves a memory which none yet has dared to sully. The memory of the mother nourishes in us a compassion that is like the ocean, and the measureless ocean feeds the rivers that dissect the Universe. . . ."

He has sought Gedali in his gutted curiosity shop ("Where was your kindly shade that evening, Dickens?") to ask for "a Jewish glass of tea, and a little of that pensioned-off God in a glass of tea." He does not, that evening, get what he asks for; what he does get is a discourse on revolution, on the impossibility of a revolution made in blood, on the International that is never to be realized, the International of the good and the gentle.

It was no doubt the easier for Babel to respond to the spiritual life of the Jews of Poland because it was a life coming to its end and having about it the terrible strong pathos of its death. He makes no pretense that it could ever claim him for its own. But it established itself in his heart as an image, beside the image of the other life that also could not claim him, the Cossack life. The opposition of these two images made his art—but it was not a dialectic that his Russia could permit.

PORTRAIT OF A JEW, 50TH YEAR OF THIS ERA

CONSTANTINE CAVAFY

PAINTER, poet, runner, thrower of the disk,
With Endymion's beauty, Ianthes, Antonios' son,
from a family to the synagogue close. . . .

"My most precious days are when
abandoning the journey of the senses
I leave behind the Greek's bewitching yet severe
obsession, overpowering,
with white limbs so perfectly shaped and doomed to decay
and I become what I have always wanted to be,
what I want to remain: one of the Jews, one of the holy Jews. . . ."
Passionately he declares: "Yes, always
to remain one of the Jews, the holy Jews. . . ."

But this he has not at all become.
The gay follies and arts of Alexandria
have found in him a most faithful devotee.

THIS is the third poem by CONSTANTINE CAVAFY (Kavafis) that we have printed in translation by Simon Chasen. Cavafy was born in 1863 and lived most of his life in Egypt, where he died in 1933.

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BALANCE SHEET ON BANDUNG

Is Neutralism the Key to Peace in the Orient?

G. F. HUDSON

IT WAS inevitable that sooner or later an attempt would be made to bring together the various nationalist movements of Asia and Africa on a broad continental basis to balance the regional associations of Europe and the Americas. All the peoples of Asia and Africa have in common, either in the present or in the experience of the recent past, some degree of subjection to, or dependence on, Western powers that represented the decisive material superiority of Occidental civilization during the 18th and 19th centuries. Thus in spite of their great diversity of cultural traditions and certain sharp conflicts among themselves, they are linked together by a substantial community of sentiment and outlook which may be summed up under the head of anti-colonialism. A number of countries or areas, now mostly in Africa, remain under some form of colonial rule; others, including India and Indonesia, have only emerged from it within the last decade; still others, such as Turkey, Iran, and China, which never lost their formal independence, have memories of recent weakness and humiliation in their dealings with the West; finally, even Japan, the first Eastern nation to adapt itself successfully to the conditions of the modern world, was thrown back into a quasi-colonial status as a result of defeat in the Pacific war and has had to endure several years of control by a Western power over the whole of its national life.

The idea of assembling representatives of all these peoples as a new bloc in world affairs was bound to arise in the period of emancipation from Western tutelage, even if there had been no additional stimulus to such a move from the international Communist policy of ranging colonial and semi-colonial peoples against the West. As it is, the Communist factor has complicated the problems set by the contemporary process of national emancipation in Asia and Africa without fundamentally altering its nature.

Left to themselves, the movements of national independence and self-development in Asian and African countries would not tend to consider themselves as parts of a world revolution aimed at the transformation of the West as well as the East; while feeling a sense of solidarity with similar movements elsewhere, they would each be content with the attainment of effective political and economic independence, and, with the fulfillment of these aspirations, would see no obstacle to the most friendly relations with Western powers. The Marxist-Leninist interest in such movements, on the other hand, is concentrated on the antagonism they produce; they are regarded as allies in the permanent struggle against the West and their value is lost if they achieve their ends and are subsequently reconciled with the "imperialist camp." The greatest danger from the Communist point of view lies in a relaxation of tension between the Western world and colonial or semi-colonial countries, in transitions to independence effected without violence, and in readjustments of investment and property rights through peaceful

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As THE Bandung Conference developed, it provided substantial grounds for questioning whether neutralism in the Orient any more than in Europe can offer a basis for stabilizing the international situation. G. F. HUDSON suggests in what directions such stabilization may ultimately be found. A regular contributor to COMMENTARY on Far Eastern and international affairs, Mr. Hudson is a renowned authority on Asia, and presently director of the Far Eastern Studies center at St. Anthony's college in Oxford.

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negotiations leading to economic cooperation on a new basis.

Nothing could have been more embarrassing to the Communists than the smooth transfers of governing authority to Asian leaders by the United States in the Philippines, or by Britain in India, Pakistan, Ceylon, and Burma—transfers which according to Marxist-Leninist theory could not occur and which cheated the policy-makers in Moscow of revolutionary assets on which they felt they could rely. Fortunately for them, however, the violent conflicts in Indo-China, Indonesia, and Malaya since the end of the Pacific war have availed somewhat to restore confidence in the dogma of inevitable catastrophe in colonial countries and provided suitable opportunities for Soviet diplomacy and propaganda, while China's alienation from the West, in spite of the Western alliances during the Pacific war and final liquidation of the "unequal treaties," has more than compensated in Communist eyes for the abatements of anti-Western tensions in the Indian sub-continent and the Middle East. The visionary expectation of colonial masses in militant revolt against unyielding imperialist oppression everywhere from Manila to Marrakesh has been largely disappointed, but a powerful Communist base has been established in the Far East and the aim of Communist policy henceforth must be to group Asian and African countries in an anti-colonial bloc with the Chinese People's Republic and weaken whatever ties they have with Western powers.

More than five years ago the outline of a regional grouping of Eastern peoples under joint Russo-Chinese leadership was drawn in the institution of the Conference of Asian and Australasian Trade Unions as a subdivision of the Communist-controlled World Federation of Trade Unions. The membership of this conference, which was held in Peking, included the Soviet Union to the north and Australia and New Zealand to the south, but did not extend west of Iran; the permanent bureau which was then set up was composed of representatives of the Soviet, Chinese, Indian, and Australian WFTU branches.

The implied regional conception was thus one inclusive of the Soviet Union as an Asian power, and also of the two British dominions of the Pacific to the southeast of Asia, but exclusive of most of the Islamic world and not touching Africa. It is interesting to compare this range with that of the Bandung Conference, which excluded both the Soviet Union and the Australasian countries, but took in Turkey, the Arab countries, and Africa. The contrast is highly significant, even making full allowance for the fact that all the national units of the WFTU were politically homogeneous, whether they belonged to countries under Communist governments or not, whereas the Bandung Conference assembled representatives of governments of diverse political shades from Communist to anti-Communist. In particular, the absence of the Soviet Union, or at least of its constituent Central Asian republics, from Bandung, in spite of their reasonable claim to be regarded as Asian states, was a striking feature of a gathering that was supposed to represent the peoples of Asia. Australia is not Asia, nor is there any part of Asia outside the Soviet Union where modern European settlers form a majority of the local population; but the population of Siberia is preponderantly Russian, and even if it is to be regarded as non-Asian because of European origin, the Uzbeks, Turkmens, Tadzhiks, and Kazakhs have a long history as indigenous Asian peoples.

The significance to be attached to their exclusion depends on whether the Bandung Conference is regarded as the outcome of an initiative taken entirely outside the Communist bloc or whether it is seen as a project in which Communist influence was concerned from the outset. If the former view is taken, then the exclusion of the country which occupies nearly half the territory of the Asian continent was indeed a rebuff; if the latter, then we must infer a prior Russian willingness to stand aside and let China play the hand in an assembly which was intended to swing Asian and African peoples

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away from a Western alignment. The weight of the evidence is in favor of the second interpretation.

The original promoter of the Bandung Conference was the government of Indonesia —a government politically dependent on Communist support in domestic politics and including ministers with close Communist connections. The Indonesian government had strong motives indeed for launching such a project quite apart from any Communist influence; as host in Java to such a gathering of nations it might expect to enhance its prestige both at home and abroad, and it might also hope to mobilize international support in its unresolved quarrel with the Dutch over western New Guinea. But it is extremely unlikely in the circumstances of its political situation that the Indonesian government would have made such an important move in foreign policy without the knowledge and consent of its Communist supporters, and the attitude of the latter would undoubtedly have been determined, not so much by local Indonesian considerations as by the wishes of Moscow and Peking. It was clearly from the beginning the Indonesian intention that Communist China should take part in the conference, and Chou En-lai's willingness to attend seems to have been ascertained at an early stage. The Soviet Union's willingness to be left out was also presumably ascertained at the same time—at any rate there have never been any signs of offense being taken in Moscow at exclusion from the conference.

THERE was no real prospect of making a success of the conference unless Indonesia could persuade India to take up the project and get it sponsored by all the five "Colombo Powers." For some time reports indicated that India's support for it was not more than lukewarm; whether Mr. Nehru doubted the wisdom of holding such a conference, or whether he disliked the idea of following a lead from Jakarta, he tended at first to pour cold water on the whole scheme. But he appears finally to have made up his mind that India had to go into it in a big way and hold the center of the stage. It provided him with a good opportunity to preach the neutralist gospel in a sympathetic atmosphere and to reassert the Indian moral leadership which had been so seriously undermined by Pakistan's acceptance of American military aid, by the conclusion of the Manila treaty, and by the Turkey-Iraq pact. In the outcome, Nehru's righteous indignation against (Western) colonialism and against (Western-supported) collective security dominated the conference, and Chou En-lai was able to leave the good work to his non-Communist fellow Asian without any fear that India's verbal lightning might strike the Iron Curtain as well.

Pakistan might have proved more of an obstacle; as a member of SEATO and still separated from India by bitter unresolved conflicts, it might have refused to have anything to do with an Indonesian-Indian initiative for a conference to be held in Java and to include Communist China, nor could it be taken for granted that the countries of the Middle East would be attracted by the idea of a conference which might embroil them in the affairs of Southeast Asia without any tangible advantage to themselves. It was therefore necessary for the promoters to hold out inducements to the Moslem states in order to insure their attendance. Some hard bargaining with Pakistan and Egypt appears to have taken place. The first condition of Arab and Islamic participation was that Israel should be excluded. This was a flagrant violation of the principle that the basis of the conference was to be purely geographical, without ideological or political selection, but Nehru seems to have had little difficulty in taking sides, for the sake of a log-rolling diplomatic deal, against a small Asian country against which India had no conceivable grievance. Further, the Moslem states were able to insist that a hostile reference to Israel should be included in the resolutions of the conference and that specific demands relating to French North Africa and to the British Aden protectorate should be attached to the general denunciation of colonialism. Indonesia in return received

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support for its claim to western New Guinea.

The conference thus hit out at Britain, France, and Holland as colonial powers and at Israel; there was no direct attack on the United States, but the wording of the resolution on atomic and thermonuclear weapons was by implication adverse to the American position in this matter. On the question of collective security in Asia, the nations involved in defense pacts or military-aid agreements on the anti-Communist side—namely Turkey, Iraq, Pakistan, Thailand, and the Philippines—stood firm in the face of the Nehruite rebukes, and in the end a compromise resolution was adopted which recognized "the right of each nation to defend itself singly or collectively in conformity with the charter of the United Nations," but required "abstention from the use of arrangements of collective defense to serve the particular interests of any of the great powers." This qualification was aimed specially at the endeavors of American diplomacy to obtain support in Asia for American policy towards Communist China.

In contrast to the open or implicit denunciations of the principal Western powers which the conference was persuaded to endorse, there was nothing in its resolutions which could cause the slightest annoyance or embarrassment in Moscow or Peking. There was no hint that the colonial domination condemned in North Africa, Arabia, and New Guinea might also be found in Soviet Central Asia or the Caucasus, nor any suggestion that the principle of "abstention from intervention or interference in the internal affairs of another country" was not being fully observed by the Communist powers. The Indian prime minister, in his attacks on collective security pacts designed for the containment of Communism, declined to recognize the Soviet-Chinese military alliance as falling within the category of international agreements endangering the peace of Asia.

It was left to Sir John Kotelawala, the prime minister of Ceylon, to speak out in defiance of the Nehruite ban on mentioning the unmentionable: he boldly alluded to Communist intrigue and subversion in his own country and the need to link the anti-colonial formula with a condemnation of conquest through fifth columns. A substantial minority of the delegates welcomed his initiative and an attempt was made to get some reference to Communist imperialism included in the resolution on colonialism, but the neutralist majority in the end succeeded in keeping it out of the record.

Observers of the Bandung Conference were all agreed that Chou En-lai scored a great personal success there. He came undoubtedly with the intention of disarming all hostility by a display of moderation and benevolence. Chou the ruthless Communist—and his record shows just how ruthless he can be—was nowhere to be seen; there was only Chou the diplomat, bland, tolerant, and serene. "He came, he smiled, he conquered," reported one newspaperman covering the conference; indeed, he could afford to smile, for thanks to Indian leadership everything was going so well that there was no need for China's representatives to exert themselves at all. It was not Chou but Nehru who exhibited anger at Kotelawala's indiscretion; it was not Chou but Nehru who lashed Asian governments guilty of joining international combinations for containing Communism. Chou himself was all sweetness and light; he had no hard words for anyone, and his generous offer to negotiate with the United States about Formosa was brought out just at the right moment to achieve the maximum effect. He gently derided Southeast Asian fears of Chinese aggression; he invited the delegates of Thailand and the Philippines to come to China and see how peaceful everything was. In an atmosphere supercharged with emotions of Afro-Asian solidarity and latent suspicions of a return of Western imperialism, Chou En-lai won all hearts by his smooth identification of China with the common cause. The measure of his success was the publication in the Cairo press of pictures of Chou, Nehru, and Nasser as "the three champions of Afro-Asian independence."

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It is not, however, quite so simple as all that, even between China and India. Although Nehru's fixed idea that Asian countries must not have military alliances with Western powers leads him to oppose the collective security schemes of NATO and SEATO and thus in effect to play the Communist game in Asia, he is by no means indifferent to the national interests of India or willing to see China absorb the whole of Southeast Asia from the Gulf of Tongking to the Bay of Bengal. He apparently holds that Vietnam properly belongs to a Chinese sphere of influence, but that everything to the west of it should be regarded as within an Indian sphere. He is credited with the idea of creating a "neutral zone" composed of Burma, Laos, and Cambodia separating Communist China and Vietnam from Thailand, which is a SEATO country. This notion bears a strong family likeness to the neutral zone of Germany, Austria, and Yugoslavia which Soviet diplomacy is trying presently to create in Europe, and indeed Tito's recent visit to India may have had something to do with the simultaneous blossoming of neutralist thought in West and East.

India is in a position, as long as the situation is one simply of politics and diplomacy, to play a considerable part in Southeast Asian affairs because of her chairmanship and casting vote on the neutral commission set up by the Geneva Conference last year—the other two members being Canada and Poland. There has been a marked difference between the Indian attitude on the commission towards the affairs of Vietnam and Laos respectively. In Vietnam the Indians have been leaning over backward in ignoring or minimizing Vietminh violations of the armistice agreement, particularly with regard to the movement of refugees from the Communist zone; in Laos, on the other hand, India has sided with Canada against Poland in ruling that the Communist-controlled Pathet Lao forces must allow the stationing of Laos government troops in the two provinces which the Pathet Lao held at the time of the Geneva agreement. Nehru has thus strengthened the position of the Laos government, which now looks to Delhi for protection. Reports from Bandung during the conference suggested that Nehru and Chou had reached an understanding for a division of Indo-China into Indian and Chinese zones of influence; the Vietminh to get the whole of Vietnam but to keep their hands off Cambodia and Laos.

If such an arrangement could be regarded as stable, the Western powers could hardly object to it—except insofar as the Indian attitude towards the Vietminh makes nonsense of the freedom of choice supposed to be assured to the Vietnamese by the Geneva agreement. But the writing off of Vietnam provides no guarantee that in return Cambodia and Laos would long remain immune from Vietminh-Chinese penetration, and if these countries were threatened with violent subversion, what power would India have in a crisis to protect them? It pays Chou En-lai and the Vietminh for the present—that is to say, until they have made sure of South Vietnam—to play up to Nehru's policy and encourage his dream of a neutral zone.

But if ever a real strain were to be imposed on such a structure, unsustained by any adequate backing of strategic power, it would collapse like a house of cards. Whatever real security exists in Southeast Asia today, with the vast new power of Communist China looming up to the north, is provided by SEATO and the major forces which it makes ultimately available in the event of an attack on Thailand. It is possible that Nehru is to some extent aware of this fact, and that he is ready to use SEATO as a factor of regional stability to strengthen his hand in dealing with China, even while he continues to denounce it. For in Asia, as in Europe, the neutrals are able up to a certain point to have it both ways. With a collective security organization behind them, they can profit from a system whose obligations they repudiate, and if in spite of their neutrality they get into trouble sometime with an aggressive power, the organization will always be there in reserve to give help.

There is, nevertheless, a danger that if too

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many nations yield to the attractions of neutralism there may no longer be enough nations left who are willing to assume the risks and burdens that enable the neutralists to be neutral in safety. Nor can collective security be turned on like a tap whenever neutrals find that their neutrality has not been as invulnerable as they had hoped. Above all, neutralism is playing with fire because the disintegration of a potential defensive league into strategically isolated units with no assurance of external aid offers temptation to the aggressively inclined and in the long run increases the risk of adventures leading to general war.

THE West has to face the fact that, because of the persistence of habits of mind which identify the Western powers with imperialism, the prevailing mood of politically conscious opinion in Asia and Africa is strongly prejudiced against Western-organized collective security and inclined to give the benefit of every doubt to the Communist side, particularly to China. There is no easy remedy for this state of affairs. Certainly no purpose is served by indulging in recriminations; only by the greatest patience and forbearance will it be possible for Western policies to win the confidence of an Eastern generation still possessed by the momentum of anti-Western nationalism.

Consolation may be found, however, in the fact that nearly all the governments and ruling groups which are now so anxious not to do anything which might offend the new China are basically opposed to Communism, and are in the last resort capable of learning by experience if and when the armed revolution is again on the march. The West cannot force its help on the East in advance, but must be ready to give it without reproaches when it is asked. Meanwhile there should be no wavering or hesitation in support of the alliances that already exist, for they alone provide the foundations on which defensive strength could be built in a time of trouble.

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A JOURNEY TO MASADA

The Fortress of the Zealots Revisited

MARK SUFRIN AND JANE POWELL

THE YOUNG Israeli explores his country with the fervor of a lover. Throughout the year groups of youngsters in trucks, buses, or on foot, travel to Samson's Ashkalon, Solomon's Meggido, Mount Gilboa, Capernaum. One place, deep in the Negev, is only dimly known, but it is the Hastings and the Alamo, rolled up in one, of a nation that must go back almost two thousand years, beyond its recent war of independence, for past military glories. It is the ancient Herodian fortress of Masada, scene of one of the great mass suicides of history.

We started for Masada from Jerusalem on an unseasonably cold, wet morning in April. Six of us rode in a Land Rover, the more commodious British version of our jeep, as advance party for two trucks carrying thirty-four archaeology students of the Hebrew University. We met the trucks on the outskirts of the city and started the dizzy descent down the Judean hills. The distant Mesopotamian light defined the eroded hills in soft, gray shapes, but the valley below remained hidden in the mist. The vehicles plunged down and around until we hit the coastal plain.

After a few miles on the main road to Tel Aviv, we turned and sped south toward Faluja, Beersheba, and the desert. The morning sun struck at us from over the bare Jordan hills. As we came into Beersheba, Bedouins, the men in their fringed *kafir* headdress and the women in the black *purdah* that covered their faces, were already gathered on the dusty streets, driving sheep and goats. This was Thursday, the day before the Moslem holy day, and they had come to market as they had been coming for centuries. This desert city had become a boom-town under the new state. We stopped to eat our first ration of cheese, bread, and green peppers, and to briefly inspect the new movie theater and housing developments. Nothing of this newness, however, could dispel the awe of the name: Beersheba, where Abraham lived, the gateway to the Negev, the Biblical Wilderness.

Beyond the city there was only a desolation of eroded hills and gullies through which we rode for hours until we reached a military check-point at Kurnub—a lone tent from which a young, mustached soldier emerged to check our firearms and chat a few minutes with his old friend Menashke, our guide. We commiserated with him on the isolation of his post, and rode off in a chorus of *shaloms*. Soon we reached the great rift valley, part of which is filled by the Dead Sea. This gash across the face of the Middle East extends from Africa to Lebanon and is one of the most spectacular sights in the world.

We left the trucks and climbed to Ras al Zuerah, a lookout point commanding the desert we had traveled through and a mag-

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IN A remote Dead Sea area, not far from the Qumran caves where the oldest known Biblical scrolls were recently discovered, stands the mountain of Masada, itself an ancient and great memorial of the Jewish people, which has lately become a goal of pilgrimages motivated by archaeological interest and national ardor. Here MARK SUFRIN and JANE POWELL describe a journey to the mountain by a group of students. Mr. Sufrin, who was born in New York City, has his master's degree in sociology from Columbia; he was assistant director on *Deadline for Danny*, a movie made in Israel, and has written a documentary film about the Bowery, which he is at present helping to direct. Miss Powell, who is twenty-four, and a graduate of Skidmore, studied archaeology at the Hebrew University; she is now working for her doctorate at Columbia.

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nificent view eastward to Jordan. With binoculars we examined the eroded eastern side of the canyon and the palm tree oasis jutting out into the poisonous Dead Sea. We were to descend and make directly for the spring at Um Bari near its shore, a seven hours' walk. The trucks and the Land Rover were to take a roundabout route to Sodom, to pick us up there and carry us some miles farther to the foot of Masada.

To our surprise we arrived at Um Bari before the vehicles. The thought of the recent Scorpion Pass massacre unsettled us, and there was talk of sending back a party to look for the three drivers. Just then we heard the grinding gears of the trucks as they mounted the small rise where we stood. They had been delayed by a more implacable enemy than desert marauders: a road had been washed into the Dead Sea by the winter rains. We drove the short distance to Masada, and on the way it was decided that the first part of the ascent would be made in the early morning hours. We made camp on the sandy beach at the foot of the truncated mountain, sang and danced and drank the heady Turkish coffee that Menashke brewed.

THE wind was rising and we took to the sheltering dunes for an hour's sleep. The lightning that had flashed intermittently all the late afternoon as we tramped, outlining the nearby hills in steel-colored coruscations, came more blinding and faster. Sleep was impossible, and as we lay half-drowsing, a sudden great gust of wind tore our blankets away and a terrifying explosion ripped the valley. Our first thought was: "Arabs!" We raced to the trucks for our weapons. In a few seconds a spatter of rain made us realize that it was only thunder. Nevertheless we gripped our rifles hard. One of the boys laughed, shouted something in Hebrew, pointed his Skoda pistol into the night air, and shot off a few rounds. We all joined in, and the staccato calmed us.

In only minutes, a strange figure approached. He was wearing a great khaki-colored overcoat, with Zouave-like pants flowing out from under his coat into short boots, and on his head an enormous knitted hood that hung down almost to his waist. He was a Druze soldier on patrol, member of a strange mountain people, neither Jew nor Moslem, that sided with Israel in the war with the Arabs. When he satisfied himself that we were just a group of nervous students bound for Masada, he smiled and ran back into the desert night. We huddled for a short while in the covered trucks, and then as the rain slackened, Menashke shouted that if we were to start at all, now was the time. Dawn was a few hours off, and we had a long climb ahead of us before the sun reached its height. We checked our equipment, swallowed a weak mixture of tea and brandy, and moved out in single file.

WHEN you first see the bulk of Masada close up you can only doubt the possibility of climbing it. The Roman legionnaire climbing this same path, though fortified by the sounds of marching comrades and clanging armor and great battering machines, must have felt the same apprehension. Masada is a monstrous cone, but with its sides rising almost perpendicularly for hundreds of feet. History, however, records that both Jewish and Roman troops scaled Masada. The fortress itself was on a broad plateau at the summit. A Roman garrison was slaughtered here by the *Sicarii* ("Dagger Men"), as the Zealot extremists were called by the Romans. Six years later the Romans themselves laid siege to a band of *Sicarii* entrenched on the summit. The struggle that ensued was to be the last act of military resistance carried out by the Jewish people as a sovereign nation for almost two thousand years.

Avoiding the steeply winding eastern approach, which Flavius Joseph called the "Serpent," we circled past the ruins of the Roman camp at the base of the mountain and the wall built there to prevent the besieged from escaping, and started up the western slope, picking our way up a path well worn over the last twenty years by young adventurers hungry for the thrill of gaining the fortress and studying the archaeo-

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logical remains clustered near its top.

Most of us were new to mountain climbing. Our ascent was slow and grinding, but it was steady, and at daybreak we reached a broad rock some four hundred fifty feet from the top. This was the famous White Promontory where Silva, the Roman general, directed his men to build great banks of earth and stone that rose to within nearly seventy-five feet of the summit. From these banks, in turn, the Romans raised ninety-foot towers on which they mounted machines for hurling fire darts and stones. These had been devised by Vespasian, and had continued to be used by his son Titus, in their war with the Jews.

We posted guards, kindled a small fire, and took a short rest to prepare for the difficult and dangerous final push. We smoked and sipped the tea and brandy. The shadow caused by the light on the other side of the mountain set off the fortress in forbidding silhouette. We could see its silent ruins a few hundred feet above. We sat in the very rubble of the Roman earthworks and the fallen remnants of the wall that Herod had built at the summit. A good deal of the stone had toppled down the nearly vertical slopes on the three other sides of the mountain to come to rest on the floor of the Dead Sea itself.

The priest Jonathan had built the original Masada (*masada* means fortress). Later, in 42 B.C.E., Herod had fled here when Jerusalem fell to the Parthians, and built a wall encircling the plateau eighteen feet high, twelve feet thick, and approximately a mile in circumference. Thirty-eight towers, each approximately seventy-five feet high, had bristled from it. A palace was built within the wall, a temple, and storage buildings. Arms and provisions for ten thousand men were laid in, and there was even a reservoir system of great cisterns to catch rain water. More than a century later, in 70 C.E., another retreat from Jerusalem took place, when Titus conquered it. This time it was the Zealots who sought refuge here.

We roped ourselves together now, and a party went ahead to see if the winter rains or rockfalls had made the way too treacherous. A shout let us know that it was safe up ahead and we began to climb up again. The sun rose with the astonishing speed and intensity it seems to have in desert country. To the left the earth fell away sheer. We could see, hazily, great corrugated clefts, yellow canyon walls, and a void all the way down to the rift floor. Below and to the right was the broad rock on which we had rested. Now it looked small and unfamiliar under the sunlight. What little confidence we had gained in the early climb had rapidly dissipated. Only Menashke and a few others had had any experience here. We slid and grabbed, the rope torturing our hands and cutting deep welts across our bodies. We groped blindly over every foot of surface above us before advancing, and once we had to rappel in a wide swinging arc to cross a space where there was nothing to clutch but smooth wall. We followed the guide's admonition to look up, always to look up. We climbed steadily from ledge to ledge, scraping skin, banging shins. First the rope would slacken, then become taut, and we would feel the delicious strength of half-a-dozen others hauling us along the abrasive rock. We taunted each other, and shouted directions and confidence to the stragglers. Then came the joy of seeing our companions silhouetted against the bare sky, beckoning and smiling, and shortly the rest of us were pulled onto the plateau floor.

While climbing we had been in the shade, but now we were standing on Masada, and the April sun bleached everything within sight a violent yellow-white. The heat was extreme even that high up: in the Dead Sea region the temperature often rises to 140 degrees. It seemed incredible that a band of nine hundred sixty men, women, and children could have held out here as long as they did against the Romans. Yet we know that when the Romans finally breached the wall they found great quantities of oil, corn, wine, dates, and other food. To the south, wide fields attested to agriculture. For water there had been the great cisterns

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of Herod hollowed out in the solid rock. As we walked about we could see that the plateau was honeycombed with them. Playing out our rope, we found their depth to be about twenty-five to thirty feet. They had been sunk deep into the solid rock.

The remains of the temple were on the highest point of the plateau, a shapeless pile of white rock. The temple had stood on the brink of a sheer cliff, and directly below, on the floor of the valley, you could see the white rubble hurtled down by two thousand years of weather and decay. Along the eastern edge of the plateau were the remains of the palace, with five-foot walls still standing in square patterns. In the dust near the buildings we found potsherds, coins, and pieces of beautifully tinted vases. The general outlines of the towers and storage buildings could still plainly be seen.

Masada, however, was more than this—more than a thrilling climb and an archaeological curiosity. In this vast burial ground nine hundred sixty of the *Sicarii* had committed suicide to escape Roman slavery. Uncompromising and fierce, they faced their hopeless situation with the same fanatical spirit that had brought them the names of Zealots and *Sicarii*, with the same violence that had led them to kill fellow Jews who had gone over to the Romans. As the walls of their fortress crumbled and the Romans stood ready with their battering machines, their leader, Eleazar ben Jair, had exhorted them to die rather than surrender. A small group of women and children hid and survived. According to Flavius Joseph, the Jewish priest, general, and historian, the women reported Eleazar's words: "Since we long ago resolved never to be servants to the Romans, or to any other than God himself, let us now put that resolution into practice. . . . We are the very first that revolted from them, and we are the last to fight against them. . . . It is very plain that we will be taken within a day's time. . . . We were born to die . . . death before slavery."

The fortress was considered impregnable and a strong wind had whipped the flames of the fires set by the Romans back upon them, but the Zealots saw the wind shift again and the flames turn back toward themselves, and they knew that the fortress would fall. Eleazar took this change in the wind to be God's sign that the situation was hopeless. Thereupon at his direction the Jews made a great gesture of contempt. They set fire to everything that could be of use to the Romans, their possessions, their arms, and the wooden superstructure of the fortress itself, everything but their provisions, which were still ample. The enemy was thus to know that they had chosen their doom freely, not out of a "want of necessities." Then each of the men killed his wife and children, ten men killed the rest of the men, and one of the ten the other nine and then himself.

The next morning, when the Romans made their last assault on Masada, there was no enemy to engage, only the high terrible loneliness of the wind and sky and the crackle of a dying fire.

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

SCHAINE OF THE MOUNTAINS

The Gentle Giantess of the Kochalein

JACK LURIA

SUMMERS blazed hot and endless when I was a boy on the East Side of New York during the early 20's. Day and night the clamor of the steaming streets reached in through the wide open windows until there was no place to go, no place to hide. My widowed mother, who vowed every year that she would never go to the country again, would break down the last week in July. She would thumb through her Hebrew calendar and sigh, "Blessed be the Name, the month of Tammuz we've dragged ourselves through alive, but for the weeks left yet until Rosh Hashonah I have no strength."

She would start packing, groaning all the while, "Who knows how it's better to die—by going to the country or choking in the city?" A dozen times, as the bulging sacks and cartons piled up, she changed her mind. My two sisters and I, to whom going to the *kochalein* meant a new life, hardly dared to breathe. Not until we were on board the Hudson Day Line boat bound for Kingston Point could we be sure that God had once more been good to us.

These were our happiest moments: all around us were the beauty of the rolling hills and the magnificence of the boat. We spread ourselves over camp stools on the very top deck (the windiest), ate hard-boiled eggs and rolls, and kissed Mama in gratitude. We tiptoed into the carpeted salon where on a sunken bandstand four elderly Germans with Hindenburg mustaches were playing Strauss waltzes. How grandly the dignified white-haired ladies sat in their wicker chairs and listened! Here if Mama opened her mouth to speak a Yiddish word, we shushed her scornfully into silence. We felt luckier than a human being had the right to be.

THERE was always a moment of uneasiness when Schaine's husband, Yankel, met us at the railroad station with his horse and buggy. "And where do you think we'll find enough room for another cockroach?" he asked my mother. But soon Mama and Yankel were hard at work over the problem of getting both us and our supply column onto his buggy, and we children fell to kissing the horse.

Yankel was a small, thin old man who seemed to belong to his horse, Yushke. Always Yankel had a rich horsey smell about him and fascinated us by calmly rolling cigarettes with one hand while with the other he guided the horse's reins. He scorned American mothers for ruining their children by withholding the strap. Hence his ruddy face scowled easily at children, except when he sat behind Yushke. Then nothing disturbed his calm but a fit of independence in the horse, who had a habit at times of going where he, not Yankel, wished to go. The old man was naturally

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HARRY GERSH's widely remembered portrait of the *kochalein* as an institution appeared in these pages four years ago. We return to the scene for this story, in quite a different vein, by the fiction-writer JACK LURIA. Mr. Luria is a teacher of English at Evander Childs High School in the Bronx. He was born on the Lower East Side of New York City in 1914, and graduated from the College of the City of New York.

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somewhat hard of hearing. But when he finally got us all onto the buggy and started giddyapping the horse home, it was wonderful to see how he sank into a web of blissful, absolute deafness.

On that first buggy ride from the village we used to point out all the landmarks—the bee farm, the plum tree orchard, the general store where we went for ice cream, the cornfield from which we were chased by dogs, the path to the cattail swamp. But we would always say to one another, "I don't remember what Schaine's farm looks like. Do you?" And then the horse turned into the dilapidated yard and we jumped gleefully from the buggy and took in the familiar things again—the crumbling weather-beaten barn, the rambling gray house with the green shingles, the old pump with the littlest children dredging the mud from the "river" which flooded over from the wooden trough. Just like last year and the year before that!

But here came Schaine Shamroyevsky, mistress of our country haven. She was a mountain of a woman, as big as Yankel was small. Her embraces were bear hugs, and her kisses overflowed with warm affection. Since we had come in the middle of the season into a full house, Schaine and Yankel would have to sleep in the hayloft in the barn; we would have their own tiny room next to the kitchen. But to make my mother, whom she loved with a true mother's love, welcome, Schaine would have given up her share in the world to come.

Schaine's farm was a *kochalein*, which means literally "cook for yourself." Vacationing at Schaine's was inexpensive, but one needed strength to survive the bargain. For about sixty dollars for the season, which could last from Memorial Day to Chanukah if one wished, each family had a sleeping room, cooking and food storage privileges in a communal kitchen with half a dozen wood stoves, and daily delivery of groceries from the village. Milk Schaine supplied from her tiny herd of cows; tomatoes, cucumbers, and string beans came from her garden. Into a house with ten rooms came close to fifteen families; doubling was permitted and some rooms had four beds.

The roomers came from dingy tenement houses on the East Side and Williamsburg, and Schaine's resort made them summer equals of millionaires with country homes. The trees, the sun, the air were the same. And if sometimes life became bitter with quarrels over children or which half-empty bottle of milk in the icebox belonged to whom, we could always escape to the sweet quiet of the meadows and the piney fragrance of the woods. When we returned finally, as we perforce had to, usually the storm had passed—who could make peace between angry pullers of hair like Schaine?

QUARRELS in Schaine's kitchen were as inevitable as *gefilte fish* on Friday night. The kitchen was the nerve center. Here the fifteen women converged and battled for survival three times a day. "If you have cooked a summer in Schaine's kitchen," my mother used to say, "you need not fear the tortures of *Gehennom* in the world to come."

"There must be a system," Mamie Yarmolow used to say about the kitchen. Schaine herself believed in God, good will, and laissez-faire. Yet she was willing to try Mamie's systems although no system ever worked longer than a day or two. There were just too many women for the number of stoves.

Mamie's favorite was the three-shift plan—early cookers, middle cookers, and late cookers, and everyone rotating from week to week. All this was fine in theory, but what could you do if the children's stomachs didn't know of systems and clamored for food? And what if an early cooker didn't come on time—you were to let the stove go idle? Or go even up the score between a slow pot-roaster and a quick broiler of steaks. Mamie tried picking numbers, pulling straws, tossing coins. She tried queue formations with special priorities for women with infants under a year, or visiting husbands. In the end the law of the subway ruled—rush and grab. If you were polite, you stood and waited.

To us children the kitchen was strictly off limits. "We don't have trouble enough—we need children under our feet yet!" cried the women. And because it was a place forbidden, it had an almost exotic appeal. Always the fragrance of burning pine and hemlock hung about it and mingled with a hundred other smells that lay over the harassed women like comforting balm. Even on weekdays the prosaic odors of *borsht* and meat-

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balls rolled in sweet and sour cabbage drew me. But on Fridays what cheer there was in the music of a bevy of women chopping their *gefilte fish* all at once! What a wonderful mishmash of smells: there were cinnamon and butter buns and huckleberry and raspberry pies baking—and apple sauce and stuffed derma and *tsimmes* (shredded carrots cooked in fat and sugar). But thrusting aside these paler odors there would come forth the compelling aroma of the *Shabbos tcholent*—meat and potatoes and fat simmering on a slow fire for hours and hours and gathering strength and grace with each passing moment! Blessed those who only even smelled—thrice blessed the tasters!

SCHAINE, the impartial umpire, the dispenser of even-handed justice, was never far away when the cooking was at its height. She hovered anxiously about—a mother hen watching over her chicks. Without her the place would have exploded through the sheer inflammability of so many people thrown so close together. If a quarrel arose, she would repeat the Yiddish proverb, "If two quarrel, both are at fault." She sought to convince both opponents that they were innocent of ill will, that the angels were weeping to see such saintly women guilty of the terrible sin of anger. "Because Moses became angry at a rock—a rock, not a human being, God forbid—he lost the privilege of entering the Promised Land." In the end both saintly women were ready to kiss Schaine, if not each other. Peace of a fashion had been restored.

A broad smile would crinkle Schaine's leathery brown cheeks and her eyes would shine like ripe blackberries. With her funny snub nose and round *sheitel*, from beneath which her own gray hair strayed mouselike, I would imagine her a giantess—a good giantess who lived deep in the forest and helped save lost children from the witches.

Despite her size, Schaine had something elfin in her. If a child took sick and the doctor's medicine didn't seem to help, she would talk away the evil eye. And the child would be out playing in a few days—as well as ever! She had all kinds of dried herbs in little cotton sacks, some of which she had brought from the old country. She never recommended her herbs unless the doctor's prescription had been tried and the illness lingered. There was one little boy who had the summer complaint for weeks. Schaine gave him a brew of dried thistles and saffron—and the summer complaint fled.

BUT if Schaine had magic at her command, it seemed to fail her when it came to her own family. This woman, who healed rifts not only among her roomers but between husbands and wives, who was ever on the alert for the *mitzvah* of bringing two people together in marriage, had little peace in her own family. It grieved her to see how her children were set one against the other—the successful merchant son against his poor brother, who was a leather worker, and the cynical daughter mocking them all. The two sons had even torn the family name in two: the rich one bore the name of "Shamroy" while the poor one, from spite, called himself "Royevsky."

As if poverty weren't enough, the poor son's wife had given birth to a feeble-minded son. All summer long the big, handsome boy with the mind of an infant wallowed in the dirt while Schaine's eyes teared every time she looked at him. Crowded beyond endurance as the place was, she still found room for him. "If God has looked unkindly at him," she used to say, "let *me* at least be merciful to him."

With her husband Schaine was far from gentle: all the turbulence of *kochalein* living and family grief which the woman absorbed in her great body she turned into bitter words for Yankel. She complained eternally about his laziness—to her he was always *Yankel der Foyler* (the lazy one). A man of normal strength would have had trouble keeping up with Schaine, but Yankel was not only small and thin but asthmatic. In the heat of the afternoon Schaine had to separate the milk from the cream, churn the butter, weed the garden, and clean the chicken coops. And where was Yankel? Usually snoring in the hayloft, dreaming of horses or, perhaps, his boyhood days when he sat at the table of a famous Hasidic *rebbe* in the Ukraine. Schaine never went to look for Yankel—I suspect her kind heart hated to separate the old man from his Hasidic rapture. She relieved her feelings by calling on all the powers of light and darkness to deal justly with her husband. At last, at the end of her power of speech, she summed up

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everything with one last blessing, a pun: "*Foyler* [lazy one] *du, ausfoylen* [rot away] *zolst du takeh!*"

IN THE late evening, after the cows had been milked (how I loved to go to the barn with a glass to be filled directly from the udder!) and the many wants of the roomers taken care of, Schaine and Yankel would finally sit down to supper. She would put one plate of soup on the table. Yankel would wash, say a blessing, and plead, "*Nu?*"

"For eating he's here—*der Foyler!*" Schaine would say with all the sarcasm she could command. She would take a spoonful, look at him once or twice, hesitate, then push the plate towards him, and they would both start eating from it at once.

"Why doesn't Schaine give Yankel his own plate to eat from?" I once asked my mother. "Is it because she's angry with him?"

"No, child," my mother answered. "It is because she really loves Yankel. It's from the old country yet. A man and his wife ate from one plate so everyone could see how happy they were with each other."

After he had eaten, Yankel would sit on the porch steps, roll a cigarette, and tell stories. Tired after the day's turmoil, the women huddled close together to hear. The old man peopled the night air with creatures from his childhood memories. He told of goldsmiths enslaved by she-devils, of holy men, of the secret Thirty-six who covered seven miles in one step, of the prophet Elijah disguised as a hunter wandering through the world in search of those who needed him. He told stories from the Midrash that made Moses and David and Solomon so alive they might have been *kochalein* husbands visiting on the weekend.

Schaine would come out finally and sit in the shadows to listen. I watched the old man's beard bobbing under the flickering light of the kerosene lamp until he himself looked like one of the spirits he told of. Caught in the storyteller's spell and fearful of the darkness and sounds outside the magic circle, I would lull myself asleep, until my mother shook me and cried, "To bed!" But the next morning there would be Schaine, scolding the old man as always.

THE stresses of life at Schaine's being what they were, we all needed a scapegoat. Schaine punished her scholar husband for the burdens which a strong man might have lifted from her shoulders. The roomers found a scapegoat, one summer, in Zelda Kammerman.

Zelda was an ugly duckling—except that she was the opposite of ugly. Among the work-worn, poverty-scarred women, her comeliness set her apart. Although a bit on the heavy side, she was tall and shapely and called attention to herself by rouging her cheeks and wearing beauty spots. While the other women wore full-sleeved, long-skirted dresses, her skirts were almost knee-length and her rounded arms bare. She wore her thick black hair conservatively in a pompadour, but the way her dark eyes sparkled and her laughter bubbled on weekends, when the menfolk came, set the women's teeth on edge.

By contrast with her, her two children were the most neglected and unkempt in the *kochalein*. Zelig, a boy of five, ran around so forlorn and hungry that the women were always wiping his nose and feeding him crusts of buttered rye bread which he devoured in comic haste, as if in fear that his benefactors would regret their kindness. The other child, Miriam, a thumb-sucking little girl of two, waddled about in a little shift but no pants. We children amused ourselves by following her around, stroking one forefinger with the other and crying "Shame!"

Zelda's troubles began the very first weekend. She borrowed a cigarette from a visiting husband and proceeded in most sophisticated style to smoke it. It was the worst thing she could have done: the Orthodox were shocked that Zelda had smoked on the Sabbath, while the non-religious saw it as the gesture of a loose woman. Thereafter when she came near, conversation stopped and eyes grew stony.

On her part Zelda seemed determined to have a good time if only to spite the rest. We could hear her singing "The Sheik of Araby" up in her room hour after hour. She had a strong Russian accent, but her voice was vibrant and melodious. Soon she began to frequent the neighboring hotels, often without her children. When she returned, the women were always ready with remarks which, while they were made behind her back, were loud enough for her to hear: "Look—Pola Negri is back. Already Valen-

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tino is tired of her. . . . Hang around at hotels she can. For washing out a pair of underpants for her child she has no hands. . . ." Usually, that would start her off on "The Sheik of Araby." Sometimes she would fall to kissing and hugging Zelig and Miriam in unwonted excess. Once in a while she would turn angry, defiant eyes towards her tormentors and stop their remarks in mid-air.

Yet Zelda was not entirely without friends. I was one of them. To my young mind it seemed the height of unfairness for so many to be banded against one. Then I worshipped her comeliness. To me she was as beautiful as a princess in a fairy tale, and I could hardly keep my eyes from her when she was around. She must have intuitively felt both my sympathy and my adoration, for she often smiled at me. Once she sighed coquettishly and said, "Why aren't you twenty years older, kiddo?" I remember how my cheeks burned. I ran away, wondering whether she was making fun of me yet hoping with all my might that she meant what she had said.

ZELDA'S other friend was, unexpectedly, Yankel, who usually took an interest only in the affairs of Yushke. Patriarch though he was, there was a gleam in Yankel's eye when Zelda went by that seemed to say, "Oh, if *I* were only twenty years younger!" Once she exclaimed, "A handsome Jew like you goes around with a ragged beard? Let me fix it!" He sat obediently on a pile of feed sacks while she trimmed his beard with comb and scissors and his face glistened like the hackles of a full-blooded rooster cocking an eye at his hens.

Schaine came by and scowled, "Look at my Talmud sage! A thousand ways he finds to fritter away the time of day!"

"Whenever you no longer want a fine man like Yankel, I'll take him off your hands and thank you," laughed Zelda. Schaine went on her way, looking cross. But thereafter Yankel allowed no evil word to be spoken against the young woman in his presence.

The roomers respected the old man, and they grew less harsh toward Zelda. Then something happened which made them seethe again. One evening during the supper rush, a crimson Ford drove up. Immediately we children gathered round. A man in a cream-colored flannel suit and a stiff straw hat stepped out, opened the other door of the car, and into it stepped Zelda! Our eyes popped as they drove off in a cloud of gasoline fumes.

No one had any relish for supper that night: the women were too full of self-righteousness which now came flooding out so fiercely that neither Schaine nor Yankel could dam it up.

"It's a sin even to be under the same roof with her," said one woman.

"The children," chimed a second.

"Women, because of such as her we must all the time watch our husbands!" darkly croaked a third, a skinny, hatchet-faced hag whom we had ironically nicknamed "Sarah Bernhardt."

Before the *kochalein* Zelda now stood condemned. When she slipped out and left her children underfoot to fall into washtubs and track muck over people's rooms, there was no longer any question what she was up to. Zelda had told Schaine that her visitor in the Ford car was her distant cousin and had come to take her to a vaudeville show in a nearby hotel. "Who are we to set ourselves up in the place of God to judge her?" Schaine said. But feelings of outrage mounted, even though Zelda was no longer proud and defiant, but slunk about almost animal-like, avoiding everyone's eyes.

One morning all the festering ill feeling toward Zelda burst forth like a torrent. Some milk which Zelda was heating on the stove boiled over and bespattered the pot of one Mrs. Bezdin, who happened to be stewing lamb. Mrs. Bezdin's face flamed with fury and her tight-fitting wig, the mark of her extreme Orthodoxy, pushed up to the top of her head.

"You God-accursed *apikores!* You filth!" she shouted. "You spend your nights in adultery and your days destroying our ancient ways! How long will God let you foul the earth you walk on?"

"I'll make up for the damage! I'll pay for the pot, I'll pay for the meat! Only spare me your spiteful tongue!" Zelda pleaded, shamefaced and trembling with fear of the aroused zealot.

"Pay for the pot and the meat!" cried Mrs. Bezdin. "How can you pay for the corruption which you visit on us and our children?"

"It's the evil within you, not what I do

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that inflames you," Zelda retorted and ran from the kitchen.

IT WAS too hot in the barn that afternoon and Yankel slouched on a bench under an apple tree and studied aloud from a large brown leather volume of the Talmud. Though I understood none of the strange Aramaic words, I lay on the grass nearby and listened lazily to the pleasant singsong.

I was surprised to see Zelda, pale and red-eyed, come and sit beside Yankel. "You are a learned and pious man," she said to him. "Tell me, does our religion teach us to be cruel to people? Is it just that they abuse me?"

Yankel looked at her over his spectacles. "I am no rabbi," he said gravely. "But it is written that the sin of hatefulness is worse than profaning the Sabbath or—God forbid—eating forbidden food. If we repent on Yom Kippur, sins against God are forgiven. But to atone for sins against our fellow men, we must make good the harm we have done."

"Then they are wrong?" asked Zelda.

"Without question. Our religion teaches the duty of pity above all."

"Oh, you speak exactly like my sainted father!" exclaimed Zelda, breaking into sobs. Then impulsively she threw her arms around the old man and kissed him on the cheek. Red-faced, Yankel replaced his skullcap, which had fallen to the ground. Moving away a space on the bench, he patted her shoulder as a father would.

For the rest of the afternoon there was new excitement. The way the roomers buzzed about Zelda's gesture towards the frail old man, one would have thought him a dashing young lover. Zelda embodied lust and wantonness to them, and if she had knelt reverently to wash the feet of a saint they would have seen evil there.

THAT evening Yankel told us a story by Sholom Aleichem called "The Song of Songs." It was about a boy who tenderly loved a beautiful girl, but could not bring himself to tell her of his love. Until the very last we all hoped desperately that all would turn out well, but the boy came to woo his beloved too late. Broken-hearted, he repeated "Amen" to the marriage blessing as she became the wife of another man.

As the story ended, some of the women wept. But Schaine, usually an appreciative listener, now broke the gloom strangely. "To tell a foolish story like that! What a waste of time!" she cried. "You couldn't tell us a story from the Talmud? *That* would have lifted us up."

It was hard for me to fall asleep that night, for the boxlike room still held on to the heat of the day. As I lay tossing on the sagging old bed, light suddenly poured through the spaces around the ill-fitting door which led from our room to the kitchen. I heard Schaine dictating a letter for my mother to write. I grew tense, for I realized that the letter was about Zelda. Although I half understood what was going on, in my eyes she had not fallen. Even now I would have taken sides with her against the world.

I caught fragments of the letter: "Your wife and children miss you so much. . . . Your duty as a husband and father . . . as soon as possible. . . ." I tossed on the bed until the light went out and I managed to escape from the lonely dark into sleep.

ZELDA'S husband came on Saturday. Dark and silent, he carried a weariness about him which seemed strange for a man still in his twenties. Schaine explained that he was worked out by his job in a kosher sausage factory. The other women said that Zelda had worked him out. All that day he followed his two children about with an expression that said, "You were lonely, so here I am." In the evening he drew Schaine into a corner of the kitchen.

"My wife and I haven't talked to each other for many months," he said. He sat hunched on a bench, his eyes searching the floor. "And yet in your letter you said she was missing me. Is this the truth?"

"Is there something I could gain by a lie?" answered Schaine slyly.

"Then why doesn't she appreciate all I do for her?" he asked. "Always I work overtime. Never am I home before nine o'clock."

"For whom do you work so hard?" Schaine asked softly.

"For her—for the children. To save enough to buy a house in Brownsville, so they will have some comfort. Not be shut up like in a prison cell where you freeze in winter and choke in summer."

"Good!" said Schaine. "But how will it be if you buy your house and find that you

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have lost your wife? Will you have a home?"

"But I want life should be pleasant for her. It is for her I am slaving. What shall I do?" he said.

"Zelda is a beautiful woman and a good woman," said Schaine. "But in your eagerness to earn an extra dollar you have left her starved and lonely. Believe me, she needs your love more than a house in Brownsville. Or even Flatbush."

And all at once, Schaine told my mother, he left the table, his shoulders erect and new fire in his eyes.

Early the next morning I saw Zelda and her husband walking with their arms about each other under the maple trees while their children dragged along behind them. I told myself that I was happy for Zelda, and yet a strange feeling of loss stayed with me all that day.

THE Kammerman family packed to go home on the following day. When morning came, Yankel piled their luggage on the back of the buggy, pocketed a fistful of the roomers' orders, and made ready to harness Yushke the horse. But for some reason buried within his silent self, Yushke refused to submit to the harness. Dispirited and bedraggled, he remained plopped down on his knees, and neither with sugar nor the whip would he be stirred. Without Yushke we were cut off from the civilized world—by almost two interminable miles.

I remember how the scene unfolded: in none of the books Yankel had ever read was there advice on such a matter, and so he starts scratching his beard. *"Nu, Foyler,"* says Schaine. "You're a Talmud sage. Work a miracle and bring the horse to life."

"So how are we to get to the train?" asks Zelda's husband.

Meanwhile come the roomers shouting for their orders: "My poor sick child must have a piece of meat! . . . In a prison even they give you bread. . . . For this I had to leave Stanton Street. There I have a grocery downstairs. . . ."

"Maybe you can talk to the horse," Schaine says to the roomers. Her snub nose wrinkles in thought and she looks at Zelda. Suddenly she spits on her hands, grabs hold of the buggy shafts and tugs at them as if she were testing her strength. She looks crestfallen and starts to walk away. She glances at the young woman again, and it is hard to read her expression. But in a moment she has turned back, taken a mighty hold on the shafts again, and with a heave worthy of Samson rolled the buggy out of the yard and into the road.

"Stop worrying! You'll make your train and you'll have your groceries!" she cries triumphantly. Zelda turns her head to look at the roomers who stand gawking behind the picket fence. Her gaze is stony. Then, with little Miriam in her arms and her husband and son at her side, she follows the buggy.

Just past the yard, there is a huge rocky bump on the road and we can hear from the grinding of the buggy wheels that Schaine is having trouble getting the buggy over the rock. Suddenly all the children in the yard shout hooray and start after Schaine. Some of us push and others hang on, so how helpful can we be? But we wrestle the buggy over the bump and onto flat road. At one spot there is a hill where the buggy starts to run away and we pull all our weight to help Schaine hold it back. As we follow Schaine through the village we chant at the top of our voices:

"Hip! Hip! The Kaiser's got the grippe!
Why? Why? Because he's gonna die!
When? When? Half past ten!
Where? Where? On the 'lectric chair!"

We wait with Zelda at the station. As the train puffs in, she embraces Schaine and cries. She looks from the train window and I move closer, hoping that she will smile at me. Alas, she seems already to have forgotten me. Choked with the smell of coal gas and the fine spray of cinders, we wave the train off and get on with our other job.

A dozen dirty little hands help load the buggy with bread and meat and sacks of oranges and bushels of bananas. We start our victory march back home to the tune of (fine irony!) "Yes, We Have No Bananas." Summer people and farmers alike run out to the roadway to look, and a car stops and the driver honks his horn to encourage us. Schaine is breathing in gasps and her dress is soaked with sweat, but we are so proud we could burst.

Schaine was as good as her word: the sick child had his lamb chop, everyone enjoyed fresh pumpernickel and rye, and the woman

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who lived over the grocery store said, "If we had Schaine on Stanton Street, what would we do with so many groceries?"

When all the roomers had been pacified, Schaine looked around. "Now where is Yushke?" she cried. He had disappeared. When she found him at last, he was frisking like a colt on the other side of the road. He seemed the image of healthy horseflesh.

With Zelda gone, the *kochalein* soon returned to a kind of exhausted normalcy. The passions she had aroused spent themselves and left the roomers sorry and ashamed. Schaine, everyone remarked, began speaking to Yankel with new-found respect, even though we still stumbled over his shoes in the barn in the afternoon. In fact, she treated him almost as kindly as a roomer.

That year was the last we ever passed a summer at the *kochalein*. My sisters were already grown and my mother began sending me to a settlement camp. From time to time she wrote to the old couple, but then came a time when no answers came to the letters. We heard that Schaine and Yankel had become enfeebled and given up the *kochalein,* and at last that both of them had died within a few months of each other.

Yankel, with his scholar's sense that all was vanity, may have gone peacefully, but Schaine must have given the Angel of Death a battle. She was not one to accept, even from The Unconquerable.

Gathered though she has been to her fathers, I can't believe she is resting. There is always work to be done. Likely she is hovering anxiously about, mending rifts among angels with frayed tempers. And when the Celestial Horses are indisposed, she puts her arms to a chariot and pulls.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

JEWISH TANGIER AND AVIGNON: 19TH CENTURY

A Dutch Jewish Painter's Impressions

JOZEF ISRAELS

JOZEF ISRAELS, the famous Dutch Jewish artist (born in Groningen, 1824; died at The Hague, 1911), was known to his friends for his personal qualities of humility and compassion. These traits, evident in his paintings, are also present in his writings, which he began when he was already an old man, and which include an essay on Rembrandt and one on Goethe as a draftsman. His full-length travel book, *Spanje*, published in 1899, describes a lengthy trip he took (when he was in his seventies) through Spain, Northern Morocco, and Southern France, in the company of his son Isaac, himself a painter of merit, and Frans Erens, a young man of letters. Israels studied for the rabbinate in his youth, which accounts for his knowledge of Hebrew.

Israels visited cathedrals, mosques, palaces, and slums; he even attended a bull fight. By now there were not many Jews in Spain, but at every turn the traveler found vestiges of their Golden Age on the Iberian peninsula. In the cathedral of Valencia he made his son help a little acolyte lift a heavy brass-bound book and move an enormous copper holy-water basin, and recalling this episode, he commented: "In this way a son of the Chosen People helped to set the Catholic Church in order; and as I watched these two lads, I thought how absurd it was that people should be so hostile towards each other over the service of a Being of whom we mortals know so little."

An English translation of the book by Alexander de Texeira de Mattos, with illustrations by the author, was published in London in 1900. The excerpts below are taken from two chapters of this translation: "An African Landscape" and "Departure from Spain." The first, on Morocco, is headed by a fine impressionist pencil sketch of a Hebrew scribe whom Israels met in Tangier, and it was this sketch that served as a memo for the celebrated oil now in the Museum of Modern Art at the Hague. The second excerpt takes us to the old section of Avignon, in Southern France.

—ALFRED WERNER

Scribe of Tangier

. . . MY CURIOSITY was ever aroused to know what the dwellings here, those great, square stone blocks, looked like inside. I was always told that it was dangerous, that there was nothing to see, and that, if there were, knowing the strange manners of the inhabitants, I could not get to see anything. One morning I was walking by myself, armed with my stick, to keep my balance on the slippery and uneven streets, when I saw a porch or gate-way, within which a woman was engaged in drawing water from a well. I waited a moment, and when she was gone I entered and saw a high, dark space, in which stood a great stone well, just as we see it represented in pictures of Rachel and Leah. High above the well was a wheel, from which hung ropes and an iron hook; all looked old and weather-beaten, but it seems that such things are able to enjoy a particularly long life in these regions. I looked around me, and perceived, in a dark corner, a stone staircase, obviously leading to the apartments of the inhabitants of this sombre dwelling. Instinctively my curiosity drove me up these stairs. It was exceedingly dark, but when I had climbed a little above the well, the steps were faintly lighted from a small opening, apparently in the roof. I heard something come shuffling downstairs, but could not see what it was,

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owing to the spiral form of the staircase; as I mounted, however, I met a female figure descending—a tall slender woman, carrying a large pitcher.

When she caught sight of me, she turned her face to the wall, quickly pulled the veil hanging from her head over her eyes, and hurried down the stairs and out of the gate. It was just as though a vision had suddenly passed by me in that dark environment. I climbed still higher, until I reached the top of the stair, where I saw a curtain which moved to and fro; through its center opening involuntarily I was able to see and to be seen. I stood there and dared not go further, not knowing what might befall me if I entered; but as I stood hesitating I heard, with great emotion, a voice cry, *"Ma mewakschego?"* in Hebrew, which I understand: it was a deep man's voice asking:

"What do you seek here?"

Thereupon I entered, and said in my turn:

"Salom adonai salom allichem. Onoughi. Jehudi me eerets Hollande." [*Shalom adoni, shalom aleichem. Anochi Yehudi me'eretz Hollande:* Greetings, sir, peace be with you. I am a Jew from Holland.]

"Eerets Hollande," said the man. "Where is that? what does that mean?"

I endeavoured as best I could, for I am not at all strong in Hebrew, to enlighten the man. . . . But I must tell you what I saw and what manner of man it was. I had entered a dark room, lighted by a narrow, oblong, horizontal little window, by which I mean a cut-out aperture, which was closed at night or in bad weather with a shutter. The light cut sharply through this square and outlined itself upon the stone floor. Pushed close to this aperture stood a long work-table supported by trestles, and over it lay a great roll of parchment, which covered nearly the whole width of the table, and hung down below. Behind the table sat the Jewish scribe, leaning forwards with his arms upon the parchment, and turned his majestic head where I stood. The head seemed much too large for the body, which was obscured by the shadow behind and beneath the low table. It was a splendid head, with a fine, transparent pallor like alabaster, and wrinkles large and small ran around the small eyes and the great hooked nose. A little black cap covered the white skull, and a long yellowish-white beard lay spread in great flakes over the parchment document. He sat in a sort of arm-chair without a back, and a pair of crutches lay slanting from the chair down to the ground. How gladly I would have produced my sketch-book, and drawn that noble head with the beard, which formed one whiteness with the parchment and the light from the window, contained amid the gloom of this sombre apartment; but I lacked the courage in face of the scribe's fixed glance. He proudly displayed to me the beauty of his manuscript, the excellence of the capital letters, and the evenness of the whole, all written without ruled lines. He took up his great goose-quill in a grand manner, dipped it into the black bottle that stood beside him, and showed me how he wrote. After I had assured him of my admiration, he asked me to hand him his crutches, and limped with me to the open, flat roof, which was on the same level as his room. Here lay mats, upon which he lowered himself and requested me to be seated. Together we enjoyed the panorama of Tangier, which lay spread out below us, with the hills and the sea in the distance. As I sat with this strange land before my eyes, next to this long-bearded old man, reclining upon the mats of this flat roof in Morocco, I had a feeling as though I were living in a world of which I had dreamt. When I rose to depart, the old man laid his hands upon my head, and with a *"Jewore-checho adonai wejismerecho"* [the Lord bless and protect you] we took our leave of one another.

Place Jerusalem, Avignon

THE town contains a district which may be called the business part: here the markets are held and the exchange. But here again you have a large Monastery of Saint Eutropius, and a little further a Convent of the Blessed Sacrament, a Pius Square, a Chapel of the White Penitents, a monastery dedicated to Saint Francis of Assisi. And amid all this we came to a little square called the Place Jérusalem.

I saw a small low building, decorated with a Hebrew inscription: that was the synagogue. Here too, I thought, they have found a refuge, my heavily-tried kinsmen; among all these institutions of the Gentiles live members of the Chosen People. The place appeared to contain many Jews; I know their gestures and movements and their unmistak-

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able features. But one of them, too, seemed to recognize in me a brother; at least he came up to me and asked if I was not one of them, and where I came from. He saw that we were strangers. Perhaps he thought we needed the assistance of the community, for our clothes looked none too new. He compassionately offered to take me to the president of his congregation. I answered that he was not mistaken, but that for the present I was not in need of aid. I looked at him earnestly, and it was clear to me that he was a Russian Jew; his coarse, brown beard hung over a well-worn sort of gaberdine, and his bent head, with its deep wrinkles, was covered with a fur cap.

"How do you come here?" I asked. "You are not a Frenchman."

"The Lord, His Name be praised," he replied, "has driven me far from my home. I was a well-to-do manufacturer at—" (he mentioned the name of a place in Russia which I have forgotten), "but I lost my all in a fire. I found myself thrown on the streets with my wife and five children, and nothing besides the clothes on our backs; and though my neighbours helped me in every way, the Government will not permit a Jew to be poor. I was driven from place to place, I wandered and begged of our brothers, and as I am a tanner by trade, I at last found work here. There are many factories here, and the French are . . . kind to people in distress."

I asked if he felt at home here and was able to live according to his liking.

"Ah, that I should be so great a sinner!" he answered plaintively. "No, we do not live here as true believers. There is no dwelling here for us awaiting the Messiah, no life for those who should live according to the Law. Where can I have unleavened bread baked for the Passover? Where can I keep the Feast of Tabernacles? The worst of it is that my children do not keep up their religion. They are not taught a word of Hebrew, and I fear, I fear, that they will cease to value their origin."

I comforted the old man to the best of my power, and his fervent prayer for my safe return home sounded sadly in my ears. . . .

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ON THE HORIZON

BLOOM & LEVINE: THE HAZARDS OF MODERN PAINTING

Two Jewish Artists from Boston

HILTON KRAMER

FOR more than a decade now the names of Hyman Bloom and Jack Levine have been linked in the art world as the special contribution which Boston has made to contemporary painting in this country. That their talents have always been disparate and their work unequal has not discouraged museum officials, art critics, and the rest of the officialdom of the art world from capitalizing on their biographical connection. In a period when all too few American painters have provided material for the legend of the artist—of which the public is still so fond, after the fact—their story has been a bit too juicy with sentiment for the official mind to pass up. Add to this the fact that both artists work in a highly literary mode of painting which makes itself readily available to easy biographical and philosophical "interpretations," and that their Jewishness (always a sure source for the sentimental side of their story) has formed an important part of this literary content, and you will have some idea of the basis on which their fame and success rest today. The twin retrospective exhibition of their work this year at the Whitney Museum in New York—a truly amazing and disturbing event for artists of their age and achievement—was entirely symptomatic of the kind of homage the public is willing to pay to this sort of legend.

To be sure, their story is an engaging one, for it is nothing less than the story of two sensitive and talented Jewish boys making good in the world of Gentile culture. In 1927, when Bloom was fourteen and Levine two years younger, they met in an art class which the painter Harold Zimmermann, only ten years their senior, taught in the Community Center of Boston's West End. Both of them were sons of shoemakers who had immigrated from Eastern Europe; Bloom himself was born in Lithuania and came to this country at the age of seven. Both were endowed with the kind of artistic gifts which augur well for the future when one's whole energy is bent toward establishing the *fact* of talent, but not its quality or direction.

The agent of their early development and success was a Harvard scholar named Denman Ross, a figure out of the Berenson era for whom the practice of the fine arts meant a strict reverence for the old masters. Apparently Bloom and Levine were intro-

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BOTH Hyman Bloom and Jack Levine won eminence in American art before the age of thirty and, in their early forties now, they have had their reputations certified, so to speak, by a twin retrospective exhibition at the Whitney Museum in New York City this past spring. Though the two painters cannot be considered similar in direction beyond a common Expressionist bias, and an addiction to rich, luminous color, they have been coupled from the first because of the fact that they are both Bostonians, are friends, were guided by the same teachers, developed during the Depression years—and also, perhaps, because they are both second-generation Jews. HILTON KRAMER, who offers us an independent appraisal of the value of their art, is interested in the contexts in which Bloom and Levine have worked as well as in the problems of their art as such. Mr. Kramer was born in Gloucester, Mass., in 1928, studied at Syracuse, Columbia, and Harvard, and has contributed art criticism to various publications, among them *Partisan Review*. He is feature editor of *Arts Digest*.

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duced to Ross through Zimmermann, for Ross—a collector, painter, writer, and museum benefactor as well as professor of fine arts at Harvard—was soon making every effort to help all three: first making work space available in the Fogg Museum and later renting studios in which they could work. He also provided the boys with a weekly stipend of twelve dollars.

Ross's influence extended far beyond this patronage, however—and here we leave the engaging story of the boys from the wrong side of the tracks, as it were, and enter into the realm of their artistic ideas. Insofar as these ideas were influenced by Ross, they can be summed up in this sentence from his book *On Drawing and Painting:* "The experience of the past should be referred to and only methods well tested should be followed." (In context, the remark deals with methods of preparing a surface for painting, but it can properly be taken to represent Ross's whole intellectual position.) Both Ross and Zimmermann seem to have been completely shut off from the artistic ferment of modern Europe, and particularly from the School of Paris, where the most significant artistic ideas of the century were being generated. For Zimmermann, it was a matter of physical isolation, at least in the beginning: he had simply not seen the work. (Later, when he did see it, it seems not to have touched him very deeply.) Ross's isolation was more a matter of intellectual disposition. As Bloom himself remarked, "Ross couldn't stand Rouault or even Cézanne," and this is only one of many signals which indicate that Ross's understanding of the Western tradition in painting was essentially a scholar's and not an artist's.

Inevitably, there was a cleavage of affinities, and it was Levine who worked more directly under the discipline of Ross's ideas. It is significant that these early years under Ross's tutelage were devoted to drawing, for it is above all in draftsmanship, and in technique generally, that the academic mind takes refuge in the presence of conflicting artistic demands. Levine's crayon drawing entitled "Jewish Cantors in the Synagogue," dated "before 1933" in the Whitney catalogue, not only reveals the artist's early proclivities as formed under Ross's teaching, but it is also, I believe, a good index to the real loyalties of his plastic sensibility. Other drawings of the same period are similarly executed: the effort is all toward rendering volumes and contours in a traditional, pre-Impressionist manner; nowhere is there a line or gesture which bespeaks the kind of impatience with the past which we recognize as the beginning of artistic maturity. All energies were still being spent on the *fact* of the artist's talent.

Equipped with this point of view, which placed upon draftsmanship the major burden of the painting art and surrounded it with a constellation of technical devices culled from Rembrandt and other masters, Levine entered into the turmoil of the depression, making a place for himself as a WPA painter. Now in retrospect the Federal Art Project can be said to have had only one positive value: it allowed certain painters to survive. But as a period in the history of art it was dominated by an intellectual and pictorial provincialism which was suffocating to serious goals in painting. And like Ben Shahn, Philip Evergood, and others who made their reputations in the 30's, Levine found in the provincialism of "social realist" art something entirely apposite to his academic training.

Moreover, as the son of an immigrant and a Jew, he was a member of the class which embraced the political ideals of the depression with the greatest intensity. In the context of unemployment, rising fascism, and the other terrible burdens of the 30's, the commitment which Levine made to "social realism" must have seemed at the time like a commitment to modern life itself—particularly, alas, for a student lately out of Denman Ross's atelier.

The style which Levine went on to develop in the 30's was a heavy, satirical mode of realism which relied almost exclusively upon caricature for its effects—caricature, that is, "dressed" in a painted surface which has practically no independent interest of its own. The first major statement of this style is a work called "Feast of Pure Reason," dated 1937. With variation and increasing subterfuge, it is the style which Levine continues to practice.

There are three figures in the "Feast of Pure Reason": a policeman in uniform, an underworld character, and—there being no

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other name for the "gentleman" in formal afternoon dress, high collar, walking stick, cigar, etc.—a capitalist. They are seated together in a dark, interior atmosphere, but the implication is unmistakably clear: this meeting represents the corruption of our society. The method of organizing the picture is equally unmistakable: the figures—who resemble nothing so much as those imported crockery figures which used to be made after characters in Dickens, with their names in relief on the bases—are immersed in shadow so that light may be allowed to reveal faces and hands in all their double-chinned, baggy-eyed, knuckled ugliness. Highlights also fall on "significant" objects: in this case, an expensive-looking whiskey decanter, a symbol of the conviviality—Oh, the irony!—with which these supposed enemies in society, the Law-enforcer, the Law-breaker, and Respectability itself, come together for mutual benefit and profit.

These themes dominate the major canvases of Levine's *oeuvre*: the privileged status of the underworld in "Gangster Funeral," 1952-53; the hypocrisy of politicians and patriots in "Welcome Home," 1946, and "Election Night," 1954; the corruption of the moneyed classes in "Reception in Miami," 1948.

It is worth noting that the dates of these pictures place them in the last decade, some of them in fact within the last couple of years; for what gives them an overriding coherence is their indulgence in a form of easy irony and social comment which we associate with the "innocence" of the 30's. Levine has been frank to say that "All considerations of modernity or contemporaneity fill me with horror," and although I am sure he meant this declaration to apply to his technical means and not to his thematic materials, his pictures, even pictures of a couple of years ago, seem already terribly "dated," already given over to subject matter which has little contemporary relevance on any level: the satire no longer applies and the painting is simply a series of *hommages* to the old masters, in some cases not very well understood. (Anyone who thinks that "Rembrandt's forms are of necessity massive-sculptural" does not have an infallible notion of what the old masters were up to.) Levine's paintings represent ideas which he has had in his head for years; they represent an idea of reality, social reality, on which he has not allowed the brute facts of experience to make the slightest alteration. It rather confirms one's suspicion that "social realism" is one of the most extreme forms of mannerism in modern painting.

If Levine's sense of reality gave him no warning that his subject matter had lost its urgency, his phenomenal success should have. For after Ben Shahn, one would be hard-pressed to name another American painter today whose work is so conspicuously present in the major museum and private collections in this country—and purchased, one must add, at prices which stagger the imagination as his pictures never do. But it is characteristic of this kind of "liberal" artist in our time—one thinks of Arthur Miller on Broadway—never to allow the success of his work to give him pause; never to interrupt the warm glow it must give him to utter what seem heresies; never to face the possibility that what is being said is no longer heresy but the most easily digestible cliché of the public imagination.

With his subject matter stabilized (a curious turn of events for a "social realist"), Levine has been free to dwell more and more on the mannered details of his pictures, and the zenith of this concentration is reached in "Reception in Miami." Of all the improbabilities imagined during the Federal Art Project, none would have strained credulity more than a "social realism" gone rococo—but that is precisely where this picture has brought it.

BY TEMPERAMENT and achievement, Hyman Bloom is an artist of another sort, and the juxtaposition of his pictures with Levine's at the Whitney exhibition only served to underscore this difference. In some ways, Levine is the perfect foil for Bloom's talent, for by contrast it makes his art seem to have a purity and relevance it actually lacks. Ultimately, I think, Bloom is a victim of the same problem as Levine—of conceiving his commitment to modernism in terms of a "modernist" subject. Yet even as victim he is so much more interesting than Levine, he brings to the art of painting such a richer personality and promise, and demonstrates so much more forthright a painterly energy in struggling with his academic past, that we are moved to lament again the rather

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flimsy excuse which prompted museum officials to bring them together. It represents indeed the triumph of *schmaltz* over their critical faculties.

What Bloom has brought to contemporary painting in this country is a fastidious, well-bred, literary mode of expressionism; and this, in turn, cannot help seeming isolated and special in its relation to the greatest modern painting, on the one hand, and to recent American painting, on the other. Consequently, Bloom is a painter historically *à rebours*.

Of his two early teachers, it was for Zimmermann that Bloom felt more affinity. Perhaps in some way Zimmerman made certain modern influences—above all Rouault's, and also Soutine's—assimilable to Bloom. He certainly never fostered such influences directly, but as a painter himself one has the impression that he must have been more explicitly concerned with fresh problems than with pieties for the past. Or perhaps Bloom's own artistic personality was strong enough to incline in a direction about which his reverence for the old masters must have made him deeply hesitant. In any event, these two painters, Rouault and Soutine, constitute the extremity of Bloom's modern vocabulary; and his art needs to be seen, I think, as an attempt to effect a resolution of conflicting reverence and sensibility.

Yet it should be recognized at the outset that in selecting Rouault, of all the modern French painters, as a figure for emulation, Bloom selected a painter who is himself one of the isolated talents of the modern movement. Rouault's exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in 1953 revealed him to be a painter of the second rank; a religious sentimentalist disguised as a tragedian. As for Soutine, it is clear that what Bloom saw in this master was not his more powerful expressive energies; powerful enough, that is, to indicate an entirely new way for organizing and executing an easel painting; but simply a vision, looser, more chaotic than some, more given to indulgence, but essentially traditional and "spiritual" like Rouault's. Contrasted with the ideas which a younger painter like Philip Pearlstein has proliferated out of Soutine, one is inclined to feel that Bloom was never really touched by the master at all.

Under this burden of reverence for the achievements of the past and attachment to modern influences which are themselves easily neutralized by this reverential attitude, Bloom has fabricated a subject matter to serve as a style. This subject matter is chiefly concerned with explicit Jewish themes—synagogue scenes, rabbis, etc.—and a brooding over mutilated corpses and putrefied limbs which, in turn, are considered to have been inspired by the spectacle of Hitler's massacre of the Jews.

Of the so-called Jewish pictures, the best is "The Rabbi," painted in 1947, for the face in that picture is a truly *painted* image, and its qualities of sadness and authority are as much dependent on the texture and finesse of the painting as on the artist's literary ideas. At the same time one cannot escape the feeling that an appeal is being made in this picture for a response which is extra-artistic; and this feeling is even more emphatic in the presence of a genre picture like the "Synagogue" of 1940. In the latter, one can imagine the "charm" it must hold for the Gentile observer: the distortions of physiognomy, with a play upon a Semitic "look" which, by a skillful use of light, is given a surface of theatrical agony; the stylization in the grouping of figures and ornament (which, again, seems excessively stagey); the over-all exoticism of the scene, with the most being made of ornament and dress; and all executed in a manner which allows for a certain "added" painterly interest to be imposed on the careful, stage-like representations. To the "foreign" eye, which brings no associations to it, it must be as absorbing as a kosher dinner—a matter of taste. But for the observer who has associations with this imagery from childhood onwards, Bloom's Jewish paintings stimulate the same surprise and dismay one feels on finding *gefilte* fish at a fashionable cocktail party. It's a bit too stylish to be palatable.

A similar failing occurs in the pictures concerned with corpses and limbs in states of dismemberment and putrefaction. Just as one senses in the literal Jewish subjects an appeal for us to respond to something outside the artist's work, one feels in the presence of these "mortality" images an insistent invitation to be horrified. My own reaction is to decline the invitation. And this reaction, I need hardly add, has nothing to do with

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callousness toward an historical calamity of the greatest magnitude; it has, on the contrary, everything to do with the basis on which a work of art makes its appeal. My feeling is that in these pictures, too, no less than in the others, the effect is merely an effect of décor; and it is lamentable to see Bloom's sense of color, especially, placed in the service of charging this invitation with a maximum urgency. I am reminded of what Henry James once wrote about Baudelaire, that "evil for him . . . consists primarily of a great deal of lurid landscape and unclean furniture . . . an affair of blood and carrion and physical sickness—there must be stinking corpses and starving prostitutes and empty laudanum bottles in order that the poet shall be effectively inspired."

As an account of Baudelaire, I don't think this takes us very far; but as a way of indicating the sort of false appeal concealed in Bloom's cadaver series, it is entirely to the point, for it assigns this lurid scenery to its proper place—to décor, to surface felicities inverted for additional effect. What James goes on to observe, that "Our impatience is of the same order as that which we should feel if a poet, pretending to pluck 'the flowers of good,' should come and present us, as specimens, a rhapsody on plumcake and *eau de Cologne*"—this suddenly reminds us that Bloom's whole effort here is toward upsetting our traditional expectations of beauty in a work of art. But this effort is of a kind consistent with his academic past and with his reluctance to confront the hazards of modernism on its own ground; it makes no new demands on his energies as a painter but simply turns up another literary subject, loaded with moral implication, as a means of committing his art to contemporary life.

It can scarcely be without cause that Bloom's most successful paintings are his least programmatic: I mean his "Christmas Tree" and "Chandelier" series. The latter, I suspect, issue from his synagogue pictures; relieved here of circumstantial details and stagey effects, they become occasions for his purest painting. Even more than in the "Christmas Tree" pictures, which tend to lose their formal coherence, the two "Chandelier" paintings have an elegance which is dependent on nothing outside their own color and form. To be sure, the formal idea is not audacious; the image of the chandelier is placed frontally on the surface and surrounded by a symmetrical pattern which clearly indicates a ceiling or wall. But perhaps because of this lack of audacity, just because the *idea* is so "minor," Bloom could feel free to execute the image with a richness and purity which his more ambitious works never attain. In "Chandelier I," particularly, Bloom's well-bred expressionism finds a handsome embodiment, indicating perhaps that his fulfillment will in the future depend on an abandonment of grand ideas.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

WHAT WESTERN COLONIALISM GAVE TO ASIA

The Record as Seen from the East

HERBERT LUETHY

IN K. M. Panikkar's own words, his book is "perhaps the first attempt by an Asian student to see and understand European activities in Asia for 450 years." I would add that it is also the first attempt to see them as a whole, without polemical or apologetic intent. Not only has no other Asian writer ventured upon such a synthesis: no European one has either. There is indeed a steadily growing literature on colonial history and politics, an abundance of monographs and large standard works by men better trained in historical analysis and more familiar with the source materials than Panikkar. He, a historian, statesman, and diplomat, has a rather sketchy grounding in many fields and is not always reliable as to details, being more of a judge and critic than a chronicler. But his true originality and value lie elsewhere.

The history of Asian-European relations over recent centuries is complicated by resentments, by pangs of conscience, by realizations of failure, of troubles caused and injustices done. Hardly any historical work can avoid such things altogether; virtually no one so far has written colonial history without passion and with a clear conscience. With respect to colonialism, Mr. Panikkar's book reveals an admirably open mind such as perhaps only an Indian is capable of at the present moment—and even an Indian would not have been capable of that a few years ago.

The book's open-mindedness derives, moreover, from its very subject, a period of Asian history that, though not long past, is now definitely over. The "Vasco da Gama epoch," the author calls it, the epoch of European penetration and domination that began with Vasco da Gama's landing at Calicut in 1498 and ended with the British withdrawal from India in 1947. In Mr. Panikkar's eyes, these four and a half centuries constitute a great, self-contained entity, and though some of the confusion and ferment left in its wake are still present, one can already look back at that era, he feels, with objectivity and dispassionately. His book itself proves him right.

WE SENSE this new, sovereign detachment toward the past in the chapters in which the author speaks of his own country and its two hundred years under British rule. All the things we know and have read about are in them: the lawlessness and immorality of the British conquest, the unscrupulous game the East India Company played with Indian rulers and religious groups, the commercial and financial exploitation of the Indians, the eco-

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THE recent Bandung Conference has drawn increased attention to the effort of the newly independent Asian countries to find solutions for their multifarious problems that will not limit their supposed freedom of maneuver in international relations. More responsible than anything else for Asian sensitivity in this respect is the large fact of the imperialist past. How an Asian thinker views that past is most illuminatingly and seriously revealed in *Asia and Western Dominance,* by K. M. Panikkar (John Day, 530 pp., $7.50). HERBERT LUETHY, who here reports critically on Mr. Panikkar's book, is a steady contributor to COMMENTARY. His most recent appearance was in April of this year with "Fall of Mendès-France's 'Ministry of Hope.'" Mr. Luethy, a Swiss, lives in France at present and his latest book is a study of the current French *impasse.* E. B. Ashton translated the present article.

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nomic havoc wrought by the Manchester type of capitalist expansion. The author expresses his acid contempt for the airs the white lords on the Peacock Throne gave themselves, their witless blustering, their ridiculous displays of "Oriental" pomp. Calcutta's Victoria Memorial —that vulgarly colossal and soulless "imitation Taj Mahal" in white marble, as Mr. Panikkar calls it—remains as a token of the British Raj's inability "to construct in India anything which rivaled the great buildings of the past." And yet, on balance, the sum of Britain's positive accomplishments in India far outweighs all criticism.

Mr. Panikkar makes clear what was not before apparent from the European or even the British point of view: that the empire of India, whose emperor was the king of England, was far more genuinely Indian than the Mogul empire had been. It did not rule one part of India in opposition to the rest, but ruled all of India, carried out all-Indian policies, turned India from a merely geographic concept into a political entity, trained a political, technical, and administrative elite, created a national consciousness, and laid the groundwork for modern statehood and democratic government.

To those theoreticians of "imperialism" who refuse to see in colonialism anything but the search for markets, raw materials, labor to exploit, we recommend the paean of praise to the British-Indian Civil Services that is sung in retrospect by Mr. Panikkar. He speaks of the men who "fought the case of *their* India against the dictates of Whitehall," and of their "open refusal to be influenced by commercial and industrial interests." The author, an Indian nationalist, writes:

"The emergence of India under the British as a powerful state, with an efficient administration, was the work of a bureaucracy, carefully recruited, elaborately organized and maintained with dignity and prestige. . . . India as the country where their career began and ended and as the country they were serving became their exclusive concern. True it was not the India of the Indians, but a special India of their own conception. To that India they developed a sense of loyalty. They visualized it as a country whose millions of inhabitants were entrusted to their care. Thus developed that strange identification of themselves 'with the masses.' . . . There was no alliance between the Civil Service and big business, and the British Indian bureaucracy was not interested in the exploitation of India. In fact it could legitimately be said that the services championed 'their India,' the India of the dumb masses, against British businessmen and capitalists. . . ."

In a similar vein Mr. Panikkar speaks of the new legal order that Thomas Babington Macaulay, the celebrated essayist and historian, established in India during his term of service there. Within a century the basic principles of this order, which was the equality of all before the law, revolutionized the 2,000-year-old, ossified, religiously buttressed Indian caste system. This:

"In a country where under Hindu doctrine a Brahmin could not be punished on the evidence of a Sudra, and even punishment varied according to caste, and where, according to Muslim law, testimony could not be accepted against a Muslim. . . . Few, indeed, who compare Macaulay's code with its great predecessors, whether those of Manu, Justinian or Napoleon, will cavil at the claim that the Indian penal code was a great improvement. . . . The imposing and truly magnificent legal structure, under which not only 360 million people of India but the millions in Pakistan and Burma have lived during the last 100 years, has changed the basis of society in a manner which few people realize."

And with an optimism whose test has yet to come, Mr. Panikkar adds that while there may be economic and political reversals in Asia, it would be:

". . . difficult to imagine how the basic ideas of the new legal systems could be changed so easily, unless civilization itself is extinguished in these areas. . . . We may therefore assume that the great changes brought about in social relationships by the introduction and acceptance of new legal systems under the influence of Europe will be an abiding factor in the civilization of Asia."

LASTLY, Mr. Panikkar does full justice to the vast educational work done by Britain and British missions, tracing the consequences in the gradual development of a modern all-Indian elite within three generations—from dubious beginnings as "Westernized Oriental gentlemen" to leaders who embodied a genuine amalgamation of Indian and Western culture. Yet he stresses the difference between the dream of the sowers and the outcome of the seed: it turned out to be not Anglicization or Europeani-

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zation, much less Christianization, but a reform and revival of Hinduism. Without directly admitting it, Mr. Panikkar gives us to understand that, on the whole, the gradual establishment of self-governing bodies in India under the British kept pace with the evolution of this Indian elite, if not with its impatience to replace their foreign masters.

Lord Macaulay's all-Indian system of English-language education, says Mr. Panikkar, "gave to India a common language for political thinking and action . . . a community of thought, feeling and ideas which created the Indian nationality. The mind of India is united spiritually by Hindu religious thought, by the binding force of the great tradition which Sanskrit embodies . . . and by the new community of ideas and approach which English education has spread among the dominant classes." Without it, Hinduism would not be unified today, but "split into as many different units as there are languages in India, and would have repeated the pattern of Europe with its conglomeration of mutually hostile units within the same Christian community." This defense of the English educational system—today threatened in its foundations by neo-Indian linguistic nationalism—as a unifying agent of the many-tongued Indian state is chiefly addressed to Mr. Panikkar's own countrymen, but the warning example that he sets before them can be taken to heart by Europeans too.

This British-Indian imperial symbiosis was far more than a merely governmental relationship. Unquestionably, it was one of the greatest colonizing achievements of all time and its full import will become evident perhaps only from a remoter historical perspective. Nor was this symbiosis confined to the Indian sub-continent alone. The policies of the British viceroys were imperial policies on behalf of India, too, and Indian colonists followed where the British flag led from East Africa to the Fiji Islands and as far away as Jamaica and Trinidad. Even today, after the end of British rule in India, many aspects of Empire and Commonwealth policy cannot be understood without grasping this deep and genuine interrelation. For example, Mr. Panikkar's reference to "the large and prosperous Indian trading community in Hong Kong which grew up simultaneously with the British occupation of the island" casts a sudden light on the close coordination of British and Indian policy towards Red China—and even on Mr. Panikkar's own appointment as the first Indian ambassador to Peking.

When he comes to China Mr. Panikkar sounds a note of rancor and bitterness towards the West that was not heard in his chapters on India. He tells the story of how the dragon's seed of abuse, corruption, and disintegration was sown in China by the Western powers, seed which has since germinated into civil war and Communist revolution. He tells of how cynical and naive hucksters and equally naive, well-meaning, hidebound missionaries undermined the structure of this proud and rotten empire literally stone by stone until it crumbled on their heads. All this Mr. Panikkar tells convincingly and, by and large, correctly. True, many a chapter is too angrily written to be entirely just—notably the long one about Western missionary work in China, and the cut-throat competition between missions of all nations, creeds, and sects, and the opportunistic, often tenuous, but much more often boundlessly naive and maladroit alliances the missionaries made with the agents of forced trade and political interventionism. As recently as twenty years ago, however, there would have been no lack of bright spots in the somber picture. In China, too, enormous amounts of good will and humane purpose were invested in the great mission schools and other Western educational institutions. These produced that whole generation of liberal reformers, including Dr. Sun Yat-sen, on whom China's hopes rested from the first Chinese revolution to the between-wars period. But it was a generation that came too late, was too small, too rootless, too estranged from its own people; that was overwhelmed by disasters which had long been smoldering; that was impotent in the face of the intervention of foreign powers among whom Europe no longer counted.

Mr. Panikkar does not finish that story. A prophet turned backwards, he lets it fade out ominously in the failure and collapse of the liberal, "Western" attempts of the Chinese at reform. The great, bold, tenacious efforts that America, above all, made to give the Chinese Republic technical, organizational, and economic aid, Mr. Panikkar seems unaware of or finds no longer worth mentioning. The final cataclysm thrusts everything, even that which once appeared positive, into shadow.

Yet what the West was doing in and to China in the 19th century should not be

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blamed on "colonialism." It was not colonizing, but the very opposite. The European powers—and the United States to some extent—were raiding for the purposes of trade, opening ports and markets by force, and engaging in planless and irresponsible intervention with no other end in view than trade volume. It began with the Opium War, which opened the unfriendly Celestial Empire, heretofore arrogantly isolated, to an outside world of which China's masses had never heard and that even her governing officials viewed as filled with barbarian tribes unworthy of attention—"the chieftainess of the tribe," Imperial Commissioner Lin called the Queen of England as late as 1842. Once gunboats and marines had ended what Mr. Panikkar himself describes as the "humiliating" and "intolerable" treatment of foreign merchants, and given them a blustering self-confidence, the history of Sino-European relations became a horrible game of pinpricks and reprisals, sluggish revolts and blind punitive operations. China was and remained a great sovereign state. Preservation of her sovereignty and "integrity" for the sake of an international balance of power was a fundamental dogma of Western diplomacy—as it was in the case of the Ottoman Empire until 1914. But China's inner stability and welfare were nobody's business. No one was responsible for her viability—no one but the "ignorant, corrupt, and unscrupulous woman" who occupied the throne for the last half century of the Manchu empire's existence.

China's initial situation vis-à-vis the West is in no way comparable to India's. Rather to Japan's. Japan was likewise forced by warships to open her ports after centuries of hermetic seclusion, and a comparison of the course of recent Chinese and Japanese history would do more to clarify the nature of the Chinese tragedy in the century of the "Open Door" than would artificial and superficial parallels with India. China never had India's chance. Unlike Japan, on the other hand, she could rely on neither her political tradition nor her religious spirit—the latter being by then attenuated to mere ritual and a Confucian wisdom that in the final analysis was somewhat asthmatic, and clever rather than profound—to give her the strength to meet the challenge of the "foreign influences" pouring in on her, whether to receive them, utilize them, or excrete them.

This is not said in exculpation of the merchant freebooters and gunboat diplomats who for a century fed on this vast, helpless body, without an idea in their heads except the double mirage of an "inexhaustible" Chinese market—400 million prospective customers for cotton socks, ready-made suits, and felt hats!—and 400 million convertible souls. But the more they penetrated China, and the more extraterritorial rights, concessions, and special jurisdictions they got for themselves, their clients, and their converts, the farther the mirage receded. The story of this dream, ever disappointed but never relinquished, the dream of the fabulous China trade, is still worth reading, for under different labels it continues to haunt all Western business brains—one of those ineradicable illusions of which history is so full.

In his conclusion, Panikkar asks what would have been left behind by Europe's incursion into Asia if around 1750—two-and-a-half centuries after Vasco da Gama's arrival—relations between the two continents had suddenly stopped again. The answer is virtually nothing. The ruins of a few small trading posts and coastal forts, a diminishing band of Christians in Japan and on the Malabar coast, a calendar reform in China, and perhaps a footnote in the Chinese chronicles stating that "red-haired" barbarian traders, avid for spices and fabrics but without much to offer in return, had frequented some ports for a while and disappeared again.

This remark clearly divides the "Vasco da Gama epoch" into two unequal parts. The first was the period of the trading post, the great adventure, and—at least with the first Portuguese—the crusading spirit; the second was the period of colonialism. The trading period was immensely fruitful for Europe, spiritually as well as materially: a great enlargement and enrichment of her view of the world, new goods, new uses, new learning, new skills, new art forms, new ideas, legends, and myths came to her from Asia. In exchange, European mercantilism gave Asia nothing and hardly affected her life. The second colonial period, on the other hand, revolutionized the continent of Asia in the course of one or at most two centuries, profoundly changing every aspect of Asian life, from economy to religion, so that a return to Asia's millennial "immutability" is no longer conceivable now.

The transition from mercantilism to colonial-

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ism did not occur everywhere, and not everywhere at the same time. Between the unimaginative and inhuman exploitation carried on by the Dutch East India Company in Indonesia (the Indonesians, significantly, adopted Islam as a real "resistance religion" at the very time when the Portuguese and then the Dutch imposed their rule—so that the "Eighth Crusade" was lost by Christendom!) and the colonial activities that began with the French Revolution and the twenty-five-year interlude of British administration, there is a deep and, even more, an abrupt break. In China there never was a transition or break. Until the very end, Europe sought nothing in China but a market for exports. European policy towards China in the 19th century was pure "trade imperialism," with the pressures intensifying, the fire power increasing, and competition multiplying as time went on.

Whenever colonialism came to prevail, it served to check or at least mitigate the chaos resulting from the clash of modern economic practices and technology with archaic social and economic forms. China may well be the sorriest example of the damage that pure, *non-colonial* mercantilism could do in former times. Of all the judgments of history that we tacitly accept today, none stands as much in need of revision as the one on "colonialism."

MR. PANIKKAR knows and loves India and China, and the chapters devoted to them constitute the main part of his book, in space as well as in value. The third Asian country to receive detailed treatment is Japan; here, however, Mr. Panikkar lacks sympathy if not knowledge. The Empire of the Rising Sun is evidently not included in his pan-Asian creed, and it is never quite clear whether he views Japan as really an Asian country or as the "ape of England." He gives all the most important data of modern Japanese history, but this does not help us much towards an understanding of the peculiar fate of this island empire, the baffling mixture of facility and obtuseness that the Japanese exhibit.

The other countries of Asia are mentioned and briefly dealt with largely for the sake of completeness. What lies west of India is not mentioned: the whole Islamic world, Iran, the Middle East, Central Asia—and therefore, unfortunately, the fate of Central Asia under Russian rule goes undiscussed. Absent, too, are the Philippines and, with them, Spanish colonial power. Mr. Panikkar adheres strictly to that division of the globe between Spain and Portugal established by Pope Alexander VI —even where it was geographically in error— and limits himself to the "Portuguese half," the hemisphere of Vasco da Gama. Spain's successor, the United States, hardly enters his field of observation, and his few remarks about American missions and America's "non-territorial imperialism" indicate neither great insight nor serious study. The "West" whose clash with Asia is the book's subject is Europe alone—something the Indian author, if not the European reader, takes as a matter of course. But this does not make Mr. Panikkar's cursory comments on Southeast Asia and Indonesia, or his sketchy caricatures of European colonial powers other than Britain, very useful either. The giant framework that he proposes for himself in the title of his book is only partly filled in: a few large figures, sharply envisaged and drawn, occupy the center of his great mural while near the edges the contours grow hazy and distorted. This book could be taken almost to prove that "there is no Asia"—that "pan-Asianism" is an empty phrase or, at best, an obscure myth.

What remains is India and China—and that, of course, is a large slice of Asia. India furnishes Mr. Panikkar with his approach, the chronological limits he sets himself, and his terms of reference; China provides the ideological spectacles through which she, and everything else, is seen. The result is a kind of schizophrenia that may be characteristic of a whole intellectual and political elite in India today. When writing about his own country, whose history he has explored in other major works, and with whose problems he is thoroughly familiar as a politician, diplomat, and one-time premier of Bikanir, Mr. Panikkar is an outspoken liberal-conservative "Westerner"—as his appraisal of British achievements in India shows. But when he views pan-Asia, Russia, and America from the ideological vantage-point of Peking, his judgment and even his terminology turn "progressive" in the most vapid sense.

THIS becomes most striking in what is probably the weakest and most superficial chapter of his book, the one devoted to Russian expansion in Asia. Reading Mr. Panikkar, we get the impression that Russian imperialism—by which he means not only the Soviet Russian kind but, in line with the neo-patriotism of

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current Soviet historiography, the Czarist kind too—has been the most righteous, the most understanding, the most accommodating of all imperialisms. In fact, it is not imperialism at all, but a neighborly relationship. The key witness cited for this view of Russian expansion in Asia—which was not conquest but an "incorporation"—is Owen Lattimore.

As already stated, Central and Western Asia, where Czarist and Soviet "nationality politics" have run the gamut from mere subjugation and rapine to the deportation and extermination of whole peoples, do not even enter Mr. Panikkar's field of vision. He sees Russia exclusively from Peking, and in his picture Russia's relations with Asia are with China alone. It is true that these were mainly confined to the Siberian-Mongolian "vacuum" at the back doors of both empires, and thus productive of only secondary friction in comparison with the conflicts between China and the Western maritime powers. But even so, the difference in yardsticks remains perplexing and, at first glance, incomprehensible. Mr. Panikkar presents the European concessions and settlements on the China coast as a scandal, but the far more voracious way in which the Russians grabbed extra-territorial rights, made annexations, arrogated spheres of influence, and set up satellite states in Chinese Manchuria and Mongolia is depicted as good-neighborly relations. And the French protectorate in Annam, where China had once exercised a shadowy overlordship, is denounced as a flagrant violation of international law—of which the victim was not Annam, but China!

Is this incomprehensible? We shall have to try to make it comprehensible. The conclusions in this book carry more weight than its presentations, and they are obviously typical of the state of mind of a whole stratum of politically educated Indians—the most open-minded, most Westernized group in the country, and of whom Nehru is the most conspicuous representative. And what Indian statesmen —not to mention Chinese statesmen—think of Russo-Asian relations counts for more, after all, than what we ourselves think. It seems that any European or American who tries to remind the Indians of Russian imperialism sounds to them like a pickpocket crying "Stop thief!"

Apparently, in the Asian historical consciousness, Russia, the successor state to the Mongol and Tartar empire, has a right to be in Asia, while Europe has not. That a great territorial state should spread out and overrun its neighbors until it reaches the limits of its power is an unpleasant fact for those neighbors, but it is in accord with what has been going on in Asian history for thousands of years. Empires, annexations, looting and conquering armies of horsemen and foot soldiers, cruel despotisms, avalanches of nomads from the Central Asian steppes and deserts: these have been with Asia as long as her civilized memory extends—and they have all been dreadful in their effects. Meanwhile the way of life of the passive millions of Asia has hardly changed.

But that people should come in ships from distant continents to administer lands whose inhabitants could not even imagine where these invaders came from and how it was all happening; that these invaders, with their completely novel weapons, techniques, customs, and ideas should penetrate ancient societies and slowly force the traditional usages of the latter to yield to new rhythms and organizational forms—this was unheard of, this was an artificial, presumptuous attack on every divine and natural order.

To be ruled by a foreign land power whose borders abut on one's own is infinitely more oppressive than to be ruled by a foreign sea power whose borders are remote. But the land power comes on foot, and is therefore in accord with the course of the world since time immemorial. And in any case, the vicissitudes of territorial conquest have changed little in the lives of the peoples of Asia beyond the names and the nationalities of the masters who exacted tribute and forced labor from them. The landing of Vasco da Gama's flotilla in India was, however, a different matter, starting an irreversible revolution and shattering norms that seemed eternal.

In short, the West had no business in Asia, and its intrusion was a breach of all rules. If we probe the atavistic layers of political consciousness underlying some recent events in Europe, the idea that land rule is legitimate but sea rule unnatural and irregular becomes less unfamiliar. To use a phrase that was in vogue under the Third Reich, the European invaders were "geopolitical strangers" to Asia. The outlook that led Hitler and Stalin to reject the "interference of geopolitical strangers" in their partition of Poland is the same as is expressed today in many Soviet Russian and Communist Chinese manifestoes.

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ALTHOUGH he does not put it that way, this is the moral of the story for Mr. Panikkar too. He cannot refrain from quoting Hilaire Belloc in his introduction: "In the final and decisive main duels of history the party which begins with high sea power is defeated by the land power; whether that sea power be called Carthage or Athens or the Phoenician fleet of the Great King, it loses in the long run and the land power wins." And Panikkar draws the conclusion: "Ultimately in Asia also, the land masses asserted themselves against the power based on the sea, and the withdrawal of European power from Asia is in effect a reassertion of the power of land empires shaking themselves free from the shackles of maritime mercantilism."

Of course, the judgment of history is not quite as unequivocal as that. Where are the empires of the Medes and Persians, the Mongols and Tartars, the Arabs and Turks? It is true, if platitudinous, that empires come and go while the great land masses and their teeming populations remain through all political catastrophes. It is probably likewise true that mass will defeat movement or, rather, that movement will ultimately be absorbed by the inertia of the mass. But it is movement that changes the world. It is the sea empires, those fine, fragile constructions of intellect and technology, that in both ancient and modern history distinguish the periods of movement, wakefulness, and freedom, while the ponderous territorial colossi stand for the old Orient and the European Middle Ages.

In this sense, our time, too, is the epoch of a "revolt of the masses"—the epoch of a counter-revolution. But Asia cannot retrace the steps she has taken under Western rule—that is the optimistic, perhaps too optimistic, conclusion of this Indian historian who writes "period" after the "Vasco da Gama epoch."

A POEM

DEREK MILLER

So Streicher Killed Your Father! How Interesting

I WONDER if, by chance,
When passing by a shop in town,
I'll meet a rabbi's son from France
Who'll sell his beard for half a crown.

Perhaps a Jew in all the places
Forgets the lips of those who died,
Perhaps he'd wink at shriveled faces
And flick a half-crown while he sighed.

I wonder if, by chance,
When meeting *goyim* in the town,
I'll ask Miss Fortescue to dance
And she will pout, and flush—and frown.

DEREK MILLER is a young English poet who was born in Sheffield, in 1929. This is his first appearance in our pages.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

How Good Is Kafka?

To the Editor of Commentary:

In his interesting essay on "The Jewishness of Franz Kafka" for April Mr. Clement Greenberg, having observed that "no moral choices are made in Kafka's fiction," writes: "To the extent that this fiction succeeds, it refutes the assumption of many of the most serious critics of our day—F. R. Leavis is notably one of them—that the value of a work of literary art depends ultimately on the depth to which it explores moral difficulties." I shouldn't myself put in this way any assumption I bring to criticism, but I do, of course, think that the response to which a great work of literary art challenges us entails a valuation of a most radical kind—a valuation of attitudes to life made at the prompting of a new profound sense of the possibilities of living. I assume, for instance, that a contemporary work that strikes us as important and vital art will do so for reasons suggested by D. H. Lawrence when he defines the criteria of "interest" with which he approaches new fiction: "Supposing a bomb were put under the whole scheme of things, what would we be after? What feelings do we want to carry through to the next epoch? What feelings will carry us through? What is the underlying impulse that will provide the motive power for a new state of things, when this democratic-industrial-lovey-dovey-darling-take-me-to-mamma state of things is bust?"

The conclusion to which Mr. Greenberg's considerations bring one is, surely, that Kafka is not a great creative writer at all. One can arrive at that conclusion while recognizing that Kafka certainly had something in the nature of genius. It is manifested in the pertinacious originality with which he achieves a literary expression for his neurosis. But "to the extent that this fiction succeeds" it succeeds as the expression of neurosis: We walk the neurotic treadmill, we suffer the claustrophobia, and we share the life-frustration insofar as we respond to Kafka's art. The two chief novels on which, along with a number of tales (which are all essentially the same, the neurosis remaining the same), Kafka's reputation rests are both unfinished, and Mr. Greenberg seems to concede that they were unfinishable. He makes a further significant concession when he says that, owing to Kafka's "scrupulousness governed by so anxious a vision," his "manner risks boring us," and this is why "his shorter efforts are generally more successful than his novels or extended short stories" (and he remarks how "tautological [Kafka's] imagination was on the plane of fiction"). The conclusion should surely be, not that "what Kafka wanted to convey transcended literature," but rather that he didn't succeed by creative art in transcending his neurosis: he remained its prisoner. Mr. Greenberg points out that the way in which Kafka gave his imprisonment literary expression has, by reason of its adaptation of a traditional theologico-legalist "logic," a special interest for those familiar with Jewish culture and tradition, and Mr. Greenberg's approach in general is explicit in his title. Can I without offense suggest that he should reflect on the widespread tendency among Catholics to attribute to (say) François Mauriac and Graham Greene an existence as distinguished creative writers that they certainly (it seems to me) haven't? As myself neither a Jew nor a Catholic I find in Kafka a genuine originality and an interest that I don't find in Mauriac and Greene. But I think all the same that, partly at any rate because of the approach represented by his title (and in spite of the explicitness of this), Mr. Greenberg tends to slip into some confusion about the nature of the interest, and so to overvalue the originality and the achievement.

F. R. Leavis

Cambridge, England

Mr. Greenberg *writes:*

I was aware that I might have been giving Dr. Leavis's point of view a little too swiftly, but I am still not sure that the point of view I attributed to him is very different from the one he states, which indeed seems to me a less tenable one. I would agree that successful art heightens our sense of the possibilities of life, but I would say that it works on that sense as a sense alone, without indicating superior or inferior possibilities as such. Lawrence's assumption, followed to its logical consequence, would make good taste in art a sign of wisdom and of the capacity for wise action, which it manifestly is not. There is not the space here to go into

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this whole perennially confused question, but I am surprised that Dr. Leavis is not aware of how conclusively, and how often, the fallacies in this position have been demonstrated.

Dr. Leavis writes that my considerations and "concessions" would indicate that Kafka is "not a great creative writer at all." I think he deduces too much from what I say. I could "concede" more than I have, and the experience of Kafka's text would still leave him a "great creative writer"; all I can do here is ask Dr. Leavis to re-read that text (preferably in the original, for Kafka is a great master of language) without consulting his critical principles. I have the impression that he does not really consult them in Lawrence's case and therefore finds, rightly, that Lawrence is a great writer despite his unevenness and his obsessions. In his own way Kafka, too, transcends his fragmentariness and his "imprisonment," and perhaps does so even more triumphantly by virtue of his humor, which anticipates most of the criticisms of his view of life that Dr. Leavis or I can make.

Dr. Leavis seems to judge Kafka in part on his reputation and where it rests. As so often with writers close to us in time, we sense Kafka's genuine greatness in his very manner and mannerisms before we grasp it in the completeness of any individual work. With time, I think, we shall get a better view, and perceive that Kafka is perhaps even greater than we think, and more rounded and fulfilled, in a tale like "Josephine," or a "sketch" like "The Investigations of a Dog," or a prose poem like the second "Hunter Gracchus" fragment, than in his novels.

I suppose that Dr. Leavis brings in Kafka's special Jewish interest for *me* because he cannot account otherwise for the high opinion I retain of him in spite of the reservations I expressed. Well, I could cogently qualify my admiration for Shakespeare, or for any other great writer, and have infinite room left for praise while seeming to damn beyond redemption. It is distressing that Dr. Leavis should have to imply that Jewish egocentricity is what permits my esteem for Kafka's writing to survive everything I object to in it.

What I cannot see at all is why the resemblances I find between the method of Kafka's imagination and Halachic logic should have any more *special*—that is, exclusive—an interest for "those familiar with Jewish culture and tradition" than Shakespeare's echoes of Montaigne have for experts in 16th-century French literature, or the cosmological scheme of the *Divine Comedy* has for Catholic medievalists. I hoped I was explaining the cause of an effect in Kafka's writings that those unacquainted with Jewish tradition feel as much as I do—who am not, in my ignorance of Hebrew and many other things, *that* familiar with Jewish tradition anyhow. The explanation of the cause was not intended to enhance one's opinion of the effect, nor was the Jewishness of Kafka's art expected to recommend it in any way that it could not recommend itself at first hand to any reader, Gentile or Jew.

I, too, happen to find Graham Greene an overrated writer, but since so many of the people who admire him are not Catholics and are even unsympathetic to Catholicism, I have to conclude that his vogue is the product of bad taste rather than of a special, weighted, extra-literary interest. (I haven't read Mauriac.) I wish that Dr. Leavis, in disagreeing with me about Kafka, had attributed my position to a similar error of taste and argued on that basis.

An Agnostic's Appreciation

To the Editor of Commentary:

Please allow an agnostic and democratic socialist to thank you for the excellence of the recent articles on such vital and complex questions as creeping socialism, so called, vs. the welfare state, and the actual role of Jewry in the modern world, Oriental as well as Occidental. To a man in my position, at the age of over ninety-three, self-orientation is not always easy or simple. Commentary has considerably clarified my role and my moral affiliations.

This is a service few appreciate who have not personally experienced the problem in question. It requires brains, knowledge, and sympathy. Commentary possesses these qualifications in a degree which often surprises me. It is, I feel, a deep obligation to acknowledge that psychological and ethical service. Not a few of your faithful readers may associate themselves with me in this tribute to your well-edited and remarkably well-written and thoughtful journal of opinion.

Victor S. Yarros

La Jolla, California

Ex Oriente Lux?

To the Editor of Commentary:

There have been many times when I was tempted to subscribe and I do get Commentary in bookshops occasionally. But despite its high intellectual content, the magazine is frequently so irritating that I forbear.

In the May issue, the pontifical Borkenau ("Toynbee's Judgment of the Jews") is certainly less convincing than the Toynbee he criticizes; certainly he is not supported by events. I say this as a Jew and one who has been in

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Germany and knows it well, though it is not my country of origin.

In addition, the Camp Ramah article is quite revolting. Talk about Roman Catholic and Soviet indoctrination, forsooth! Certainly, I see nothing attractive in a program of re-Orientalizing the Jewish people. Progress does not stem from the Orient.

Hebrew (and Yiddish) are among the least pleasant-sounding languages of the world, not excluding Swiss-German or Dutch. I see no functional or cultural value in promoting them, nor the concomitant religious practices.

SAMUEL E. LESSERE

Northport, New York

Communism and Religion

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Some of your readers may find the expression "Jewish-Christian faith" misleading and possibly obnoxious, even in the context in which Mr. Herberg uses it ("Communism, Democracy, and the Churches," April 1955). It implies a synthesis in the wrong terms, one which in any case hasn't taken place. After all a theologian should know this. There is a difference between a religion based primarily upon the historic experience of a people and one based upon the creedal acceptance of certain mysteries.

Also, in discussing the attitude of the churches toward Communism Mr. Herberg should distinguish between the pronouncements which churchmen make about Communism and their actual behavior, which may or may not establish conditions in which Communism could thrive. It would be a mistake for a sociologist of religion to become so fascinated by official tirades against Communism as to overlook an obvious fact, namely that Europe's largest Communist parties are in Catholic countries.

By now most of us know, and the administration is learning, that Communism cannot be stemmed by mobilizing legions of language. Does it make sense to imply, as Mr. Herberg does, that stronger denunciations from American pulpits will cut down on Communism's effectiveness in Asia, Africa, South America, and Europe?

EDMUND BURKE FELDMAN

Livingston, Alabama

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I should like to say how much I was stimulated by Will Herberg's article on the National Conference on the Spiritual Foundations of American Democracy, held last November.

Such articles, it seems to me, and Walter Lippmann's new book, are making important contributions at a time when we need to reconsider the presuppositions of the founding fathers of our democratic society.

As one who strayed, for a long time, and for a long distance, from the broad road of the Judeo-Christian faith, I am personally indebted to Reinhold Niebuhr and Will Herberg, Toynbee and Lippmann, and many others who have been reminding us so forcibly, in their writings, of the spiritual foundations of all that we value most. . . .

FRANCIS A. HENSON
Educational Director
Great Lakes Territory
International Association of Machinists

Cleveland, Ohio

The Middle East Institute

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

My attention has been called to the statement in Mr. Hal Lehrman's article "Two Middle East Conferences in Washington" (April 1955) that Mr. George Camp Keiser is "now" Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Middle East Institute, "after having reputedly spirited the control away from its founding fathers on the faculty of the School of Advanced International Studies at Johns Hopkins University."

In the interests of accuracy I should like to point out that Mr. George Camp Keiser is not only "now" the Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Middle East Institute, but has occupied that post ever since the Institute was organized. Indeed, if any one man may be regarded as the founder of the Institute, Mr. Keiser is that man. The School of Advanced International Studies never at any time has controlled the Institute. A close association always has existed between the two organizations, going back to the days when both were sponsored by the Foreign Service Educational Foundation. Although this particular connection necessarily ended when the School became integrated five years ago with the Johns Hopkins University, the friendly relationship has continued unchanged. . . .

PHILIP W. THAYER
Dean of the School of Advanced
International Studies
Johns Hopkins University

Washington, D. C.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Over-Simplification on the Right

REFLECTIONS ON THE FAILURE OF SOCIALISM. By MAX EASTMAN. Devin-Adair. 127 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by PAUL KECSKEMETI

THE main thesis of Max Eastman's book is that "socialism" in all its forms is a mortal threat to human freedom, decency, and civilization. It makes no difference in this respect whether "socialism" appears in a totalitarian guise, as in Soviet Russia, or in some democratic and moderate variant, as represented, for example, by the Welfare State philosophy in the United States and the Labor party in England. The moderate "socialists" are merely the historical accomplices of the totalitarians. Salvation, therefore, can lie only in total and irreconcilable resistance to every form and manifestation of "socialism."

In the United States, Mr. Eastman maintains, the moderate rather than the totalitarian variant of "socialism" represents the greater danger. Outright collectivism, indeed, cannot be sold the American people, but the program of the Welfare State can, and it is nothing but collectivism in a disguised form. An electoral victory for the exponents of the Welfare State—the New Deal, the Fair Deal, or any other labor-liberal grouping—means the activity behind the scenes of the sinister staff of the collectivist revolution, the lawyers, managers, politicians, and intellectuals who seize control of the economy with the aim of destroying the free-enterprise system. Should this conspiracy be allowed to run its course, a totalitarian one-party dictatorship would unfailingly result. Everything would be centrally planned; the free market and price system would disappear, and all consumer choice with it; and the people could not use the vote to get rid of these masters, for any lapse in the continuity of control would mean crisis and chaos and even greater suffering.

There are other things in Mr. Eastman's book besides these cries of doom. Most of its chapters deal with Marxism and the Soviet system, and Mr. Eastman recalls his youthful enthusiasm for Lenin and the Bolshevik Revolution. Bolshevism was to him a scientific experiment serving to test a hypothesis. When the results of the experiment became manifest, he was appalled, and concluded that socialism as a hypothesis had to be rejected. Political freedom, he now holds, can only exist in a society where economic power is decentralized, production and distribution are in private hands, and the free play of prices on the market guides the economic process. Moderate socialists may not wish to destroy political freedom, but their basic goal and principle, the collectivization of the economy, can have no other result. This is proved, the author feels, not only by the outcome of the Bolshevik "experiment," but also by developments in every country in which moderate socialists have wielded political power, including Britain and the United States. (Indeed, one is hard put to it to think of any country in the world today that is not "socialistically" ruled according to the author's definition.)

MR. EASTMAN'S argument can be broken down into three theses: first, a collectivized economy inevitably leads to the loss of political freedom and to totalitarian dictatorship; second, democratic socialism of the British and Scandinavian type is bound to have the same result; and third, the system that has prevailed in the United States since 1933 is essentially a socialist-collectivist one.

I think the first of these theses has considerable substance. True, we cannot say that the one case of the emergence of totalitarianism in Russia is proof positive and sufficient of so universal a proposition. But the Soviet Russian experience *did* refute, once and for all, one of the fundamental tenets of Marxism, namely, that the abolition of the profit system must promote social and political freedom and equality, since there can be, supposedly, no oppressive political machinery in a modern so-

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ciety that does not foster capitalistic exploitation. In this sense, the Bolshevik experience has indeed demonstrated the "failure" of Marxian socialism. As to the question whether, under conditions other than those prevailing in Russia, political democracy might go hand in hand with a collectivized and centrally planned economy, it would be rash to attempt an answer valid for all time, but our knowledge of past and present societies strongly suggests that full-fledged collectivism would entail at least a curtailment of democracy.

MR. EASTMAN'S second thesis, on the other hand, can in no way be squared with the available evidence. One may criticize the Social Democratic and Labor regimes of the 20th century on many counts, but one cannot say that they have lacked respect for the political rights and liberties of the individual, or that they have penalized political dissent and opposition. A number of these regimes did indeed visit economic penalties of various kinds on certain social groups in their zeal to benefit others, and many of their economic policies were misguided and wasteful. But that is just the point: the economic regimentation they practiced did not at all serve to introduce a totalitarian tendency and tone into public life.

This is not to invalidate Mr. Eastman's first thesis about the totalitarian consequences of the abolition of the free market. But the record of contemporary Social Democratic regimes has no bearing on this matter, precisely because they did *not* abolish private property and the free-enterprise system. The nationalization schemes introduced under socialist auspices remained limited in scope; on the whole, the Social Democrats, where they have come to power, have sought to establish a *modus vivendi* with big business, small business, and the independent farmers.

A final point, wilfully neglected by Mr. Eastman, deserves mention: this is the vigorous opposition to Communism that has generally been one of the outstanding features of Social Democracy.

As to Mr. Eastman's third thesis, it does not even merit serious discussion. How anyone conversant with the history of the last twenty-odd years can maintain that the various policies pursued by the American government during that period either aimed at, or were potentially conducive to, the abolition of private business and the elimination of consumer choice is a complete mystery. There is room for a conservative critique of the Welfare State philosophy, but no fruitful debate can be conducted on this infantile level.

MR. EASTMAN'S philosophy, indeed, is the mirror image of the Marxian theory. According to Marx, the *only* thing needed to create a free society is the abolition of capitalistic enterprise; according to Eastman, the *only* thing needed for that same end is the safeguarding of the free market. While I agree that full-fledged collectivism is likely to destroy rather than promote political freedom, I do not believe that political freedom depends on *nothing but* the existence of a competitive market, particularly if "free competition" is taken to mean the absence of any and all governmental regulation. The only menace to freedom that Mr. Eastman seems concerned about is tampering with the competitive price mechanism. But in practice, and given freedom to act, people will find all sorts of ways to tamper with the price system. There could be no escape from totalitarianism if a perfectly competitive economy were the only alternative to it. Perfect competition cannot exist in real life—certainly not in an unregulated economy.

In any case, however, the competitive market, perfect or imperfect, cannot be the sole foundation of political freedom. Freedom is not merely a matter of abstract mechanisms and blueprints. It is also a matter of moral conduct; the degree of freedom existing in a society is profoundly affected by the things people do to each other in promoting their ideals. If there is unanimity about an abstract principle or blueprint, people will follow it voluntarily and freedom will prevail in this respect, whatever the blueprint. But what if there is no unanimity? Can we then achieve freedom by proclaiming that our particular blueprint is the sole condition of freedom and treating all dissenters as the enemies of freedom itself? To proceed in this way means that we *prevent* our society from being free except on our own terms.

Radical intellectuals like Mr. Eastman are often prone to look on political programs and doctrines as "scientific hypotheses" to be tested "experimentally," with the consequences left to take care of themselves. Mr. Eastman has dropped one blueprint and picked up another, but still considers that an imperfect world neither can be preserved nor is worth pre-

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serving. We should indeed have to tremble for our liberties, which are necessarily imperfect, if they gained many more such intolerant and doctrinaire defenders.

The Revolt Against the Person

THE SEIZURE OF POWER. By CZESLAW MILOSZ. Criterion. 245 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by LESLIE FIEDLER

SURELY, one of the realest terrors of Communism arises from our inability to *imagine* it, to find analogies for the particular brands of fear and subservience, devotion and loyalty it breeds. To confess openly the discontinuity we sense between the Communist mind and the mind of the past, between the Communist experience and traditional political or moral experience, is to feel ourselves utter fools. And yet at every level there is an awareness of this discontinuity—an uneasy demand that the demonstration trials of the Soviet Zone be "explained," that the odd silence of the Rosenbergs be "explained."

But journalistic explanations of "why they confess" or "why they don't confess" cannot really satisfy us; not only are the answers banal, but the questions themselves seem somehow to avoid the real issues. And we are led in the West to mutter vaguely about the "Oriental soul"; while, for all I know, they have already begun in China to make similar baffled references to the "Occidental mind." The point is, of course, that everywhere we feel a strangeness for which we try to find familiar metaphors—are aware that there is in process no mere social change but a revolution that touches the depths of the psyche.

IT IS the intellectual, of course, who is most painfully conscious of this psychic crisis, and especially the artist with his vested interest in the dying tradition of the mind, upon which the very notion of his function depends. But the intellectual, insofar as he is also enlightened, is embarrassed by the concept of a soul, and committed to the theory of a single, developing ideal of the human. To talk of "psychic crises" and "abysmal differences" seems to him to play into the hands of the mystifiers and reactionaries. He is driven to argue that Communism is only an aberrant form of humanism, a mistake in emphasis, a difficult but passing phase, perhaps even a necessary step on the way for humanity. Finally, to prove to himself that there is no real discontinuity, he joins himself to the Movement—and loses his doubts by becoming the thing that troubled him. One does not have to imagine what one *is*.

Meanwhile, the attempt to come to terms with Communism is left to those to whom the possession of imagination is legitimate grounds for suspicion. To them the only point is to *fight* Communism; but they cannot dispel their own lurking bewilderment, ready to be exploited by the "brain-washer," the sense that they do not really know the "secret," the final strength of the enemy. This psychological doubt they objectify in terms of imaginary conspiracies—and the hunt is on. Doubt becomes inevitably panic; and doubt or panic, it conceals from us the degree to which we have already capitulated to the revolution of which the Soviet system is momentarily the most egregious form.

Everywhere, there is a retreat from those compelling myths of Responsibility and Freedom, from that fantastic notion of the Person, which since the Renaissance has been haunting Europe. We have in the past read this notion back into Christianity and the Prophets, back even into slaveholding Athens; but we are aware at last that we have (quite recently as history goes) *invented* these legendary forms, invented the selves we are. And with this realization comes a terrible fear and a terrible temptation: what was made we can unmake!

WHAT were once wandering demons of the earth and darkness we have forced inward into the id; what was the unchallengeable power of the gods and the sons of gods we have made part of ourselves in the super-ego; and between, we have reclaimed a larger and larger area of autonomous self. "Where id is, ego shall be. . . ." But we are weary; we have in some parts of the earth asked too much psychic development too quickly of too many men; in other parts, we have turned the newly discovered soul into a luxury item for the few—hated by the excluded like all symbols of privilege.

And now a time of reckoning has come, the hour of the rejection of the personality. Terror and power do not go back whence they came, but into the apparatus of the state, into the Leader and his ikon; and the person, left naked, slips into the warm anonymity of the crowd, murmuring to himself, "No one is responsible for anything!" and crying aloud, "Thank you,

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Enduring Goals

. . . "Some one asked Socrates of what place he was. He did not reply, 'Of Athens,' but, 'Of the world.' He, whose imagination was fuller and more widely extended, embraced the universe as his native place, cast his knowledge, his society, and his affections to all mankind—not like us, who look only beneath us . . . .

"This great world, which some persons multiply further as species under one genus, is the mirror in which we must look at ourselves in order that we may know ourselves from the right point of view. In short, I would have it my scholar's book. Such a multitude of humours, of sects, of judgements, of opinions, of laws, and of costumes teaches us to judge wisely of our own, and teaches our judgement to recognise its imperfection and its natural weakness; which is no slight training."

from "Of the Education of Children"
The Essays of Michel de Montaigne
published in 1580

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Stalin—or Malenkov or Bulganin or Chou or Tito—"

It is this plight that Milosz has tried to render (and in rendering to mitigate) in *The Seizure of Power,* not abstractly, as I have been stating it, but in all of the complexity of its realization in the history of Poland in the five or six years after 1944. In terms of intellectuals and poets, workers and bureaucrats, actresses and Jewish merchants, socialists and fascists—in terms of scene: the wooden village church and the rubble of Warsaw, a group of naked bathers on a river bank and the song of a season's first thrush—in terms of the scraps of culture shored by the fortunate few against their ruins: Valéry and Eliot and Thucydides—he has tried to *imagine* the passage into the terror. There are no heroes or villains; a handful of the imperfect pass from an imperfection we have known and grown weary of to a new imperfection we have foreseen in nightmares. They are not men in general who make the passage, but particular Poles in their particular landscapes; yet they are no exotics, they are us.

It is the honesty of the book that gives it special relevance and special beauty; for any human being regarded with unflinching candor looks in his insides like us all. Mr. Milosz's honesty goes beyond the demands of historical truth, beyond what we as readers would have asked of him, beyond what most of us can *use.* It is this which makes the book finally not a document (despite certain thinly disguised portraits of historical persons, and the passages borrowed from contemporary accounts of the fighting in Warsaw), but a work of art. He has, in short, tried to imagine for us one moment of the critical transition that threatens us all.

And after all, cannot the novel—especially that versatile hybrid "the political novel"—do for us what the journalists and commentators have fumbled—make Communism finally a fact of the imagination as well as of the journals. Mediating as it does between document and poetry, the actual and the mythic, the novel seems precisely the form for the job. Yet Mr. Milosz ultimately fails, despite his sensitivity and candor; for his book is fragmentary, without a narrative center or an organizing sensibility. At its heart is a not-quite-digested essay and a myth kidnapped from the legend Thucydides read into history; while around that heart swirl fractured scenes and images, random poetry, tangential insights.

Perhaps the novel, child of the bourgeoisie and the Enlightenment, that is to say, of the democratization of Personality, can never be adapted to a world which rejects the concept of the Person—and of the Character which is its literary equivalent. Indeed, Mr. Milosz's narrative method seems to confirm this. It is one much favored in recent years in Europe, the "collective" or hero-less novel, patched together of separate, representative points of view, the portrayal not of men but of a society. But this approach, which seeks unity neither in the fable which underlies the story nor in the organizing mind that lends coherence to experience, gives away the game in advance; for in its flux, that definition of the person which is at stake in our present crisis has already been surrendered. The form of such a novel is not a victory over its subject but rather a *symptom* of it.

Yet this is not the final cause of Mr. Milosz's defeat; what disappointed me in the end is the sense of fiction limping after fact—of sensibility vainly trying to match the complexity and interest of history. When I call to mind certain older political novels which I especially like, *The Secret Agent, The Possessed, The Castle,* I become aware that to be great a political fiction must be "prophetic." It is not a question of forecasting events, not really a matter of time at all. Dostoevsky's book after eighty years and Kafka's after thirty still manage to tell us more than we can know, for they tell us something other than what is knowable in the ordinary sense.

We may be tempted to say, "How true they are! How true! What they foresaw in terms of demonism or bureaucracy become a metaphysical system has turned into newspaper fact, our daily bread!" But this is not the real point. What matters is that today's fact does not exhaust their meanings, nor will tomorrow's and tomorrow's and tomorrow's make explicit all we imaginatively sense in reading them. At the moment before a great and terrible revolution of the spirit, they dreamed not a legend to explain history, but one which history can only illustrate. Of Mr. Milosz's book this much cannot be said. Let it be praise enough to say that it is almost adequate to the horror to which it addresses iself. More than this we may hope, but we do not dare to ask.

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Back from the Fair

THE GREAT FAIR: SCENES FROM MY CHILDHOOD. By SHOLOM ALEICHEM. Translated by TAMARA KAHANA. Noonday. 306 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by PEARL KAZIN

TAKE up the autobiography of a writer in that rare and, to us, almost unimaginably golden situation which was Sholom Aleichem's—a writer whose very substance and identity were indivisible from his material and his audience, a writer to whom it never occurred to think or talk about his "position as a writer"—and you can be sure of one thing: this will be no Portrait of the Artist as a Young Kasrilovkite. Even if he had tried such an unlikely thing, his heart could never have been in it, or in any self-consciously defensive or solemnly contrived re-creation of his childhood, any attempt to show "how I became a famous writer despite the slings and arrows of outrageous mother, father, teachers, brothers, sisters. . . ." Instead, the shape and mood of this unfinished autobiography—he had written only two sections before he died, in 1916—are as uniquely natural, ruminative, amiably discursive, roundabout, and relaxed as any other stories he told. And if *The Great Fair* doesn't quite measure up to the most memorable work of Sholom Aleichem—if there are no Tevyes here, no Menachem Mendels or Mottels—it still has for us the renewing freshness of reading Chekhov or Dickens after a steady diet of the newer directions of literary autobiography. Imagine it!—a writer telling us about his own life, and we are confronted with stories and people that are all quite free of the gratingly familiar tics and strains and stresses; no agonized, injured innocents trembling with sensibility and spite, the stocks-in-trade of most contemporary writing about childhood.

Sholom Aleichem obviously had no use for the ponderous or malicious allocating of blame that we all know by heart—*this* made me that sad, unfortunate way; *there* goes the fault for all those traumas—and he had no need to indulge in a purposeful summing up and reshaping of the remembered past for readers whose existence, attention, and sympathy he was not quite sure of. When he introduces us to the Rabinowitz maid Fruma, pockmarked, blind in one eye, who slapped the children

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and shrieked unprogressively at them day and night and made their life something of a lively hell, is she served up in a sauce of self-pity, a revival of old resentments that have been festering through all the years? Nothing of the sort: instead, we are told that Fruma was "an enormous trial to the children, and, when her wedding day came, they celebrated a great holiday. Long live curly-haired Yideleh the Thief . . . who oiled his hair with goose-fat and who could never properly blow his nose because his nostrils had grown together! Blessings on him, fool that he was, for deciding to marry blind Fruma!"

The people Sholom Aleichem was writing his autobiography for knew all about him already; he was just adding a few stories he may have neglected to tell before. Besides, he now had a good reason to talk about himself. Though his friends had been urging him for years to write his autobiography, he tells us, he resisted a project that might smack of vainglory until it happened that "Before I had reached the age of fifty, I had the honor of meeting His Majesty, the Angel of Death, face to face . . . [and] I said to myself, 'Now the time has come. . . . You may die suddenly. People who think they knew and understood you will turn up with cock-and-bull stories about you. What will you gain by it? Better do the job yourself.' . . ." And when a great story-teller sits down to write about his own life, it is only to be expected that we shall find him doing nothing essentially different from what he has been devoting himself to, with love and genius, all his life. What one counts on finding, for all that this is called an autobiography, is exactly what *The Great Fair* turns out to be—one story after another, some good and some a little flimsy, long stories and short ones, some funny ones about life and some sad ones about poverty and death.

He was writing about his childhood, remember, from the sad, unsettling vantage point of America—writing in exile, after all—knowing that his beloved *shtetl* Voronko, which he had transformed into the famous Kasrilovke, had vanished almost as completely as the child he so joyously and winningly recalls in middle age. But the bitterness one would almost gladly forgive him for feeling doesn't rear its head for a minute. Backing away from an immodest temptation "to show himself in the most flattering light, to paint himself as a 'good fellow,' " Sholom Aleichem never goes in for an obsessed documentation of the darling self. He chose to put down these memoirs in the third person, holding them loosely together as the adventures of this scamp he knew so well—Sholom Rabinowitz, son of Reb Nahum Vevik, who had "a thin beard which seemed to smile," who was considered the richest man in town—but not for long. (Speaking of his father, I must point out how bad a slip I think Tamara Kahana makes, in her otherwise workmanlike if hardly brilliant translation, when she has the children speak of "Mother" and "Father." This is Central Park West, not Kasrilovke, and it seems hard to understand why she felt "Mama" and "Papa" weren't good enough.)

Yet, third person or not, we are still hungry for some clues, in reading the book, that can help us know why such a boy even thought of becoming a writer, and in that very *Ivre-Taitch,* the "jargon good only for women," about which people still asked, when he was in his teens, "After all, could you consider Yiddish a language?" The miracle of it is that any young boy of the *shtetl* could have had any liveliness left in him at all, much less the will to imaginative writing. Without spelling it out and insisting on the oppressiveness of the children's regimen, Sholom Aleichem still makes it impressively clear that the grind of *cheder* was rigorous and relentless. "They studied all day long, and in the winter during the evenings as well. School work started as soon as they woke at dawn." It seems astounding that young Sholom still manages to clamber so energetically all over the pages of the book, hurtling along with the most engaging and frisky inventiveness.

But it is obviously no accident that Reb Nahum's beloved "Bible boy," the smartest, if not always the most diligent, *cheder* boy in the family, should have turned to writing, for Reb Nahum was, among his other virtues, that rare thing in the *shtetl,* "a secret admirer of the more 'worldly' writers like Mapu, Slonimsky, and Zederbaum." When his father confiscated Sholom Aleichem's first literary attempt, a swaggeringly romantic imitation of Mapu's "The Love of Zion," instead of thrashing his son for such a profane waste of effort and kerosene, he showed it rather proudly to one of Pereyaslov's intelligentsia.

A *secret* admirer of worldly writers, because a really Orthodox Jew like Uncle Pinney considered all such things a ticket to Gehenna.

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And the child of Kasrilovke, though he may, as elsewhere, have been father to the man, received no special dispensations on this account. A boy's life was infested with teachers of every size and shape and temperament, with a stinging variety of spanks and slaps and beatings. The stifling bondage of *cheder* meant that the world outside was denied and forbidden, inordinately identified with sin. "What was handwashing to them, or prayers, when outside the sun was shining and the shadows were climbing the walls? The shadows nodded to them, called to them, 'Come out, children, come out! There's joy out here and freedom!' . . . But then Father or Mother, an older sister or a brother would come. 'Have you said your prayers? Back to school, you truant. . . !'"

Yet despite the gruelling devotion to learning and God which was expected of him, Sholom Rabinowitz's eyes and heart and ears were never fettered. Both his curiosity and the clarity of his ironic observation functioned always, even at the most solemn and unlikely times. In the midst of delivering his Bar Mitzvah sermon, he tells us, "Sholom managed to observe the guests. He noticed every expression, every turn of the head." Even more astonishing, as proof of the irrepressible beating of the writer-to-be in him, we learn that in the midst of saying *Kaddish* for his mother, not only did Sholom dream of buried treasure as the solution to his father's problems, but he stored away incisive pictures of all the people who came to the house, and he notes, without even suggesting the awful irreverence of such goings on, "For little Sholom these visitors were a treasure house of types. No two were alike, and all demand to be preserved in these pages."

And they were, in thousands of pages, for he missed nothing. Somehow he always knew how to use everything he had seen and known. He acquires a stepmother, she turns out to be a genius at invective, and the brilliant ingenuity of her curses so inspired him that he made a lexicon of "Stepmother's Vocabulary," and admits, characteristically, that "it is possible to consider this Sholom Aleichem's first work." Many years later, writing in an apartment house in the Bronx, he could make the echo of those early years as strong and rich as the clang of their life itself. With his own magnificent good humor, with that unforced affection and sureness of touch and tone that come only out of the deepest commitment to the life one

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writes about, he managed, for all the sharpness of his irony, to create an umbrella of love that he could hold over his people.

It is interesting, in this connection, to recall a story Maurice Samuel tells in his superb informal history of the lost world of Kasrilovke. Early during the First World War, Samuel, then a young man, sat on the porch of a New Jersey resort hotel and listened to the great man talking about the autobiography he had begun to write. It was to be called *Fun'm Yarid* ("Back from the Fair"—a more evocative title than the one Mrs. Kahana has given her translation), and for this reason, Sholom Aleichem said: "When a man starts out in life he's like a Jew setting out for the fair, to make his fortune. What impatience, what excitement and hope, what dreams and expectations! . . . But when the day is over, the same Jew, returning home, is quite another man. . . . He knows everything now—nothing was waiting for him, no fortunes, no rich merchants, no fateful encounters. He's ready to talk. . . . When a man gives an account of what befell him at the fair, he must always be considerate of the feelings of his neighbors. He must be careful not to wound his fellow Jews, but strive to be at one with them." Was there ever a writer who fulfilled this credo more beautifully and devotedly than Sholom Aleichem himself?

Judaized Turks

THE HISTORY OF THE JEWISH KHAZARS. By D. M. DUNLOP. Princeton University Press. 292 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by MILTON HIMMELFARB

FOR the sober historian speculation about what might have been is a frivolous distraction, but for those of us with less responsibility it has its charms. What would have happened if Xerxes' invasion had been successful, or if Charles Martel had not driven the Moslems back behind the Pyrenees, or if the Russians had adopted the Christianity of Rome rather than of Byzantium? With these questions we are familiar. We are less familiar with the questions that the Khazars suggest. What would have happened if the Khazars had not kept the Moslems from breaking out north of the Caucasus, or if they had been able to maintain their state, or if their kin the Turks, Bulgars, and Magyars and their neighbors the Russians had followed the example of their rulers and aristocracy and adopted Judaism?

These are idle questions, of course, but they are not fantastic. The Khazars were not a myth invented by Judah ha-Levi in the 12th century as a convenient narrative vehicle for his theology. They are not even an invention of the Arab League, which would have it that modern Jews are descended from them rather than from Palestinian ancestors; or of American anti-Semites, of whom some now refer to "Khazars" as they once referred to "Eskimos," for coy concealment, and others try to invest the name with an uncanny and sinister quality. From the 7th century until some hundreds of years later the Khazars were a power where Asia Minor meets Europe. Mr. Dunlop, citing Constantine Porphyrogenitus, reminds us that in the 10th century letters to their ruler from the Byzantine court, for which ceremony was no trivial matter, "bore a more handsome gold seal than that judged necessary for correspondence with the Pope of Rome or the successor of Charlemagne." Khazar princesses were wives and mothers of emperors in Constantinople, and more than one Caesar of the Eastern Roman empire was enthroned with

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Khazar support. The Khazars ruled in the area more or less clearly defined on the west, south, and east by the Black Sea, the Caucasus Mountains, and the Caspian Sea, and vaguely on the north by the Volga and Don Rivers. It was they who defeated the repeated attempts of Islam at its most virile and expansive to push into Eastern Europe. Poor as our reliable information about them is, we can be sure of their importance before the destruction of their state, probably in the second half of the 10th century, by the Russians, or at the latest in the 13th century by the Mongols.

THE KHAZARS were a Turkic nomad people from Central Asia who arrived in the region north of the Caucasus probably in the 6th century. They had the Turkic religion, "Shamanism"; and Turkic political institutions, government by a *khaqan,* a hereditary monarch similar in some respects to the Merovingian do-nothing kings or the Japanese emperors under the shogunate, and by a *beg,* the chief military authority. The Jewish accounts say that the Khazar ruling class was converted to Judaism toward the middle of the 8th century. Some modern scholars think this date is too early by about a hundred years, but Mr. Dunlop judges the weight of the evidence to be in favor of the tradition. Piecing together bits of information from Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Persian, Turkish, Russian, and Chinese primary sources, and surveying the work of modern scholars in an equally wide range of languages, he suggests that for the first fifty or sixty years the Judaism of the Khazars was quite superficial, that about the year 800 there was a reform that tried to introduce a more normative Judaism, and that the Khazars can best be described as Judaized Turks. He agrees with the scholarly consensus that the Jewish Khazars were a minority in their own kingdom and that Christians, Moslems, and pagans were tolerated.

But why did the Khazars adopt Judaism? Judah ha-Levi's *Sefer ha-Kuzari* and the disputed letter of King Joseph to Hasdai ibn-Shaprut speak about an angel appearing to the king in a dream and about a subsequent religious debate. As between this and the modern hypothesis that the Khazars chose Judaism because they had become too enlightened to remain heathens but wanted to avoid subservience both to Christian Byzantium and to the Moslem caliphate, most of us would unhesitatingly side with the modern hypothesis; are we not modern? Still, is it true that the only alternatives to Khazar paganism were Judaism, Christianity, and Islam? The Uigurs (from whom we probably got our word *ogre*) were a Turkic people like the Khazars. Mr. Dunlop cites an account of their conversion from paganism to a higher religion after their ruler's dream and a religious debate, but their higher religion was Manichaeism. (A medieval source implies Buddhism.) The example of the Uigurs shows that even if we accept the political reasoning of the modern hypothesis—and it does not appear to have impressed those contemporaries of the Khazars who turned to Christianity or Islam without yielding to emperor or caliph—the Khazars need not have chosen Judaism. Why did they choose it? Was Judah ha-Levi right in the essentials?

When it comes to such problems Mr. Dunlop lets us down. Or perhaps it is his publishers who have let us down, by giving his book a misleading title. (I cannot begin to under-

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stand how they could bring themselves to publish it with one poor map.) Of a history of the Khazars we may expect that the author will ask himself why they decided to become Jews, if only to confess that too little is known for an answer. Of a monograph on the historiography about the Khazars we would be less justified in having such expectations, and it is the monograph more than the history that Mr. Dunlop has given us. The raw materials for a history he has assembled and assayed with judicious learning. He has done well what he set out to do, but it is a pity that he did not decide to do more.

General at Sea

MACARTHUR: 1941-1951. By CHARLES A. WILLOUGHBY and JOHN CHAMBERLAIN. McGraw-Hill. 425 pp. $5.75.

Reviewed by TRUMBULL HIGGINS

War is too serious a business to leave to generals.—Clemenceau

GENERAL CHARLES WILLOUGHBY, well known to the public as General MacArthur's controversial former intelligence chief, has, with the assistance of John Chamberlain, brought out what is probably the closest thing to an official biography of Douglas MacArthur we shall get. His book reflects the advantages of his intimacy with his subject, both as friend and soldier, and his freedom of access to the General's private records—advantages that official Army historians, consistently kept at a distance from much of the material in General MacArthur's possession, may well envy.

The author opens his book with the thankless task of having to explain how the United States lost the Philippines in early 1942 following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. General Willoughby glosses over the Japanese destruction of the bulk of MacArthur's air force at Clark Field several hours after Pearl Harbor. (He does not allude to MacArthur's optimism the year before about the chances of defending the islands with B-17 bombers.) That air force, he claims, was too small to make any real difference anyway. The isolationist critics of the Roosevelt administration have not been noticeably troubled by this particular disaster, though they make much of Pearl Harbor where, except in retrospect, there was no such unmistakable warning as Clark Field had.

According to General Willoughby, MacArthur's last-ditch defense of Bataan collapsed when the food ran out—and this he attributes to the General's humanity in sharing it with Filipino refugees. Less enthusiastic critics have attributed this disastrous shortage of food to MacArthur's overoptimistic refusal to move supplies to Bataan until it was too late. In any event, this ill-timed magnanimity went hand in hand with a Filipino effort, supported by MacArthur but quashed by Washington, to hurry up the surrender to the Japanese and bring an end to hostilities. Had the effort succeeded there would have been no defense of Bataan and the Japanese would have been freed that much sooner—that is, by February 1942—to attack other objectives. Thus Roosevelt saved MacArthur's reputation as the hero of Bataan as effectively as he rescued the General personally when he ordered him to Australia. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why Willoughby makes Harry Truman, rather than F.D.R., the villain of his piece.

Established in his new command in Australia, MacArthur pushed through an offensive in New Guinea in spite of the unreadiness of his Australian divisions for offensive warfare, and of his U.S. National Guard divisions for any kind of warfare. From the beginning, President Roosevelt looked upon these dangerous, ill-supported operations with a tolerant eye. Later, when the General came into conflict with the United States Navy—that favorite child of the President's—Roosevelt reneged on a promise to Admiral Nimitz and let MacArthur carry out his plan to return to the Philippines, notwithstanding the adverse effect this would have on the Navy's long planned and truly decisive campaign in the Central Pacific. It is possible that Roosevelt feared political trouble at home like that caused Lincoln by General McClellan's supporters in the Civil War. President Truman was less cautious in handling MacArthur, perhaps just because his political position at home was weaker.

Besides minimizing the extreme importance of the Mariana Islands, which the Navy wished to conquer as a base for an effective bombing of Japan, MacArthur also revealed his parochial Army bias by preferring an outright invasion of Japan to a less costly program of bombing and blockade. The plan to invade the heavily defended Japanese home islands cannot be reconciled with what General Willoughby asserts is his chief's passion for saving lives. Similarly

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Willoughby's condemnation today of the destruction of the Japanese armaments industry after the war is hard to reconcile with his chief's insistence upon a clause, unique to the Japanese constitution, forbidding that country to conduct even defensive warfare. On this, as on so many of his chief's decisions that turned out wrong, Willoughby is silent.

CERTAINLY MacArthur cannot be blamed for American postwar policies that stripped Japan of the whole of her economically vital overseas empire, while sparing few pains to increase her population through improved medical facilities. But MacArthur's anger at what he subsequently called "the inexplicable decision" of the United States government not to arm the South Koreans more effectively is little more than an attempt to divert attention from his own policy of unpreparedness in Japan.

General Willoughby seeks to explain away MacArthur's dilatoriness in arming against the Communist threat by claiming that "the bulk of our military strength continued to be sent to Europe. . . ." Surely MacArthur's intelligence chief could not have been unaware of the fact that in 1950 Japan had the strongest American overseas garrison, amounting to four divisions, as against only a single one in Europe. If MacArthur's divisions in Japan were under strength, so were, and are, almost all American divisions in peacetime. (Today we read of Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson's intention to increase the number of U.S. divisional units and *at the same time* to decrease the size of the Army.)

In 1942 General MacArthur felt that the U. S. Navy, most of whose battleships in the Pacific then rested on the bottom of Pearl Harbor, should have dropped its desperate campaign against German submarines off the Atlantic coast and come to his immediate rescue in the Philippines. The Roosevelt administration was likewise at fault for not bringing the Russians—though they were in an even more desperate case than we at the time—into the war against Japan in order to help MacArthur; but three years later, when for their own reasons the Soviets did come in against Japan, the administration, says the author today, was at fault for permitting it.

From the beginning, General Willoughby, like his former superior, was apparently incapable of recognizing the existence of any war besides MacArthur's—let alone that the conflict

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elsewhere might have been more important. As with the American isolationists, these two generals could not really believe the American government was not free to decide questions of life or death for other major powers. They could not see that our allies, being always in greater and more immediate danger than ourselves, could not be expected magnanimously to overlook their own peril and concern themselves only with ours.

In both World War II and the Korean war, Great Britain, our principal ally, irritated General MacArthur by her pertinacity in advocating policies other than his own. In 1944 and 1945, he went out of his way to cast aspersions upon her in connection with the administration of the East Indies; in 1950 and 1951 he found fault with her over Formosa. As an ultra-nationalist, MacArthur refused to recognize, either in the Pacific or in Korea, that, though the collective interests of a coalition may not be identical with those of each of its members at every point, the coalition's best chance of success is to place its collective interests first. Otherwise it risks the fate that met the Axis powers in the last war.

It was, of course, MacArthur's incomprehension of the supremacy of civilian and Presidential authority in our country that led to his abrupt dismissal by President Truman. General Willoughby refuses to consider the implications of a soldier's defiance of civilian authority. He does not see why it was left to President Truman rather than to MacArthur to decide whether or not to use the atom bomb in Korea. And he sees nothing wrong in his chief's having carried on public discussions with the Republican opposition at home while commanding a United Nations army in the field.

The great success of MacArthur's bold landing at Inchon in September 1950 postponed the showdown with President Truman. But the rapid American retreat from North Korea that winter, following upon his misjudgment of the chances of Chinese Communist intervention, again cast doubt upon MacArthur's ability to estimate the entire military situation. Mistakes of this magnitude did not make MacArthur's assurance that a naval blockade or bombing of China would not bring in Russia, and thereby precipitate a third world war, more convincing to an administration that felt militarily unready for such an outcome.

To the very last, MacArthur and his staff showed no comprehension of the fundamental military axiom, emphasized by Clausewitz, that war—even a victorious war—is only a *means* of attaining a nation's ends in the international sphere, and not an end in itself—we do *not* fight *just* to win. For this reason alone, General MacArthur and his more adulatory aides deserved to be retired.

Pedestrian History

SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND, 1850-1950. By V. D. LIPMAN. Watts (London). 200 pp. 18 shillings.

Reviewed by JACOB NEUSNER

ENGLISH Jewry has a number of social traits, which I think we may call virtues, lacking in American Jewish life: communal unity, a kind of organized respect for differing opinion, a high level of Jewish literacy. Remarkably homogeneous, Anglo-Jewry favors a traditional orientation toward religion, a middle-class attitude toward politics, and an authentic social conservatism. Its cultural achievements have put all of English-speaking Jewish scholarship in its debt. A social history of so remarkable a community should offer great insights for American Jews.

How is it, for example, that the British United Synagogue has successfully directed the geographical expansion of new congregations so that there is a synagogue within walking distance of Jews almost everywhere in the British Isles? Why has the "progressive approach" to Judaism so miserably failed to attract English Jews? And an even more basic question: why is it that Anglo-Jewry has not suffered the loss of the "second generation" immigrant children? Why, in short, with the same raw material that went into the making of American Jewry, is Anglo-Jewry so different, urbane, possessing Jewish cultivation, and a cohesive community?

There is rich source material lying ready to hand for answering such questions. The cen-

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This *I Believe*

By Judge Learned Hand*

"HERETICS have been hateful from the beginning of recorded time; they have been ostracized, exiled, tortured, maimed and butchered; but it has generally proved impossible to smother them; and when it has not, the society that has succeeded has always declined. Facades of authority, however imposing, do not survive after it has appeared that they rest upon the sands of human conjecture and compromise. And so, if I am to say what are 'the principles of civil liberties and human rights,' I answer that they lie in habits, customs—conventions, if you will—that tolerate dissent, and can live without irrefragable certainties; that are ready to overhaul existing assumptions; that recognize that we never see save through a glass, darkly; and that at long last we shall succeed only so far as we continue to undertake 'the intolerable labor of thought'—that most distasteful of all our activities. If such a habit and such a temper pervade a society, it will not need institutions to protect its 'civil liberties and human rights'; so far as they do not, I venture to doubt how far anything else can protect them: whether it be Bills of Rights, or courts that must in the name of interpretation read their meaning into them."

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tury-old *Jewish Chronicle*, the dispassionate reports of Royal Commissions, the perceptive stories of Israel Zangwill and other writers—these await study by a keen social observer. But Mr. Lipman has unfortunately interpreted the role of the social historian so narrowly that he is content merely "to present the facts . . . about the numbers and distribution of British Jewry, their economic activity and institutional life." "By 1914," he typically says, "tailoring, boot and shoemaking, and furniture were, with cap-making, tobacco, and furs, the characteristic occupations of the Jewish quarters." Social history, he writes, is made by "institutions and men . . . who left the impress of their character and ideals . . . upon the development of Anglo-Jewry as a whole"; but "men and institutions" in this work are a catalogue of names and titles and not at all living history.

The study is made up of a series of portraits of Anglo-Jewry at discrete historical moments (1850, 1880, 1914), for, Mr. Lipman says, "it is difficult to show social history as a continuous process." Swamped by his material, the author doggedly pursues his task: "The Jews had lost control of the orange and nutselling, and indeed of all trades except to some extent sponges and black-lead pencils . . . in 1851 there were still about ninety Jewish sponge-sellers." Every last manufacturer of "slop jackets" is counted, every last "tireless community worker" is named. The career of the immigrant is described in the most trivial terms of amount of shillings-per-day received and average diet ("In boot and shoemaking, 7/—, 8/— or less are quoted. During this period, the 'greener' proverbially lived on 'red herring and a cup of coffee.'") Nowhere, directly or indirectly, does he attempt to judge or even describe the immigrant Jew's encounter with the whole experience that is England.

What we are left with in Mr. Lipman's book is the virtue of unpretentiousness touched with the self-effacing gentility of British Jewish life. Yet the author's method harks back to something as removed from Anglo-Jewry as the "scientific" sociology of the Yiddish secularism and socialism of Russo-Poland.

Book Reviewers in This Issue

Paul Kecskemeti, on the staff of the Rand research organization, is a student of totalitarianism and the author of *Meaning, Communication, and Value* (1952).

Leslie Fiedler is author of a recently published book of essays, *An End to Innocence* (Beacon).

Pearl Kazin has contributed literary criticism to various reviews.

Milton Himmelfarb, a member of the staff of the American Jewish Committee, has written on Jewish history, religion, and communal life.

Trumbull Higgins teaches history at Hofstra College in Long Island.

Jacob Neusner studied at Harvard University, Oxford University, and is now a student at the Jewish Theological Seminary.

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